

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 694.—VOL. XXVII.

OFFICE 190 STRAND LONDON.

Price Sixpence.

## BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN FLOUR FOR THE FAMILY TABLE.

In the hands of an accomplished cook there is no known limit to the variety of delicate and palatable dishes which may be produced from BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR. It is equally susceptible of plain and simple treatment for ordinary domestic purposes, and one of its chief recommendations is the facility with which it may be prepared. Boiled with milk, and with or without the addition of sugar and flavouring, it may be ready for the table within fifteen minutes; or, poured into a mould and cooled, it becomes in the course of an hour a Blanc-mange, which, served with fresh or preserved fruit, will be acceptable at any meal. Add sultanas, raisins, marmalade, or jam of any kind, and in about the same time it is made into an excellent Baked Pudding. To which may be added:—Take care to boil with milk, when so required, for not less than eight minutes.

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DRESS FABRICS AT  
EAST INDIA HOUSE,  
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LIBERTY'S UMRITZUR CASHMERE, in an entire range of New Colours, for Spring Costume, Made of the Purest Indian Wool, combining the softness and warmth of Indian Cashmere with the texture and durability of European Fabrics. Amongst the colours are Myrtle Greens, Peacock Blues, Terra Cotta and Venetian Reds, Dead Leaf Browns, Golds, Olive and Sage Greens, Drabs, Black, &c., 25s. per piece of 9 yds., 26 inches wide, also in a thin make, 21s.

LIBERTY'S NAGPORE SILK for ARTISTIC MORNING GOWNS.—From the faintest Straw Colour to the darkest Sapphire, and other choice and rare colours, 25s. per piece of 7 yards, 34 in. wide.

LIBERTY'S RUMCHUNDER SILK for RECEPTION TOILETTES.—Pure, thick, and soft draping, in Black or White, and a few Colours, from 35s. to 70s. per piece of 7 yards, about 34 in. wide.

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ROBINSON and CLEAVER, Belfast, having added to their house an extensive department for the sale of DRESS MATERIALS, respectfully intimate that ladies requiring SATTEENS, ZEPHYRS, GALATEAS, CASHMERES, GRENADINES, POPLINS, or NEW FANCY PLAIN or CHECKED CLOTHS, will find it greatly to their advantage to write for patterns (which are sent post free) before making their purchases.

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BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

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SUPERIOR to every other preparation for REMOVING ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c., caused by FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER. It immediately allays the irritation of Chilblains.

FOR THE NURSERY IT IS INVALUABLE.

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GUARANTEED.  
PURE  
COCOA  
ONLY.

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The Daintiest Delicacy, the freshest, most crisp, and most popular known, are WILSON'S AMERICAN "EXTRA TOAST" BISCUITS. They are so pronounced by many thousands of English Ladies and Gentlemen who use them.

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## HASLAM'S COTTON DRESS GOODS, LONGCLOTHS & TWILLS.

GOLD MEDAL,  
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JOHN HASLAM & Co., Limited. Fountain Street, 7, Watling Street, Mills,  
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PATTERNS FREE.

### SPRING NOVELTIES

### NEW DRESS FABRICS.

THE NEW GRANITE TWEED is a very uncommon looking material. There are plenty of good, useful tints represented in the patterns. The new shade, "Coquero," is among them, that is now so popular in Paris. This is a most serviceable cloth, and very moderate in price. 25 inches wide, 1s. 9d. per yard.

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DOUBLE NUN'S VEILING.—These Veilings are too well known to require a description. The fabric is composed of pure wool, plainly woven, and produced in beige colours, or in slightly tinted heather mixtures—either are most useful. These cloths are double warps and extra durable. 23 inches wide, 1s. per yard.

CHECKED SURAHs.—These Charming Checked Surahs are among the prettiest things I have seen prepared for Spring wear. The colours are many, and most effective—too many to attempt to describe. In the smaller sized patterns there will be found some very pretty Silks, most suitable for young ladies, wear. 1s. 11½d. to 2s. 11½d. per yard. 22 inches wide.

### NEW FRENCH SATTEENS AND WASHING FABRICS FOR THE SEASON 1883.

These goods are in such great variety, it would be an impossibility to enter into any detail or description that would at the same time do justice to the beauty of the various patterns. I will enumerate one or two that have specially caught my fancy:—

1 is a Terra Cotta Ground, with moss roses in pale peacock blues and sage green foliage. The pattern is illustrated in many colourings, but this would be my favourite.

2 is a design in shades of brown and gold tints, with butterflies and small beetles; this also can be had in many colourings.

3 is a charming little pattern of diminutive fairies and gnats, which sounds much more eccentric than it looks.

4 is a very clever design, something of a shawl or cashmere pattern, and has a great number of colours introduced, but so well arranged that they form a most handsome *toute ensemble*.

PLAIN SATTEENS, 7½d., 9½d., 1s., 1s. 2½d.

FRENCH POMPADOURS, 8½d., 10½d., 1s. 2½d., 1s. 3½d.

Space will not admit of entering into further detail. I must, however, draw attention to the Gingham, or Zephyrs. These most useful fabrics are exceedingly pretty this season. One specially calls for notice a broken check in crushed strawberry colour and white, which, to my mind, is most stylish and pretty, and with this slight allusion to the countless pretty and inexpensive dresses that are crowded before me, I must dismiss my subject.

ZEPHYRS AND SCOTCH GINGHAMS, 6½d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s.

## SILKS.

SILKS.—Good Soft Grosgraine, 12 yards, 35s.

SILKS.—Rich Corded, 12 yards, 47s.

A Good Black Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, £1 10s.

A Rich Black Lyons Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, all pure Silk, for £2.

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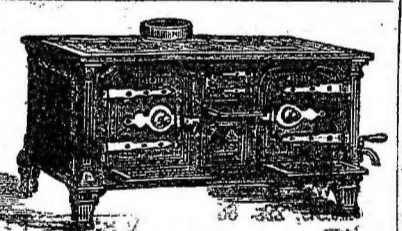
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Stylish costumes ready for wear, from three to twelve guineas.—8, Great Portland Street, Oxford Street.

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Splendid Shapes. French and English make, 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 42s. To avoid delay send size of waist, and P.O.O. for the amount. Corsets exchanged if not approved. Corsets made to order, also corsets made for every figure (embonpoint), deformities, curvatures, spinal complaints, &c. Also Specialities in Ladies' Tournures, Tournures-Jupons, Crinolines, &c.—8, Great Portland Street, Oxford St.

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IDEAL CORSET  
After three years' wear thousands of Ladies refuse all others. The only Corset with softly-padded laced regulators (patented in Europe and America) inside breast gorges. Imparts this charming contour and more or less fulness to figures wanting the roundness of a beautifully proportioned bust; regulated to a nicety, increased or diminished at pleasure. It perfects the fit of every dress, and delightfully supercedes vulgar self-proclaiming "Improvers." Unprecedented Testimonials. Drapers and Outfitters can procure it from LONDON WHOLESALE HOUSES. If difficulty occur, or doubt of its matchless effect, sample sent on approval, plain parcel carriage paid, after remittance only.



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And Perfection and Economy in Cooking.  
BY USING THE PATENT TREASURE COOKING RANGE.

The First Prize was awarded to the Patentee after nearly One Thousand tests of a variety of Ranges by the Smoke Abatement Exhibition Ladies' Committee, South Kensington.—Wide "Times," July 18th, and 19th, 1882.

Also the Grand Prize by the Exhibition. First Silver Medal. Unsurpassed for durability. May be placed anywhere.

Cheapest Coal most suitable. Illustrated Price Books Post Free.  
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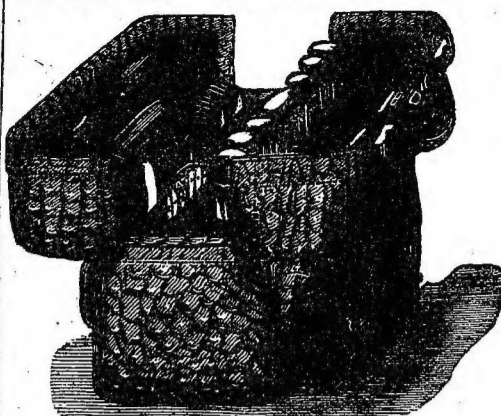
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A Lady will have pleasure in forwarding a harmless recipe for this sad defect.—Mrs. GRACE NEWTON, New Thornton Heath, Surrey.

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NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.  
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## THE Y & N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.

EXQUISITE MODEL. UNIQUE DESIGN. Perfect Comfort. Guaranteed Wear. Universal Adaptability. Free from Complication.

ADVANTAGES OVER ANY OTHER MAKE OF CORSET. THIS CORSET HAS BEEN INVENTED to supply what was really wanted—viz., a Corset warranted not to split in the seams, at the same time combining every excellence required in a lady's Corset. All the parts are arranged diagonally instead of the ordinary upright pieces, the seams being thus relieved of a great portion of the strain. The material is also cut on the bias, and yields to the figure without splitting. The bones are arranged to give support to the figure where required (avoiding undue pressure), and by crossing the diagonal seams prevent the utmost strain in wear tearing the fabric. The speciality of construction gives the freest adaptability to the figure, making it unrivalled in its graceful proportions, and meeting the requirements of the latest fashions without any complications of belts, straps, &c. To prevent imitation every Corset is stamped. To be had of all high-class Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters; through the Principal Wholesale Houses.

THIS CORSET HAS GAINED THE GOLD MEDAL AT THE NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION.

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Well rooted, many shoot, truly named, of matured vigorous growth, and of the best kinds. Dwarfs, R. S. and CO'S selection, 8s. per dozen, 60s. per 100; Standards, 21s. per dozen, 150s. per 100.

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FOR NEW YEARS' PRESENTS. FOR WEDDING PRESENTS. FOR BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED AT No. 172, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Ladies and Gentlemen residing in the Country upon sending satisfactory references, can have articles sent for approval.

## CAVE'S PATENT CORSETS

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. EXPERTO CREDE.

"The Corsets of Madame Cave are the best we have ever seen, and will give perfect support. Ladies inclined to embonpoint may derive benefit from them, the belt keeping the figure down to its proper proportion, at the same time ensuring great comfort, as it cannot by any chance slip out of its place, as so many belts do, causing great inconvenience, and sometimes pain." May be had of all Drapers, or by letter, with P.O.O., of MADAME CAVE, HARRIS'S, 150, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

White, 10s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s. 6d. Black or Scarlet, 12s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s. White for Nursing, 17s. 6d. Black Satin, 4s. The Belt only, Best Quality, White, 9s. 3d.; Black, 10s. 6d.

## EXTRACT FROM THE "LANCET"

"The Corsets of Madame Cave are the best we have ever seen, and will give perfect support. Ladies inclined to embonpoint may derive benefit from them, the belt keeping the figure down to its proper proportion, at the same time ensuring great comfort, as it cannot by any chance slip out of its place, as so many belts do, causing great inconvenience, and sometimes pain." May be had of all Drapers, or by letter, with P.O.O., of MADAME CAVE, HARRIS'S, 150, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

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For Ladies' Wear. For Gentlemen's Wear. 54 inch. 2s. 6d. to 10s. 9d. the yard. Indigo, Blue, Black, and Heather Mixtures.

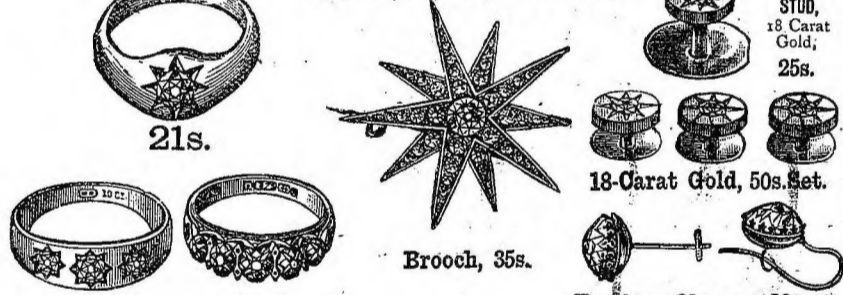
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**ABBOTSFORD STOVES.**  
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## FAULKNER'S CELEBRATED DIAMONDS.

The Only Perfect Substitute for DIAMONDS of the FIRST WATER. DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE.



These magnificent stones are set in GOLD and SILVER, Hall marked, and made by most experienced workmen. Detection impossible, and I defy the best judges to tell them from DIAMONDS. The brilliancy and lustre is most marvellous. EQUAL TO BRILLIANTS WORTH 20 GUINEAS. All stones are set by diamond setters, there being as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stone itself. They will bear comparison side by side with the most superb brilliants of the First Water. These crystals are much patronised for Court and other great occasions. They can be mounted side by side with real diamonds with absolute confidence, and defy expert judges. Purchasers invariably repeat their orders, and testimonials are being daily received from all parts of the world as to the great satisfaction they give. Earrings, Brooches, Shoe Buckles, Necklets, Coronets, Pendants, Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs, &c., from 20s. to £20. Any design made to order. BEWARE OF ATTEMPTED IMITATIONS.

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NOTICE.—ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM NOTTING HILL GATE Station, Metropolitan Railway.

# CASH'S EMBROIDERED FRILLINGS

These are made in various colours and numerous designs, producing a very pretty effect upon Ladies' and Children's Dresses. SOLD BY DRAPERS EVERYWHERE.

**THE A. & H. "TASTELESS" CASTOR OIL**  
Is pure, active, and absolutely free from odour and unpleasant taste, a result never before attained.  
The *Lancet* March 4, 1882, writes:—"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty; whilst its aperient effects are unquestionable. It possesses all the advantages that are claimed for it."  
"Messrs. A. and H. have achieved a really notable triumph. Their product certainly has no trace of odour, and it is as free from taste as pure olive or almond oil. A dose of Castor Oil need no longer inspire the dread which clusters round its name in every household."  
—*Chemist and Druggist.*  
The A. and H. Castor Oil, if not in stock, can be readily procured by any chemist. In bottles at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. Sole manufacturers,  
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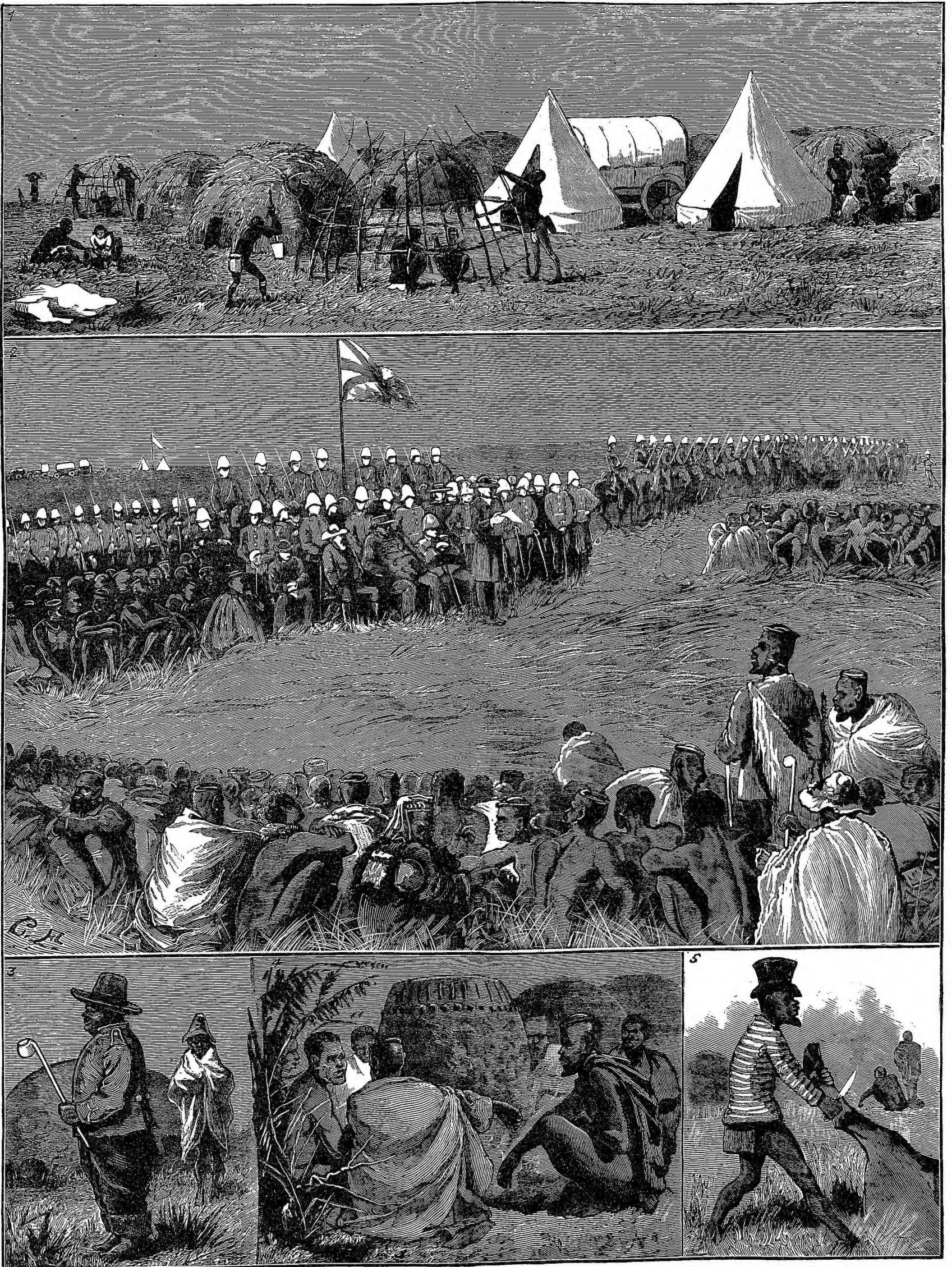
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 694.—VOL. XXVII.  
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [ PRICE SIXPENCE  
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



1. Cetewayo's Temporary Kraal at Intonyanene.—2. Installation of Cetewayo by Sir Theophilus Shepstone at Intonyanene.—3. Cetewayo's Only Son (Aged 12, Weight 14 Stone) and his Tutor.—4. The King's Zulus Watching their Food Cooking.—5. The Chief Butcher.

THE RESTORATION OF CETEWAYO—THE INSTALLATION AT INTONYANENE, JANUARY 29, 1883

## Topics of the Week

**MR. PARNEILL'S LAND BILL.**—Mr. Parnell, of course, never expected that his amended Land Bill would be accepted by the House of Commons, but, from his own point of view, he acted wisely in introducing it. If he were to advise the Irish farmers to be content with what they have already got from the Government, his influence over the revolutionary party would speedily vanish. Whereas now he says, "Back me up vigorously, and I will get you the whole loaf, in place of the miserable slice which the Government have doled out to you." His Bill has the merit of being thorough. Mr. Gladstone's Bill chastised the landlords with whips; Mr. Parnell's Bill would scourge them with scorpions. Practically, it would leave them little more than "the prairie value" of their land, which, as the orators of the Land League have often persistently declared, is all that they are righteously entitled to. Mr. Gladstone has at last "put his foot down," and has spoken out clearly and explicitly, a virtue which he would do well to cultivate. We much doubt whether the working of the Land Act is such a success as he represents it to be; its operations are necessarily slow in the bulk, though often unfairly hasty as regards individual cases; still it is the law of the land, and even Mr. Chaplin admits that, vicious as he believes its principle to be, he would not venture to repeal it. The chief point of interest now is the future attitude of the Government. Will they adhere firmly to the brave words uttered by Mr. Gladstone on Wednesday? If they do, they will receive the firm support of all who desire to stay the tide of revolutionary agitation in Ireland. They must have learnt by this time, through bitter experience, that no concession, short of the gift of national independence, will satisfy Land Leaguers and Fenians.

**OUR ARMY.**—It would be unfair to infer that the House of Commons takes no interest in the army because a mere handful of members was present during the discussion of the Army Estimates. M.P.'s are, for the most part, men of manifold occupations; and, as they are pretty well all agreed that the efficiency of the army should be kept up, and that Lord Hartington may be safely trusted to do his duty by it, they do not care to spend their time in listening to an address by a worthy gentleman who is totally devoid of oratorical attractiveness, and whose utterances, in such a case as this, may, like the report at a railway company's meeting, be "taken as read." But things were not always so. When the Radical party was a small minority in the House, it regarded the fighting power of the country as an evil, and not even as a necessary evil. Times have changed since then. The frequent Continental wars of the last thirty years, and the enormous armaments kept up by our neighbours, have opened the eyes even of *doctrinaire* Radical economists, especially since they have tasted the sweets and responsibilities of office. Most of them now perceive that reductions made in the army and navy merely for the sake of saving money are as irrational for a nation as the giving up of fire and life assurance for the sake of saving the annual premiums would be for an individual. Mr. Illingworth, therefore, represents a fossil sort of Radicalism, to which Mr. Bright, as becomes an elderly gentleman, probably still belongs, but which finds no favour with such young lions of democracy as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. At the same time let us hope that the true economist, the man who desires that the money spent should be spent efficiently, may never cease out of Parliament. Our army, though small, is very costly, and the cost shows a constant tendency to increase. Warlike appliances of all kinds are more complicated and expensive than they used to be; things formerly unknown are now deemed necessities; and, unless we can give the recruit the prospect of a fairly comfortable career, Sergeant Kite (who nowadays is a highly moral and scrupulous gentleman) may use his blandishments in vain. Altogether, the present condition of the army is satisfactory. The number of recruits has fallen off during the past year; but that is chiefly due to the change in the limit of age adopted by Mr. Childers, in deference to the cry that the army was being filled up with half-grown boys. The Reserves, which were practically called during the Egyptian Campaign, fairly answered to the tests made upon them. This is a highly encouraging feature, as, if the Reserves failed, the short-service system would stand self-condemned. Lastly, without wishing to encourage a spirit of brag, it would do some of our persistent grumblers good to compare (apart from all military movements) the respective management of the campaigns in Tunis and in Egypt. England, a far less military nation, certainly showed in this respect to greater advantage than France.

**ENGLAND AND THE TRANSVAAL.**—The Government have made no attempt to conceal that they are seriously perplexed by the present state of affairs in South Africa. By the Convention with the Transvaal, England definitely undertook to protect the native tribes from aggression; and, when it was discussed in Parliament, Mr. Gladstone, with evident sincerity and earnestness, expressed his conviction that by the establishment of suzerainty the Crown would have ample powers for the accomplishment of this object. Yet the

native tribes have been attacked with impunity by marauding Boers; and, although the Transvaal Government may not be nominally responsible for the outrages of these ruffians, it is admitted that the authorities at Pretoria have not tried to suppress or discourage disorder. There can, indeed, be no doubt that they approve of all that has been done by the invaders of native territory; who must, therefore, be regarded as practically their agents. What, then, is the true policy for England? If we leave the natives to their fate, we violate our pledges; if we undertake warlike operations in their defence, we commit ourselves to a difficult and costly enterprise, and it is not clear that we shall provide a permanent remedy for the evils we wish to put down. Of course, by annexing the Transvaal, we might settle the question; but the country has decided that, without the consent of the Boers, the Transvaal shall not be annexed; and the consent of the Boers we shall never obtain, since they desire to maintain independence chiefly in order that they may have power to deal with "niggers" as they please. The dilemma is a most unfortunate one; and we venture to say that there is not a prominent politician in England who has a distinct perception of any course that ought to be immediately adopted. There were signs of hesitation in the manner in which the subject was treated by all the leading members both of the Ministerial party and of the Opposition. The Conservatives have been unable to resist the temptation to make what is called political capital out of the matter; but what the nation really wishes is, not to fasten blame on this or on that party, but to find some effectual way of solving the problem. It seems not improbable that, with Lord Derby at the Colonial Office, the Government will satisfy itself by assailing the Boers with endless protests—a kind of missile for which they do not seem to have an overwhelming respect.

**AN IRISH CONFESSION.**—Confessions are not always more trustworthy than the imaginative revelations of Topsy, when she had "nothing to fess." The confessions of "approvers," who are apt to confess the sins of other people as well as their own, must be regarded with special caution. But even if the revelations of John Walsh are a pure myth, they illustrate the imaginative condition of some of the Irish people. A woman called Esther Croghan was shot dead at Irishtown on Old Year's Day, 1881. Mr. John Walsh, who was in custody, turned "approver" about this crime last Saturday. He swore that a sister of Esther Croghan, named Jane Croghan, employed him to have Esther "removed." It would not have been consistent with Irish ideas for John Walsh to "remove" Esther himself. There must always be a "middle-man" in Ireland—a deputy; Deputy Walsh selected one Lawrence Kenny for this office, and added Michael Kane as a coadjutor. These two men went to Croghan's house, and while Kane kept guard, Kenny went inside, and effected the "removal" with a revolver. This is Walsh's story—a story quaintly illustrative of Irish ideas. Why Jane thought it desirable to "remove" Esther we are not told; but probably Esther had transgressed the "unwritten law" of the Land League. It would be a relief to English sentiment (for which Mr. Parnell says he does not care) if the story proved to be a falsehood.

**THE HIGH BEECH RAILWAY SCHEME.**—People often grumble, and often justly, at the shortcomings of the House of Commons. Yet it certainly reflects the collective national sentiment more thoroughly than most foreign representative bodies; and it can also be trusted to decide in local questions without any suspicion of being "got at," as is sometimes the case elsewhere. In these times, there is little fear that kings or nobles will attain undue influence and power; their day, if not gone, is visibly declining; but there is considerable danger that the despotism which they formerly wielded may be transferred to associations of capitalists which, unlike the kings and nobles aforesaid, have neither souls to be saved nor bodies to be kicked. There is but one commandment in the Table of a Public Company, "Thou shalt do everything to ensure a good dividend," and naturally therefore, weighed against such a solemn admonition as this, public comfort and convenience are trifles light as air. In the United States, partly owing to the absence of an aristocratic, and therefore independent, class, and partly, it is to be feared, owing to the bribery which finds its way into every legislative body, State or Federal, capitalist associations exercise an immense, and sometimes an oppressive, power. We may therefore feel thankful that we have a Parliament which is still capable of deciding questions with a view to the advantage of the community at large. The High Beech Railway scheme was by no means a gross scheme of aggression,—there was a good deal to be said in its favour, and this was forcibly brought forward by its supporters. It was argued that, as Epping Forest was intended for popular recreation, the more conveniently people could be brought thither the better for them. Nevertheless, the House decided, and we think rightly, that it was less of an evil that pleasure-seekers should have to walk from Loughton to High Beech than that the Forest should be bisected, and a large portion of its privacy destroyed by the passage of shrieking locomotives. This island is now getting so densely peopled, and so few of its natural charms have been left uninvaded, that it would be well, in all such cases, whether in Cumberland, Dartmoor, or Epping, to sacrifice pecuniary advantage in order to preserve as "a joy for ever" "things of beauty," whose value is beyond the ordinary terms of appraisal.

**M. GRÉVY.**—There have been many rumours lately to the effect that M. Grévy thinks of resigning the Presidency of the French Republic, and it would not be surprising if they proved to be true. It is said that his influence has been very injuriously affected by the death of M. Gambetta. So long as there was a chance of the Republic being absolutely controlled by that fiery and ambitious statesman, many politicians looked to M. Grévy as the only leader capable of counterbalancing his authority. Now that there is no commanding figure in the country, the President seems to be less necessary than he was; and it is asserted that little importance is attached to his opinions, either by the Cabinet or by Parliament. It is certain that if he had been able to give effect to his will M. de Freycinet, not M. Ferry, would now have been Prime Minister. The Chamber, however, would not have supported M. de Freycinet, and so M. Grévy had to act in opposition to his own wishes. A President who is not allowed to preside, except in name, cannot be anxious for the maintenance of his functions; especially when he appears to be indifferent to the pomp and circumstance of office. All the same, France would probably regret sincerely the withdrawal of one who has discharged his duties so honestly and so unostentatiously. That he has not been a brilliant President everybody admits; but the French people have not always profited in the end by the "brilliance" of their political chiefs; and if M. Grévy had chosen to pose as a saviour of society (as he might easily have done), the Republic might have had to contend with even more formidable difficulties than those by which it is now confronted. M. Grévy's aim has been to act the part of a Constitutional Sovereign, allowing free play to the contending forces in the State. If the conditions of order and progress are ever to be finally reconciled in France, it must be by the operation of the kind of system which M. Grévy has persistently striven to establish.

**WIGGINS'S WARNING.**—In autumn Mr. Wiggins, or, as he is also called, Professor Wiggins, took up his parable and began to prophesy. He announced a prodigious storm for March 11. No vessel weaker than a Cunarder would be able to live on the Atlantic. In fact, the hurricane was to be like that which, in Mexican and Australian mythology, is said to have destroyed the world, and blown one of the gods so high that he has never come down again. Wiggins's storm has not answered to his expectations. In America the seer is assailed by flippant and injurious comment. One journal actually advises him to change his name, and select another "less offensive to decency, and less manifestly incongruous with veracity," than the patronymic of Wiggins. American decency is a capricious sentiment, and on occasions is very readily alarmed. We perceive nothing inconsistent with modesty and decorum in the name of Wiggins. Meanwhile, the prophet is said to stand by his prediction. There has been a small gale; indeed, we have an unpleasant north-east breeze even on this side of the Atlantic. Wiggins claims these gusts for his own. But one need not be a prophet, nor a professor, to anticipate some gales in March. Wiggins threw in for a great coup, which would have made his name as a second-sighted man. He has failed, and should accept the situation.

**FRENCH CONVICT SETTLEMENTS.**—The question of the transportation of criminals was long ago threshed out and decided as regards this country. It seems at first sight a convenient arrangement for a nation to shoot its moral rubbish upon waste places elsewhere, but it has been found that in the long run it does not answer. And, be it remembered, we tried the plan under advantages which can never recur again. There are no more Australias open to "conviction." Nor has the wonderful progress of Australia really been due to convictism. The progress has been rather in spite of it. Those remote regions did not show signs of genuine self-supporting life and vigour till the free-emigrant element had begun to outnumber the felon element, and altogether the most progressive colonies are those which originally had the least of the convict taint. We make these trite observations, because there is a horrible rumour current that the passion which the French have recently developed for annexing remote islands is due to a desire to find an outlet for their villains. They propose, it is declared, to form convict settlements in the New Hebrides, in the Loyalty Islands, and in Madagascar. Now convicts are nowhere desirable neighbours, but French convicts are probably the worst of all. They never take kindly to a new country, they are always longing to be back in France, they never settle down as thousands of our "Government men" cheerfully did in Australia after they had their freedom. And if convictism was a curse rather than a blessing in Australia, where the climate was fitted for European labour, and where space was unlimited, what will be the fate of transports cooped up in small muggy tropical islands, or let loose among the half-civilised Madagascarenes? The idea is so monstrous that we can hardly believe that it has been seriously entertained, but if it has been entertained, the French Government should be told plainly that if we, with our dense population, can contrive to keep our convicts at home, they must do likewise.

**ITALIAN PENITENCE.**—There is something almost pathetic, and there is certainly something comic, in the penance which Italy is now doing for the liberties she allowed herself at the time of the Egyptian campaign,

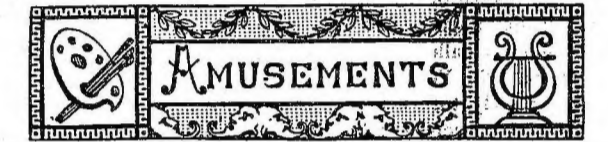
England did everything she could during that perilous crisis to manifest her desire for Italian good-will. Italy was formally requested to join us in our undertaking; and, when she declined, she was assured that her rights and interests would be scrupulously respected. The response was a storm of abuse from almost all the leading newspapers in the country, and Great Britain was denounced as the most selfish and treacherous nation in the world; it was said that we were going to Egypt under false pretences for the purpose of injuring all our rivals, and Italy in particular; and ready credence was given to every ridiculous story which tended to show that we made war like savages. We have had ample revenge for all this in the debate on the Egyptian Question which has taken place during the present week in the Italian Parliament. The leading speakers have lavished praise on England for the manner in which she has executed her policy. They have expressed perfect confidence in her intentions; and Signor Mancini has been severely blamed for not having seized the opportunity to act with her at a time when the retirement of France gave Italy such an opportunity as is never likely to recur. The opinions and feelings thus emphatically set forth are said to be those of the Italian people generally; and the chances are that England will be as popular in Italy for some time as she was unpopular several months ago. "Better late than never;" but the repentance of the Italians will not be of much importance if it does not suggest to them the necessity of regulating their judgment of foreign affairs by something more trustworthy than blind impulse. Hitherto they have followed no definite principle in their relations to other countries; and hence they have caused much irritation among their neighbours without securing a single advantage for themselves.

**DISTURBANCES IN PARIS.**—The recent demonstrations in Paris were not, perhaps, very important in themselves; but they have evidently created a feeling of uneasiness among the French people. It is remembered how often tumults of this kind have proved to be symptoms of deep-seated discontent; and everybody believes that, having once succeeded in making themselves prominent, the malcontents will be anxious to repeat the experiment at the earliest opportunity. There is not much reason to fear, however, that the Republic is exposed to serious danger from movements of this kind. After all, the Anarchists, although a noisy faction, are not very numerous. Even M. Rochefort disapproved of these petty efforts to overawe the Government; and the party led by M. Clémenceau professes to have no sympathy with revolutionary methods in the existing circumstances of France. If the Government acts firmly and prudently, it ought to have little difficulty in providing ample guarantees for the maintenance of order. According to English ideas of public policy, it would be a mistake to trust only to the use of force for the suppression of violence. It is not improbable that some of the rioters who stole bread from bakers' shops were impostors. They may as the newspapers assert, have had money in their pockets at the time; and the ringleaders were possibly acting as agents of intriguers who remained safely in the background. There can be no doubt, however, that a considerable class in Paris are almost destitute; and it is necessary to remember that the poor in France are not, as in England, legally protected from the possibility of starvation. At the same time it is a mistake to suppose that nothing is done officially for the poor of Paris. In an interesting paper in the March number of the *Contemporary Review* M. Yves Guyot shows that the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* relieve on an average every year 350,000 cases of destitution and sickness. Still the French Government might take some hints from the working of our Poor Law. It is a Law which sets at defiance all the principles of political economy; but it justifies itself by saving this country in times of general distress from the worst forms of social and political agitation.

**THE TOBACCO TRADE.**—A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, advertizing to the fact that the revenue from tobacco amounts to some eight millions sterling, and that the forthcoming statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will probably show a deficit of a million and a half, points out a remarkable circumstance. The average cost of what is known as leaf tobacco in bond is sixpence a pound, and the duty on it is three shillings and sixpence, yet the trade retail it at threepence an ounce, or four shillings a pound. Where, then, is the margin for the manufacturers' and retailers' profit? The correspondent goes on rather unkindly to suggest that it is derived from the water which is added to the tobacco, and he suggests that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to pounce down on this fraudulent addition, he could bring into his coffers another two millions a year. Another correspondent, however, points out that the revenue officers allow for ten per cent. of moisture. There used to be an old story against an apparently pious but really roguish grocer, who was represented as holding this dialogue with his apprentice:—"Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes." "Have you watered the tobacco?" "Yes." "Then come to prayers." Watering the tobacco, therefore, is not a very modern phenomenon. We must say that our own experience, which on this subject is extensive, shows that when we happen to buy "working men's tobacco," as we may style it, it is usually too damp for comfortable smoking. The better sorts of tobacco are fairly dry, but then they are retailed at prices varying from 6d. to 4s., never below 4d. A great deal of tobacco is now retailed in ornamental paper packets, and this is often drier than it should be; but it is doubtful whether with paper, tin-foil, and all, these packets weigh (when thus dry) quite up to the ounce or two ounces which they are supposed to weigh. Altogether, we incline to think that the correspondent has exaggerated matters, though, especially since Sir Stafford Northcote raised the duties, it is notorious that the commoner sorts of tobacco leave a very small margin for profit. Altogether, we don't think the consumer has much to complain of. The pipe—or cigarette—smoker of the present day has a far choicer variety of tobaccos to choose from than his predecessor of thirty or forty years ago.

**HARE-BRAINED.**—Apparently the meaning and origin of the term, "hare-brained," was not settled, after Lord Beaconsfield spoke about "the irresponsible chatter of hare-brained frivolity," or the "irresponsible frivolity of hare-brained chatter," or whatever arrangement of those terms may be preferred. Some people still spell the word "hair-brained," as if persons to whom the term is applied had less brains than hair. This is a purely modern view, based on the existence of æsthetic poets, who have more curls than common sense. If we read "hare-brained," a reflection seems to be thrown on the intellect of the hare, which, however, is proverbially declared to be subject to lunacy in the month of March. Now the hare is no monster of sagacity, like the elephant, but in Africa, at least on the West Coast, he and "Brer Rabbit" are credited with very great astuteness. Reynard the Fox is no more cunning than "Brer Rabbit." The French, however, have a proverb about a hare-brained man, "he forgets as he runs, like the hare." Now the Hottentots, and, we believe, the Fijians, have a story that the Moon sent the hare with the message of immortality to men; and that as he ran he forgot the message, and told men they must all die for good and all. The coincidence is strange. In English country districts hare-brains, taken as food, are thought to make one drowsy.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, F. C. LEADER.—On MONDAY, March 26, 1883, and EVERY EVENING, will be performed the Grand Fantastic Comic Opera, entitled, *A TRIP TO THE MOON* (Le Voyage dans la Lune). Music by Offenbach. New English Version by Henry S. Leigh. Orchestra and Chorus augmented and under the direction of Mr. G. Jacobi. The Grand Ballets arranged and produced by M. A. Bertrand. Costumes from new designs by M. Wilsen, Miss Fisher, and M. and Madame Alais. The Properties by M. Buckley. Machinery by Mr. Sloman. Scenery by Mr. A. Galliot, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Perkins. Chorus Master, Mr. Unia. Stage Manager, Mr. Frank Hall. The Opera produced under the direction of Mr. G. Jacobi. Principal Artists:—Miss Annie Albu, Miss Olga Morini, Miss Marie Williams, Miss Jessie Mayland, Miss Marion Browning, Miss Lulu du Cane, Miss Inez Harland, Miss Eva Miles, Miss Letty Lind, Miss Alice Mowbray, Miss Violet Clifton, Miss Zizzie Nelson, Miss Addie Wilson, Miss Damont, Miss Nellie Brown, Miss Howard, Miss Florence Montague, Miss Evelyn May, and Miss Anna Barnadelli; Messrs. Julian Cross, E. Rosenthal, F. Thorn, T. H. Paul, C. Power, Marchant, J. Humphries, J. Neville, C. Colli, Bury, H. Grahame, and Lionel Rignold. Premières Danseuses:—Mlle. Adeline Rossi (assoluto), Mlle. Theodora de Giller, Mlle. Delina Zauli, Mlle. Franceschina Sampietro, Mlle. Consuello de la Bruyère (assoluto), and Aenea, the Flying Dove. Second Premières Danseuses:—Miss C. Gerrish, Miss K. Hemmings, Miss Patti, and Miss Stenrod. The Box Office is now open, under the direction of Mr. Potter, from Ten to Five. No charge for booking. Prices from One Shilling to 5s. 3s. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.



**LYCEUM THEATRE.**

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—From Monday, the 19th, to Friday, the 23rd of March (inclusive), this Theatre will be closed. On Saturday Morning Next, March 24, at 2 (12th performance), Evening at 7.45. At Every Evening after, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Benedick, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.** (Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN; ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANCASHIRE PLACE, CLOSER. Will Re-open EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 26, at 8 o'clock, with a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled, *OUR MESS*. EASTER WEEK: MORNING PERFORMANCES, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday at Three; EVENINGS, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

**MR. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, Editor of "Knowledge,"** will give First LECTURE of Series on WEDNESDAY, March 28, at 8 o'clock p.m., in ST. JAMES'S HALL. Subject: "The Birth and Death of Worlds." For Syllabus of Course see current number of "Knowledge." Tickets may be obtained of Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Barr, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 54, James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly. 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

**DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.**

**MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL."**—The CLAPTON PARK CHORAL SOCIETY will give a CONCERT in the LARGE LECTURE HALL, adjoining Clapton Park Congregational Church, Lower Clapton, on FRIDAY, MARCH 30, to commence at 8 p.m. Part I comprising Selections from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," The Second Part, Ballads and Part Songs.—Vocalists:—Miss Annie MARRIOTT, Mr. HARPER KEARTON, and Mr. W. G. FORINGTON. Conductor, Mr. ROBERT HAINWORTH.—Numbered Seats, 2s.; Un-numbered, 1s.; Admission, 6d.—Tickets can be obtained of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. FRANK JOLLY, 66, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

**EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual. EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.**—The 4.55 p.m. train from Victoria and London Bridge will carry passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on March 22nd and 24th (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

**BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, AND ON GOOD FRIDAY, A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN** from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

**VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.—EASTER MONDAY, March 26th.—ADDITIONAL ORDINARY TRAINS** (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave London Bridge and Victoria after the Special Volunteer Trains. A SPECIAL EXPRESS Train (First-Class only) will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m.; Returning from Brighton 4.45 p.m. For full particulars of arrangements, for both the Public and Volunteers, see special programme and bills.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS** daily to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

**BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.**—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—The Company's General West End Booking Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square. Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C. Cook's Tourist Office, Circus. Gaze's Tourist Office, 142, Strand. Cayill's Tourists' Office, 371, Strand (next Exeter Hall). Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove. Letts and Co., King William Street, City. Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers. These Two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on March 21st, 22nd, and 24th. For full particulars of Times and Rates, and Time Tables, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**NOW OPEN, THE GRAPHIC EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS**  
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In addition to the above Collection, the Exhibition contains a large quantity of Oil Pictures, Water Colour Drawings, and Black and White Drawings by J. E. Millais, R.A., P. Calderon, R.A., G. Storey, A.R.A., H. Woods, A.R.A., H. Herkomer, A.R.A., and others.

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168, NEW BOND STREET.



**THE INSTALLATION OF CETEWAYO**

ON January 29th, King Cetewayo was re-installed in that portion of his former kingdom which the British Government had consented to restore to him. The ceremony took place at Intonyanene, whence the sketches which form the subjects of our engravings have been sent by Lieutenant F. M. Rimington, 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons. He writes:—"Sir Theophilus Shepstone stood in front of the Union Jack, with Cetewayo and Mr. Fynn, the British Resident, on his right. Colonel Curtis, the commander of the escort, being on his left. All being ready, Sir Theophilus Shepstone proceeded to read aloud the terms on which the Zulu King was restored to power, and the revised boundaries of his dominions. When he had finished, Dabulamanzi and several other headmen and chiefs spoke to the effect that, according to their opinion, the King had not had sufficiently wide boundaries allotted to him. Moreover, they complained that Usibepu should have been given any territory. Sir Theophilus Shepstone rebuked Dabulamanzi, and said he must be silent. The chiefs talked for three hours, and then Sir Theophilus Shepstone closed the meeting by saying that he had brought the King to them, and was now going away."

**THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT BERMUDA**

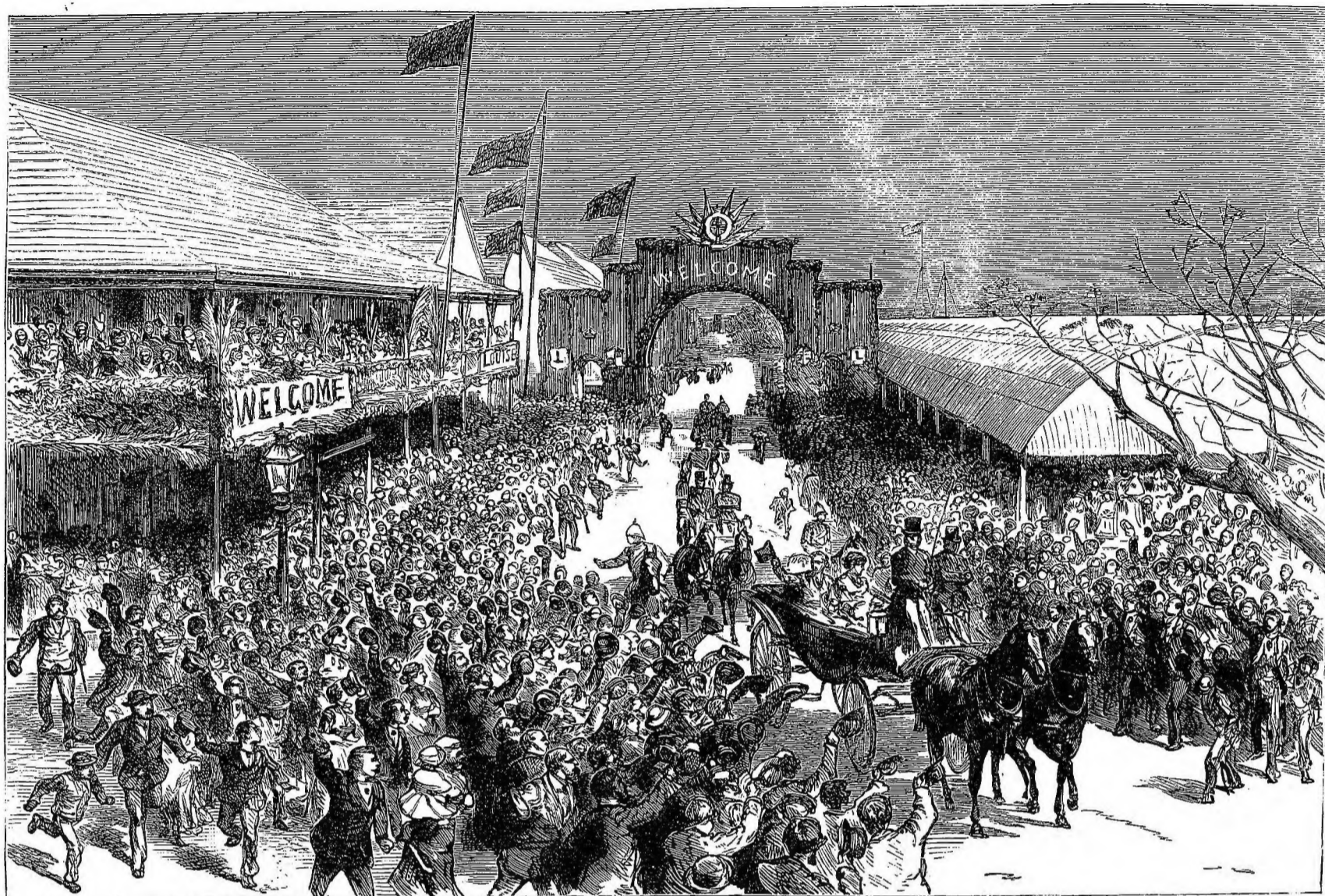
H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE arrived at Bermuda from Charleston, on board H.M.S. *Dido*, on January 29th. At Hamilton, the capital of Bermuda, she was received by His Excellency Lieutenant-General Galloway, the Governor of the islands. The landing-place had been most tastefully prepared for her reception. The steps leading down to the water were covered with blue and red cloth. Overhead was stretched a tent-shaped canopy, striped blue and white; and on either side raised seats had been erected for the accommodation of the wives of the military and naval officers at the station, and the leading civilians. After addresses of welcome had been presented, a guard of honour, consisting of 100 men of the Royal Irish Rifles, gave the Royal salute, and then the Princess entered her carriage, en route for Inglewood, her temporary home in Bermuda. The people were most enthusiastic, the main street was densely crowded with smiling faces, the houses were gay with flags, the balconies were wreathed with flowers and evergreens, and there were three triumphal arches. Inglewood, the property of Mr. J. H. Trimmingham, one of the principal Bermuda merchants, is a substantial stone house, standing on an elevated plateau, and commanding a fine view of the "Great Sound."—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. J. B. Heyl, of Hamilton, Bermuda.

**A PICNIC AT THE PYRAMIDS**

TOMMY ATKINS has been a common object at the Pyramids during the past few months, and the British occupation has brought such a rich harvest to the guides and donkey boys of Cairo, that they must have fully recouped themselves for their forced inaction during the reign of Arabi Pasha, whose fellahen garrison recked little of the monuments of the Pharaohs; and, moreover, had no spare cash to bestow *backshish* on their custodians. A picnic to the Pyramids is a favourite day's outing with the British regiments stationed in Cairo, and our engraving represents such a party of the 12th Highland Light Infantry, who have been photographed in an appropriate military attitude as a memento of their visit.

**PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF**

ANOTHER prominent figure has disappeared from the stage of European politics. Prince Alexander Michaelovitch Gortschakoff, who for nearly thirty years directed the tortuous foreign diplomacy of Russia, died at Baden-Baden on Sunday, in his eighty-fifth year. Prince Gortschakoff, who, with all his faults, was certainly one of the leading European politicians, was essentially a diplomatist of that orthodox Muscovite type whose strength lies in penning bold and telling despatches and "Notes"—in conducting and protracting endless negotiations rather than in active action. Destined for the diplomatic career from his boyhood, Gortschakoff—who came from a Princely family claiming descent from Rurik, served his apprenticeship under Count Nesselrode, the then Foreign Minister—and as his *attaché* attended both the Congresses of Leybach and Verona, in 1821 and 1822. Two years afterwards he was appointed Secretary to the Russian Legation in London, and then went through the regular diplomatic course of appointments to the various Courts of Europe, not, however, coming into any prominence until 1841, when, as Ambassador Extraordinary, he conducted the negotiations for the marriage of the Princess Olga, the late Czar's sister, to the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg. On the formation of the German Confederation Gortschakoff was appointed Russian Minister at the Diet; and there, at Frankfurt, he first made the acquaintance of the Prussian Representative, a Junker Landwehr lieutenant, Herr von Bismarck. In 1855 Gortschakoff was awarded the great prize of all Russian diplomatists, the Ambassadorship at Vienna, where he remained until the Treaty of Paris, which it is said that he did all in his power to prevent his Government from concluding. Next year he was summoned to St. Petersburg to succeed Count Nesselrode as Foreign Minister. From that time until last April Prince Gortschakoff shaped the foreign



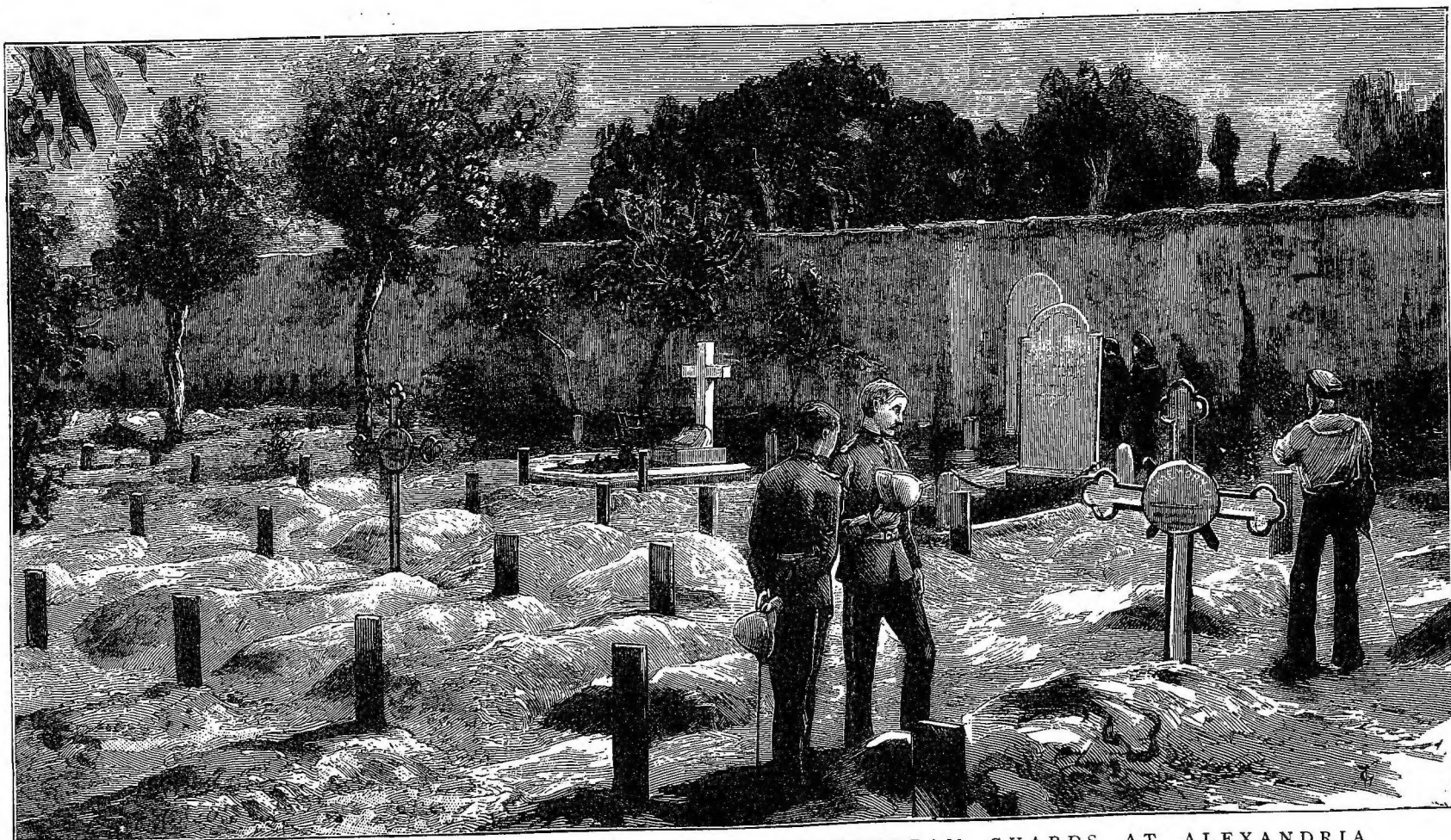
THE WELCOME TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT HAMILTON, BERMUDA



THE RECENT WAR IN EGYPT—SECOND BATTALION HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY PICNICKING AT THE PYRAMIDS



PRINCE ALEXANDER MICHAELOVITCH GORTSCHAKOFF, EX-CHANCELLOR OF RUSSIA  
BORN JULY 16, 1798. DIED MARCH 11, 1883



THE RECENT WAR IN EGYPT—GRAVES OF COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT ALEXANDRIA

policy of his country. At that period Germany was comparatively a weak Power; Austria, as he contemptuously termed her, was "only a Government, not a nation;" Italy was a "geographical expression;" so that, once at peace with France and England, Russia felt herself the Great Power of Europe, and Prince Gortschakoff was not the man to let Europe forget the fact. Thus he vigorously denounced the Western Powers for interfering with King Bomba, scornfully ignored the expostulations of our own Government with reference to the cruelties practised upon the Poles during the Rebellion, and assumed a paternal protectorate over revived Germany. Meanwhile the years rolled on, Germany became consolidated and the most powerful military factor in Europe, Austria also had succeeded in uniting the numerous discordant elements which form her population into something like harmony; but Prince Gortschakoff, either unwilling or unable to see the change, continued to pursue the same high-handed policy, and did not fail to seize the moment when France and Germany were busy with their own war, in 1870, to tear up the clause in the Treaty of Paris which prevented Russia from maintaining a fleet in the Black Sea. He also plainly showed that he yet considered Germany to be in Russian leading-strings by his Circular, in 1872, regarding the differences between that country and France, and in which he haughtily declaimed from Berlin that "Russia wished for peace." The answer to this was the bond between the Emperors of Germany and Austria, and this opened his eyes to the fact that Russia was not so all-powerful as he wished her to be, and he had accordingly to sue for admittance into the brotherhood, and a tripartite instead of a bipartite alliance was accordingly the result. From that time his influence over European affairs may be said to have practically vanished. Forced into war with Turkey by the Panславists, he drew up the Treaty of San Stefano, in something of his old haughty style; but, to his great mortification, was compelled to modify it by the Berlin Congress—a mortification which he sought subsequently to assuage by bitter utterances against Germany and the Germans. Then, an octogenarian, he gradually left matters to the hands of his trusted subordinate, M. de Giers, and, on April 2 last year, formally resigned the Foreign Chancellorship. Prince Gortschakoff, while regretted by neither Germans nor Austrians, will be much lamented by his own countrymen, with whom he was highly popular, as they considered that he always upheld the dignity of Russia by his haughty Circulars to foreign Powers and by the apparently uncompromising nature of his policy.

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES AT ALEXANDRIA

"The Cemeteries at Alexandria," writes the Rev. Wedekind O'Neill, Chaplain to the Forces at Alexandria, "are situated to the north-east of the town, just outside the Rosetta Gate, and are seven or eight in number. The first and largest is the Roman Catholic; next, the Greek; then the Jewish, British Protestant, Coptic, and some others which appear disused. The European Cemeteries are carefully kept, on the whole, and filled with fine trees, flowers, and flowering shrubs of all kinds, and some of the monuments are well worth inspection.

"In our own, many a crumbling stone speaks of other days, when all our troops passed through Alexandria for the East, marking the resting-place of the invalided officer on his way to the home he was never destined to reach.

"Built into the east wall (where it has evidently been placed of late years for preservation) is a curious relic of the past, consisting of a tablet of white marble. The inscription, which is rudely cut, perpetuates the memory of Quartermaster J. Simpson, of the 26th Light Dragoons, who fell in 1801, probably in the same battle as Abercrombie, about a mile from the spot where the cemetery is situated.

"Over 150 English soldiers lie in the two plots of ground set apart by the trustees for their interment, and about 50 are buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery. Unless some measures are taken by Government to prevent it, all the graves that have no monuments erected over them are liable to be reopened at the end of two years. This very probably will be the case, as the cemetery is almost full; but as there is plenty of waste ground outside, some arrangement might be come to to extend the cemetery, and let the brave fellows 'sleep on in the grave where a Briton has laid them.'"

M. DE GIERS

NICHOLAS CARLOVITCH GIERS, who for the past year has been Russian Foreign Minister, is perhaps less known in the political field of Europe than in the annals of his own country. There he has achieved considerable reputation, chiefly owing to his negotiations with England with respect to Central Asia, in which, from his countrymen's opinion, he has always had the decided advantage. He was born in 1820, and comes of a Swedish family, and at the age of eighteen entered the Asiatic Department of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Being sent in 1848 to the headquarters of the Russian troops in Transylvania during the Hungarian campaign, he displayed such untiring energy and industry, that on his return he was decorated and made a Court Councillor. In 1850 he became first Secretary to the Embassy to Constantinople, and thence he was transferred to Moldo-Wallachia as Director of the Chancery of the Commissary Plenipotentiary. On the breaking-out of the war with England and France he was despatched with important instructions to the Governor-General of New Russia and Bessarabia. After serving in Egypt and again in Moldo-Wallachia, he was sent in 1863 to Teheran, as Ambassador, and by his tact and influence greatly contributed to the consolidation of friendly relations between Russia and Persia. In 1869 M. de Giers was appointed Minister at Berne, and three years subsequently to Stockholm. In 1875 he was summoned to St. Petersburg, and appointed Adjunct to the Minister for Foreign Affairs and Director of the Asiatic Department, with a seat in the Senate. He now had an opportunity of showing his skill in the negotiations with England alluded to above, and achieved such success that in the following year the direction of Foreign Affairs was entirely trusted to him during the absence of Prince Gortschakoff. In 1877, during the Turkish War he was again Acting Foreign Minister, and was thanked by the Czar for his labours, and appointed Privy Councillor. From that time the direction of the Foreign Office fell more and more into his hands until last April, when upon the resignation of Prince Gortschakoff, he was formally appointed Foreign Minister. M. de Giers is married to the Princess Kantakuzene, a niece of Prince Gortschakoff.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE AND THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART

LAST Saturday, upwards of a thousand persons, chiefly ladies, assembled in the theatre of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, to witness the annual distribution of medals and prizes to the students of the Female School of Art, Bloomsbury, by the Princess Beatrice. Among the recipients were the winners of the Queen's, Princess of Wales', Gilchrist, Clothworkers', and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' scholarships, the Queen's gold medal, and the National gold, silver, and bronze medal. After paying a deserved compliment to the Royal Family for the interest they had taken in Art matters, Mr. Mundella, in the course of his address, said he was glad to find so much of the work done by the students was industrial and decorative, because the real object of the Government grants was to encourage Art as applied to our manufactures and industry. Such training as this would open up a larger field of employment for women. In Paris technical instruction was given to thousands of young women, practically at the

expense of the schools and the municipality. He doubted whether the new London Corporation would venture to devote any portion of the public taxes to Art training, but he hoped that the great City Companies would persevere in their efforts in this direction.

SKETCHES IN SKYE

PUBLIC attention has of late been directed to the Isle of Skye, not on account of the wild picturesqueness of its scenery, but because of the unfortunate disputes which have arisen between the crofters and their landlords—disputes which recall, on a smaller scale, and with a less degree of bitterness, the chronic feud which in many parts of Ireland has raged for centuries between landlords and tenants.

In Ireland these disputes have been envenomed by differences of race and creed, and by traditions of conquest and confiscation; but these conditions would long since have lost their effect were it not that the tenantry in such cases are always more or less distressed, and in bad years are in absolute danger of starvation.

The truth is, that such regions as these we speak of—Skye, the Hebrides, and the West of Ireland—are, owing to the unpropitious nature of their climate and the general barrenness of their soil, unfit to support a dense population by agriculture alone. Their inhabitants have always been poverty-stricken; but they are now relatively poorer than ever, because of the advance in the standard of living elsewhere; and absolutely poorer, because of the recent crop failures.

The only genuine remedies for this condition of affairs are emigration, freely yet judiciously carried out; and the introduction, if feasible, of industries other than agriculture.

Let us now turn to Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming's sketches. Skye, as tourists who have been there know, is, as regards scenery, a very unequal region. There are tracts of wonderful beauty and picturesqueness; there are also tracts which are dull, dismal, and desolate.

Lochs Coruisk and Scavaig are two rival beauties. Though close together, each has individual features of its own. Scavaig is quite open to the sea, and the yellow sand which forms its bed gives the waves in sunny weather a rich green hue. The lake, too, has an air of life and vigour, because the waves are constantly breaking on the rocky shore. The waters of Coruisk, on the other hand, lie in unbroken repose, their colour varying from black to blue, according to the weather.

Portree, prettily situated at the head of the harbour, is the largest place in Skye, and has over 700 inhabitants. It is the most suitable starting-point for Quiraing and the Storr Rock.

Quiraing, says Mr. Baddeley, in his "Guide to the Highlands," is perhaps the most eccentric piece of scenery in the kingdom. It consists of an assemblage of rocks of almost every conceivable shape, from a flat table to a sharp needle. The fresh verdure, which fills up all available interstices, is a really beautiful feature; but the rocks themselves are, as regards substance, disappointing, being black and crumbly, and resembling slag.

The Storr Rock is passed on the road from Portree to Quiraing. Its steep precipices rise to the height of 2,341 feet, and command a splendid view. The steep declivity below the mountain is covered with huge masses of detached debris. They are combined in a variety of intricate groups, presenting vague forms of castles and towers.

Scaur-na-Gilleann, one of the Cuchullin Hills, is some 3,200 feet high, and its ascent, from the Sligachan Inn, is perhaps the roughest piece of mountaineering to be obtained in Scotland. The peak of the mountain consists of a thin ledge, which overhangs a precipice on either side.

Dunvegan Castle, the residence of the MacLeods of Macleod, is situated on the shore of Lake Follart. It has been added to at various periods, the most ancient portion dating from the ninth century. It contains many relics of the past, among which are a Hebridean drinking cup, the horn of Rory Mor, and the fairy flag mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in the diary of his Hebridean voyage.

A JURYMAN'S ADVENTURES AT THE NEW LAW COURTS

"TEMPER justice with mercy," said Mrs. Sympton, a kind-hearted creature, as befits the softer sex. "Of course, of course," replied her husband, as he strutted down the steps lighting his cigarette, and at the same time thinking to himself that, if he had before him any of the gang who deprived him so cleverly of his gold watch at the Sloane Square Station last Christmas, he should give it 'em pretty hot.

He swelled with importance as he sat on the knife-board of the omnibus. "Magnificent pile," he murmured, feeling bound, as a British juryman, to patronise the mighty Palace of Justice.

But, when he got inside, he found that there were drawbacks. He was introduced to various artificial constructions, erected for the purpose of preventing the atmosphere from playing perpetual games of draughts, while go-bang was another pastime illustrated by the slamming of doors. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch, the silver successor to the stolen beauty, "it's time to be in Court." Then began a series of adventures worthy of Sindbad the Sailor, Marco Polo, Captain Cook, and other famous globe-trotters. Upstairs, downstairs he trudged, but not into my lords' chambers. That seemed a perpetually-vanishing Will o' the Wisp. He climbed gloomy staircases, only to find himself confronted by barred gates; he tumbled down and barked his shins; he scattered fragments of letters to ensure his safe return, looking like a lugubrious "hare" in a paper-chase; he encountered a friendly carpenter, who said, "Law, sir, it's like the Ampton Court Maze, without the grape vine and the pickers!" he penetrated into a Court (not his own Court), and saw the judge make a joke at which everybody laughed, but which nobody, owing to the acoustic peculiarities of the building, heard.

At last, he found the place he wanted. But he was too late. The Court had risen, all was over, and he had been fined for non-attendance.

Since that day, youthful wags, in the railway carriage or on the omnibus, who want to get Sympton's shirt out, as the vulgar phrase goes, begin solemnly lauding the beauties of the New Law Courts. Sympton listens awhile, and then fizzes up like a bottle of Dry Monopole.

PORTRAITS OF JAMES CAREY, JOHN MCCAFFERTY, AND P. J. SHERIDAN

OF James Carey, the approver in the Phoenix Park Case, we have already spoken sufficiently. The likeness here engraved is from a portrait group taken by Adolphe, of Dublin, representing himself, his wife (a very pleasing looking person), and his five children, one of them a baby in Mrs. Carey's lap.

McCafferty must not be confounded with Edward McCaffrey, one of the accused in the Phoenix Park affair. "Captain" McCafferty, as he is called, is an old member of the "F. B.," or Fenian Brotherhood. In 1867 he was sentenced to death for the attempt to seize Chester Castle, but was afterwards reprieved. Carey mentions him in his recent evidence as having given him large sums of money for the purchase of knives or firearms for assassination purposes. The photograph of McCafferty is stamped "Lesage, Dublin," but the original taker's name has evidently been purposely erased.

The last portrait (by Lesage) is of P. J. Sheridan, of Tubbercurry, alleged by Carey to be the principal instigator of the Phoenix Park and other murders. Mr. Sheridan is in America, and a demand has been made by our Legation for his extradition, though it will not be

pressed unless a case can be made out sufficiently strong to satisfy the United States authorities that the extradition should be granted.

WROTHAM PARK

WROTHAM Park, Barnet, the seat of the Earl of Strafford, was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of Tuesday, the 6th inst. Happily, no lives were lost, and the pictures, plate, and a great deal of valuable furniture was saved. Wrotham Park, which stood about a mile north of High Barnet, was a handsome mansion in the classical Italian style, erected in 1754. Its then owner was the unfortunate Admiral Byng, who a few years later was condemned by a court-martial to be shot for his ill-success at Minorca. The principal front of the mansion commanded fine views across the park towards Elstree and Watford. It consisted of a spacious centre with side colonnades, terminating in octagonal wings, it had a deeply-recessed tetrastyle portico, and a pediment extending along the second storey. The whole was surmounted by a handsome balustrade.

BRITISH GRAVES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

THIS sketch portrays the little cemetery on the battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir, which contains the graves of those British troops who fell in the crowning victory of the Egyptian War. There are no monuments at present in the cemetery, it simply being surrounded by a stone wall. Here also the remains of the troops who lie buried in the desert will ultimately be transferred.

AN ELECTRICAL TRAMCAR

A FEW weeks since we illustrated an electrical launch, which was tried on the Thames with considerable success; we also published engravings of an electrical railway and a tricycle, of which the motive power is furnished by electricity; and we now illustrate the application of electricity to a tramcar, which was tried last Saturday at Kew Bridge. The rate attained was six miles an hour, and the cost was estimated at 6s. 3d. a day, against 26s., which is the daily expense of horsing a car. The experiment was fairly successful, the car running briskly along the level road and down hill, but owing to some defect in a connecting band the car failed to ascend the incline without horse-power. This, however, it is considered, can easily be remedied, so that if the necessary licence can be obtained from the Metropolitan Board of Works, electrical cars will be run along the Acton Road. This licence, General Hutchinson, of the Board of Trade, stated at the subsequent luncheon, there would be no difficulty in obtaining. The electricity is not, as in Siemens' car shown at the Paris Electrical Exhibition, conveyed along wires from a stationary dynamo to a motor on the car, but from accumulators stored in the car itself. The following from the *Daily News*, will explain our illustration:—"The electrical tramcar is the last practical experiment undertaken by the Electrical Storage Company. The accumulators are stored under the seats of the car, and the current is communicated by insulated wire to a Siemens dynamo machine, acting as a motor, and connected with the axle of the wheel. The tramcar is fitted with an accumulator consisting of fifty Faure-Sellon-Volckmar cells, each measuring 13 in. by 11 in. by 7 in., and weighing about 80 lb. This accumulator is capable of working a tramcar with its full load of forty-six persons, for seven hours. The action of the motor may be reversed at will, and the power may be increased or diminished, as required, by adding to or taking from the number of cells by means of a simple switch. By breaking the circuit the motive power is stopped, and, the brake being then applied, the car is almost immediately brought to a standstill." The car is lighted by Swan incandescent lamps, and is supplied with electric bells, both being worked by the accumulators.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 279.

THE PROPOSED MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL

See page 286.

NOTES OF THE BOAT RACE

As the great Inter-university aquatic struggle of the year would not have been decided until this journal was far advanced in the press, our readers will understand that we are unable to depict any of the stirring scenes which took place between Putney and Mortlake on Thursday. However, University Boat Races *se suivent et se ressemblent*, so that the incidents we illustrate from our artist's notebook of a previous year, are sure to repeat themselves. The lot of the solitary guardian of the Aqueduct can hardly be called a "happy one," as he stands alone in his glory, exposed to the biting wind. Still, he has a splendid bird's-eye view of the contest. Nor is the constable in the Thames Conservancy launch particularly cheered by the temperance treat offered by his host. Mr. X2, however, is in clover, and we may be sure enjoys the race as well as anyone on the river. The largest sketch depicts an only too-frequent incident on the river on Boat Race Day. "Arry and his companions have got into difficulties with their boat, and run imminent risk of being swamped by the approaching steamers. If, however, they will only obey the behest to "Keep where you are," they may yet be picked up by the boat-hooks of the watermen, who are standing in readiness outside the paddle-boxes. Their craft, however, runs little chance of reappearing—save, perhaps, in the form of match-wood.

AN EMIGRANT'S LIFE IN MANITOBA

THESE engravings are from sketches by Mr. T. Fitzroy Dixon, of Millford on Souris, Manitoba. Millford is a rapidly growing township, and does all the business in the way of provisions and grain for an enormous area of country, for which purpose extensive warehouses have been erected on the river-bank.

A muskeg is a very treacherous kind of swamp, easy to get into, hard to get out of. Even in the depth of winter, when the thermometer is at 40° below zero, some of these pools (owing to deeply-hidden springs) are not frozen hard enough to bear an ox-team, which consequently goes in, as the Americans say, "kerslosh."

These poor immigrants, who have only just come across the Atlantic, have probably never in their lives been off a high road. Perhaps they are out on the prairie thirty or forty miles from a habitation; and, as they are bewilderingly studying the surveyor's hieroglyphics, they plaintively ask each other, "Which way?"

The homes of the average prairie farmers are usually bare and uninteresting enough, without either tree or shrub to break the monotony of the view. In many places settlers have to draw their firewood ten, fifteen, or even more miles—a serious consideration when we remember the length and severity of the winter.

The view on the Assiniboine is sketched just a mile below the junction of that river with the Souris, on which latter stream the above-mentioned city of Millford is situated.

It is usually necessary to live in a tent before the frame-house is put up. Tent-life sounds romantic; but the thin roof affords a very poor protection from the noontide heats, or the cold of the nights, which even in summer is sometimes considerable.

The doors of the frame-houses are sheltered by a storm-porch from the snow-drift in winter. The comfort of this precaution cannot possibly be estimated by the uninitiated.

During the summer months the mosquitoes are so numerous and so ferocious that, unless a big smoking fire of stable manure, or of some

similar substance—locally termed a "smudge"—is kept burning all night, cattle will go almost mad. The poor brutes will actually scratch at the dying embers with their fore-feet to raise a little smoke, and, if unsuccessful, will come bellowing outside their master's door. The mosquitoes are the curse of the country, and are more dreaded by many persons than the severest winter.

The Indians on the British side of the frontier are friendly and peaceably disposed. Here we see them exchanging the spoils of their guns and nets for the products of civilisation. The advantage is mutual, for who can stand fat salt pork all the year round?

Snow-shoeing is one of the most delightful of exercises, and a moonlight tramp with a well-organised party is capital fun.

In the spring every stream and backwater is full of pike, pickerel, and goldeye. They will bite at anything, from a piece of pork-fat upwards, and good sport may be had with a rough stick and a spoon-bait.

Drawing-in firewood and logs for building is cold work in the winter time. However, most people find out that the cold is better withstood by exercise than by a fur coat.

Four or five steamers are now running on the Assiniboine during the months when navigation is practicable. They compete successfully with the railway, and it is said that a single trip covers the cost of the boat.

The autumn or fall is the most delightful part of the year, and he who can then spare a day will often be rewarded by a shot at a deer.

## NEW ZEALAND REGATTAS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

These engravings are from photographs forwarded to us by Messrs. Champtaloup and Cooper, of 76, Queen Street, Auckland. They are taken from two pictures lately painted by two well-known local artists, one, "A Maori War Canoe Race off Cape Brett," by C. K. Watkins (this picture is the property of G. W. Owen, Esq., of Auckland); and the other, "The North Shore Regatta and Maori War Canoe Race," by Charles Blomfield. Both are excellent pictures: true in detail and carefully studied. The War Canoe Race off Cape Brett represents a scene some of the older settlers have occasionally witnessed—viz., a race between two war canoes separated from the remainder of the fleet, which is returning from a war expedition, or Tawa, racing round the Cape as they are nearing the Bay of Islands, from whence many years ago war parties went occasionally along the east coast as far south as Tauranga. Sometimes these Maori armies were absent from their homes many months, and returned, if successful, with the slaves or prisoners they had captured, and other spoil, after having killed and eaten numbers of their enemies.

The picture of Mr. C. Blomfield represents Auckland Harbour, look south from the North Shore (a suburb of Auckland), during the North Shore Regatta, when a great novelty (in these days) was introduced, namely, a War Canoe Race. Considerable trouble and expense was incurred by the Committee in getting the natives, with their huge canoes, from the Waikato and Bay of Islands to take part in this race, and also to maintain them while in Auckland. A War Dance was also a feature of much interest, and took place directly after the race was completed, the natives coming ashore for the purpose. The prizes were 100*l.* for the first, and 50*l.* for the second. The City of Auckland appears indistinctly on the extreme right of the photograph. Both photographs were taken by Messrs. Hemus and Hanna, of Auckland.

## THE MAGPIE AND STUMP DEBATING SOCIETY, CAMBRIDGE

THIS debating society is confined to members of Trinity College. It is said to be the oldest club in the University, and is the most popular gathering-ground in Trinity. Many an M. P. made his first essay in public speaking at the weekly debates here, which are anticipated with keen interest. As regards politics, the club is about equally divided between Liberals and Conservatives.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Edward Weldon, Trinity College, Cambridge.

## ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA

See page 294.



THE DANUBIAN CONFERENCE concluded its labours on Saturday last, and the text of the new Treaty was published in Tuesday's papers. The jurisdiction of the European Commission has been extended to Ibraila, and its mandate prolonged for twenty-one years, dating from April 24th, with further power of indefinite prolongation for successive periods of three years, unless one of the high contracting parties gives notice to the contrary a year before the close of any such triennial period. The Commission will exercise no control over that portion of the Kilia branch of which both the banks are Russian, but for that portion which flows between Russian and Roumanian territory the rules in force on the Sulina branch will be applied under the superintendence of the Russian and Roumanian delegates. No works are to be undertaken by Russia or Roumania without communicating the plans to the Commission, in order to show that they will not interfere with the navigation of the other branches, and the Russian Government will inform the other Powers of any regulations with respect to tolls which it may desire to introduce, so as to ensure an understanding on the subject. The regulations drawn up by the Commission, assisted by the delegates of Serbia and Bulgaria, on the 2nd of June, 1882, are adopted for that part of the Danube which is between the Iron Gates and Ibraila. The Treaty is to be ratified within the space of six months.

LORD SPENCER HAS RESIGNED THE PRESIDENCY OF THE COUNCIL, which has hitherto been held in conjunction with the Lord-Lieutenancy for Ireland. It is considered probable by Ministerial journals that the next President will be made in fact, though not in name, the Minister for Agriculture.

THE POLLING AT WYCOMBE has resulted in the return of Colonel Smith by a majority of 548 votes, his opponent, Major Carson, only mastering 557 against the Colonel's 1,105. The latter may, however, console himself by the reflection that no Conservative has sat for Wycombe since 1832, and at the last contest (in 1874) the party only recorded nineteen votes.—Much greater interest attached to the election for Mid-Cheshire, where the Conservatives only won in 1880 by a narrow majority of 226. As an instance of the feeling on either side, it is announced that Mr. Maclaren, ex-M. P. for Edinburgh, left that city on Tuesday, though now in his eighty-third year, to vote next day for Mr. Latham. The contest, which was conducted very good-humouredly throughout, ended on Wednesday in a victory for the Hon. A. Egerton (C.) by a majority of 622.

AT A MEETING, which was attended by Irish, Scotch, and English M. P.'s, at Westminster it was decided to form a Political Committee on Irish Affairs. The immediate object is to create a well-informed public opinion on Irish Reforms without directly supporting or opposing any measure now before the public. But

the common base of union is a general agreement that in the future large concessions must be made to Ireland in the way of local and political institutions.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN could only give sorry comfort to the deputation of shipowners who waited on him last week to advocate the right of appeal from the decisions of Courts of Inquiry and Survey, the re-enactment of the old power of arrest without warrant to check desertions, and a return to the old system of advance notes, though he expressed a readiness to promote the right of appeal from the decisions of the Wreck Commissioners. The President of the Board of Trade was much more impressed by the increased losses of ships and men in the last six years—the loss of lives in 1882 amounting to 3,118—and believed that even this number would be much increased by the abrogation of the rules—notably those for the stopping of over-loaded vessels about to put to sea—of which the deputation seemed to complain. He wished shipowners to help him in the formation of a Shipping Council, composed of representatives both of owners and of underwriters. It was "most discreditable" that the shipowner's should be "the only trade in which it was possible for a man to cause loss of life and property, and make a profit out of it."

IN REPLY TO A DEPUTATION from the Social Science Association, Sir C. Dilke declined to support a Bill which would make the notification of infectious diseases everywhere compulsory. Public opinion, he thought, was not yet ripe for any stronger measure than one which would give local authorities power to make bye-laws for such a purpose.

MORE INTEREST is seemingly felt in Dublin just now in the new contracts between the Post Office and the London and North-Western Company, which, it is feared, will drive the large steamers of the Dublin Packet Company out of the field, than in local or Imperial politics. The Chamber of Commerce last Tuesday memorialised Earl Spencer on the subject, and were assured by him that there was no intention of bringing into operation the alternative powers given to the Post Office of bringing the mail steamers direct to Dublin, at all events until the completion of such improvements in the harbour as would enable the largest steamers to come up to the North Wall. Not content, however, with this, the Town Council intend to press for an interview on the subject with Mr. Gladstone.—The Duchess of Marlborough has written to the Duke of Bedford, the President of Mr. Tuke's Emigration Fund, transferring to him, for the purpose of assisting the poorer class of emigrants, the 3,600*l.* which remained in her hands as an unexpended balance from the Famine Fund of '79-'80.—From an inquiry held at Loughrea by Dr. Roughan, the Local Government Board inspector, it was ascertained that many inhabitants of the district were in a starving condition. The relieving officer was directed to give prompt relief. Mr. Dawson, M. P., in reply to the London Irish Committee, has declared it impossible in the midst of the Session to organise a Committee for the relief of distress at the Dublin Mansion House. He will, however, gladly distribute any subscriptions sent him for the purpose. From Mr. Parnell and the Land League there is as yet no sign of any intention to waste money on the helpless, though Lady Florence Dixie has again returned to the attack with renewed charges of funds unaccounted for. It is fair, however, to Mr. Parnell to say that he declines to receive a pecuniary testimonial, either from Irish or American advisers.—Mr. Egan has turned up in America, having previously, it appears, visited London and had interviews with several Irish M. P.'s. He, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Davitt will all appear at the Land League Convention at Philadelphia, when there will be a reception at the Academy of Music, and great efforts made to revive the flagging interest in the League.—At a meeting last week of the Irish National League it was announced that the total number of branches was 362, and of affiliated branches 246.—Eleven dagger-shaped knives of English manufacture were fished up last week by divers from the Canal Basin, wrapped in a November number of the *Freeman's Journal*. The blades were nine inches long, and the knives are stated to be of a kind expressly manufactured for the South American market. It is not, however, believed that they were the weapons employed in the attack on Mr. Field.—Notice has been served on the Kilmalmain prisoners that they will be tried before the Commission on April 9th on three several counts—for the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, for the attack on Mr. Field, and for conspiracy to murder certain Government officials and others. The first prisoner brought forward will be Brady, and the trials will probably extend over two months. Important information is believed to have been received from Jos. Smith, Peter Carey, and more especially Jas. Mullett. Mr. Jenkinson, of the Criminal Investigation Department, has consented to be interviewed by an American and an English special, and has expressed his conviction that Government have broken the back-bone of the whole conspiracy in Ireland. He also attributes Mr. Egan's flight to a belief in the probable extradition of P. J. Sheridan.—In the recently-issued preliminary report of the Royal Commission upon Irish Prisons, the closing of Spike Island within three months is pronounced to be a matter of "urgent necessity."—A lad named Richard Hodnett, the son of a suspect now in prison, has been remanded to Cork Gaol upon suspicion of posting the absurd letter enclosing dynamite to Earl Spencer. Evidence was given that on the night in question he was seen endeavouring to force a parcel into the letter-box.—Mr. T. Mayne has been selected by Mr. Parnell and Archbishop Croke as Home Rule candidate for Tipperary.

THE DESECRATION OF THE BRITISH BURIAL-GROUNDS IN THE CRIMEA was again discussed at a meeting last week of the United Service Institution, under the Presidency of the Duke of Cambridge. It had been found impossible, with the best good will on the part of the Russian authorities, to prevent the Tartars from breaking open and rifling the tombs, under the idea that there was treasure concealed in them, and it was suggested by the Prince of Wales that the whole should be collected in a single mausoleum. A resolution was carried for "collecting the tomb-stones and other memorials into one place to secure more certain supervision," and for applying to Government for some addition to the insufficient sum at present granted for taking care of the cemeteries. The feeling of the meeting, however, was decidedly opposed to any disturbance of the remains for the purpose of placing them, after the French fashion, in an *ossuaire*.

THE COMPLETE STATES of the various detachments of Volunteers which will march on Brighton under Colonel Methuen from Three Bridges, and force their way into that town on Saturday, after a lively skirmish with a visible, and not, as too often is the case, an imaginary enemy, have now been published, and present, including Yeomanry, a satisfactory total of about 4,400, the 1st Bucks heading the list with 18 officers and 463 men, and the Artists' making a good second with 26 officers and 400 men. Several detachments will begin their march to the coast before Friday.

BITTER WINDS AND SNOW in the latter days of the past week were followed on Sunday and Monday by exceptionally high tides all along the entire coast of England and Scotland. No very serious damage, however, is reported, except at Hull, where many thousand acres have been submerged, and on the coasts of Norfolk and Lincolnshire, where numerous breaches have been made in the sea-walls and on the banks of the River Wytham, drowning in one place 600 sheep, and in another washing away the ground, which had been newly sown with wheat, to the depth in some parts of twelve feet.—At sea, the screw steamer *Navarre*, from Copenhagen for Leith, with sixty emigrants on board and a crew of

twenty-one, foundered on the 7th, 200 miles from Christiansand. Ten Scotch and Norwegian sailors got on board a Dutch smack early in the day, but they allowed their boat to go adrift, and could render no assistance. Five others were saved by the *Sir Stafford Northcote*, which came up as the *Navarre* began to sink, and one by a Hull smack.

AMONG THE WEEK'S DEATHS are the names of Ashton Dilke, younger brother of Sir Charles, and late M. P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Dilke, who was only in his thirty-third year, had never recovered the effects of a two years' adventurous journey in the wilder districts of Russia in Asia.—Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London 1876-'77, when he had the honour of raising for the Indian Famine Fund the sum of 515,000*l.*, the largest ever collected at the Mansion House, and of entertaining General Grant and the Municipal Council of Paris.—General T. C. Smith, another veteran of Waterloo, and Lord Sherborne, Provincial Grand Master of the Gloucestershire Freemasons, aged respectively eighty-nine and seventy-nine.



"THE MASSACRE OF THE EUROPEANS IN EGYPT" is the cheerful title of an entertainment now being given at a circus in Rome, so the *Italian Times* tells us.

A BILL ENABLING THE NATIONAL GALLERY TO LEND WORKS OF ART to other public galleries in the United Kingdom has been introduced into the House of Lords.

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS have been elected Members of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours:—Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. E. A. Abbey, and Mr. Walter Langley.

GERMAN JEWS propose to transfer their Sabbath to the Christian Sunday, the present style being very inconvenient for business purposes. The idea is specially favoured in Berlin.

CAMELS ARE LIKELY TO BE INTRODUCED INTO THE GERMAN ARMY for ambulance purposes, and satisfactory experiments have lately been made with several trained animals belonging to menageries.

THE EXPULSION OF THE ORLEANS PRINCES FROM THE FRENCH ARMY has given unwilling conscripts a useful hint, so declares the *Paris Figaro*. Thus, when lately a young fellow who had drawn a bad number was examined before the Military Council as to his fitness for service, he brought forward as a satisfactory reason for exemption that he had been in service with a Prince.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS FROM RAPHAEL'S WORKS will be amongst the chief features of the Raphael Commemoration at Rome on the 28th inst.—the painter's four hundredth birthday. They will be carried out by artists, and will probably comprise Raphael's "Parnassus," "The School of Athens," and the "Fire at Borgo." Indeed Roman artists are preparing numerous festivities, and in honour of the entry of Prince Thomas of Genoa—Queen Margherita's brother—and his bride next month, intend to revive the Artists' Carnival and organise numerous masquerades.

LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,648 deaths were registered against 1,590, a rise of 58, but being 169 below the average, and at the rate of 21.7 per 1,000. These deaths included 2 from small-pox (a fall of 5), 29 from measles (an increase of 10), 19 from scarlet fever (a decline of 8), 12 from diphtheria (a fall of 1), 45 from whooping-cough (an increase of 3), 2 from typhus, 11 from enteric fever (a decrease of 4), 9 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 395 from diseases of the respiratory organs, an increase of 7, but 106 below the average. There were 2,480 births registered against 2,773, being 381 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 65 deaths, 58 were the result of negligence or accident. The mean temperature of the air was 33.8 deg. and 6.8 deg. below the average; the coldest day was Thursday, when the mean temperature was only 29.1 deg.

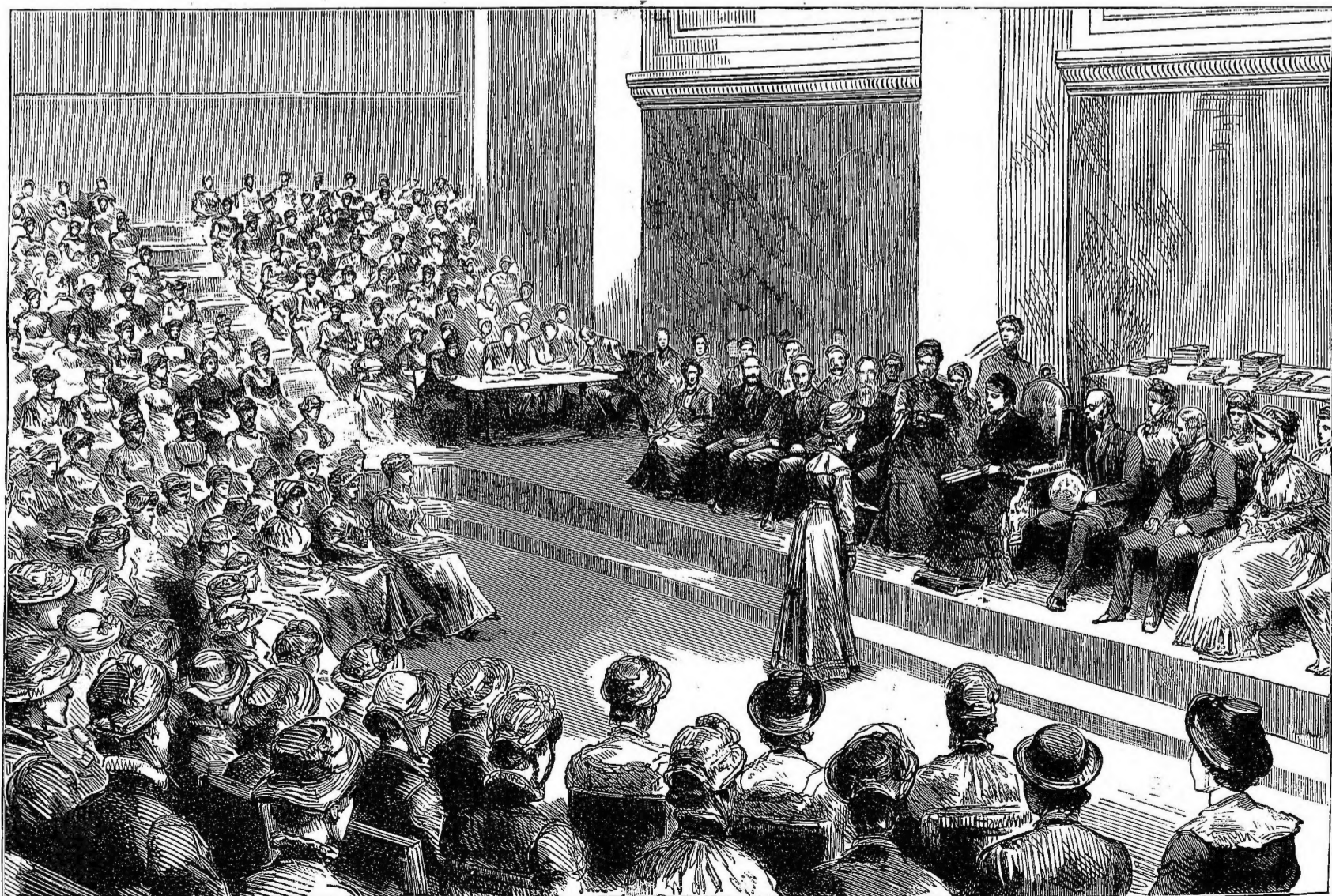
THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC has issued its prospectus. It will be open to pupils of both sexes, who will all follow the same system under the same teachers. Scholarships entitle the holder to a complete musical education, and are tenable for three years. Fifty will be awarded at the opening of the College. Open scholarships entitle the holder to education and maintenance may be founded by any donors of 2,500*l.*, and close, or local scholarships by donors of 3,000*l.*, and of these last there are now three—one for natives of Victoria, one for South Australia, and one for Portsmouth.

THE SILVER WEDDING PRESENTS given to the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany are being exhibited in Berlin this week, and form a costly collection of works of art. The German nobility, by the way, who are as stiff as the Spaniards in their aristocratic exclusiveness, are decidedly sore concerning the part taken by artists in the late festivities, and have grumbled considerably at what they consider a breach of Court etiquette—mere artists participating in a procession with the highest aristocracy of the land. As the artists' presence was due, however, to the Crown Prince's pair's express wishes, Teutonic pride has been sacrificed. Two colossal busts of the Prince and Princess have just been finished in honour of the event. The Princess is represented in a low dress, her throat veiled with lace draperies, and her head crowned with a wreath of flowers, while the Prince wears the Cuirassier's uniform, with the Orders of the Black Eagle and the Iron Cross, and is partially draped in a military cloak.

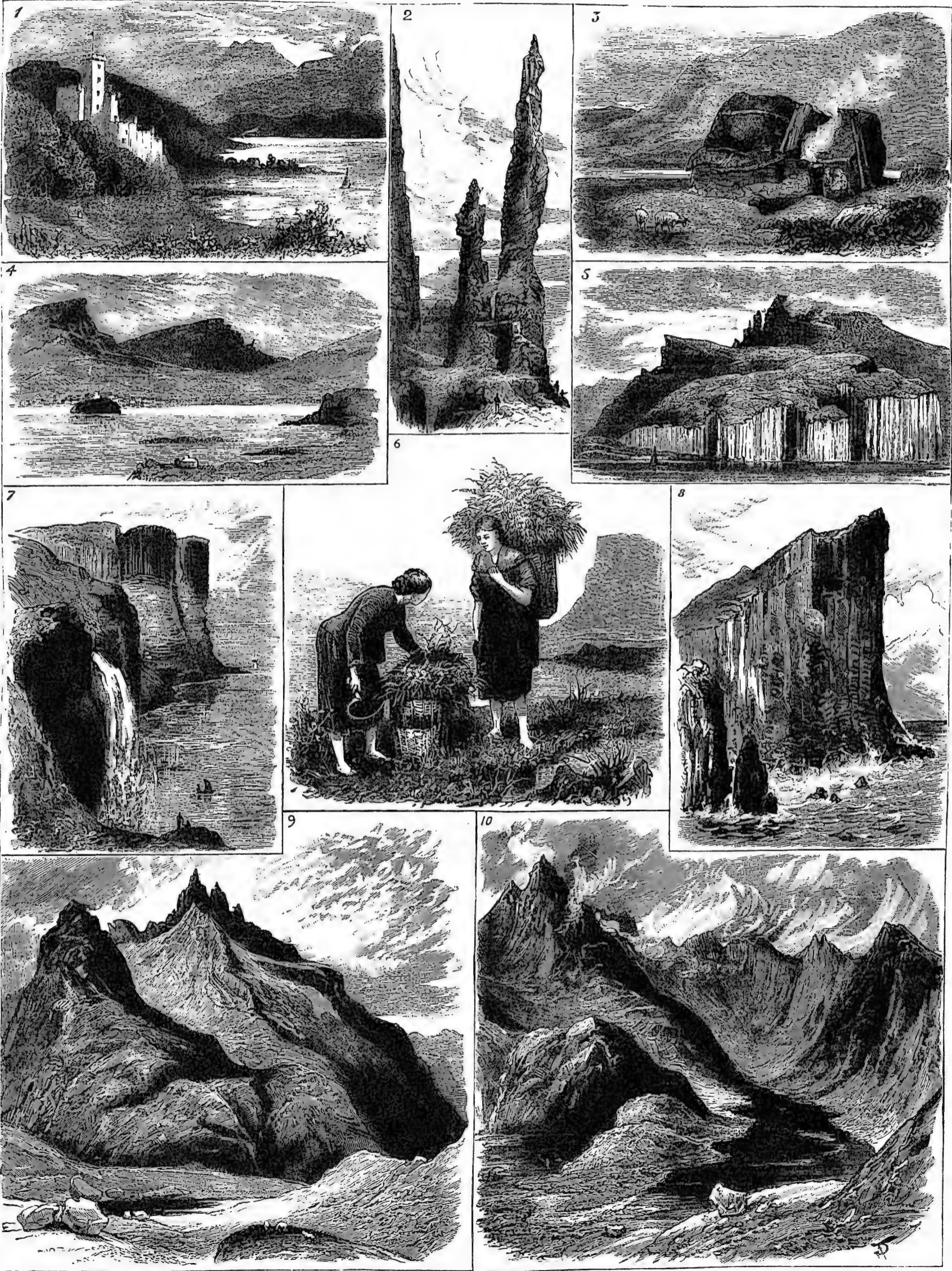
THE PARIS ART WORLD IS GREATLY EXCITED THIS WEEK, as the pictures for the Salon must be sent in by Thursday at the latest, several days earlier than the usual time. Sculptors are more fortunate, having a month longer before them. Thus echoes of the studios are already about, and we hear that one of the chief paintings of the year will be M. Bastien-Lepage's picture of Gambetta on his deathbed. As yet most of the chief artists have kept close silence as to their contributions, but M. Cabanel will, as usual, send two feminine portraits, and M. Manet, the Impressionist—who, by-the-by, is suffering from a nervous disease, which may account for his artistic eccentricities—will also contribute a collection of female heads; while M. J. P. Laurens, the historical painter, will be represented by two episodes of Clerical persecution, "The Pope and the Inquisition" and "The Walls of the Holy Office." Madame Modjeska has found leisure amidst her dramatic studies to contribute a picture illustrating an episode of her own childhood. Besides the Salon preparations, another artistic event this week has been the drawing of the lottery organised by Madame Edmond Adam on behalf of the victims of the floods in Alsace-Lorraine, the prizes being 100 original works given by the chief painters of the day, Messrs. Meissonier, Bouguereau, Bastien-Lepage, Bonnet, Baudry, Carolus Duran, and a host of others. These pictures have lately been exhibited, forming quite a miniature Salon, and 1,000 tickets were speedily bought up at 4*l.* a piece. Amongst Art items, the Louvre has acquired a rare collection of bric-à-brac, china, bronzes, &c., bequeathed by the late Baron Davillier, well known as a learned collector and a great authority on Spanish Art. Other acquisitions are a small and precious portrait by François Clouet of Jean de Bourbon, Comte d'Enghien, uncle of Henri IV., killed at the battle of St. Quentin in 1557, and a crayon sketch by Ingres, "Portrait of Mlle. Boinnard."



M. NICHOLAS CARLOVITCH DE GIERS  
RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER



PRINCESS BEATRICE DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES TO THE SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS OF THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART,  
QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, IN THE THEATRE OF BURLINGTON HOUSE



1. Dunvegan Castle, Isle of Skye.—2. The Needle, Quiraing.—3. A Skye Cottage.—4. Portree and the Storr Rock.—5. The Quiraing.—6. Skye Lasses.—7. Kilt Rock.—8. Eilan Alteveg or Flodigarry.—9. Scur-na-Gillean.—10. Lochs Coruisk and Scavaig.

THE LAND AGITATION IN SKYE



ONCE more FRANCE is threatened with Anarchist troubles. Two of those popular "demonstrations" which need a squadron of cavalry to disperse have already taken place in Paris, and a third is threatened for to-morrow—the anniversary of the outbreak of the Commune in 1871. Now, as then, the malcontents are Red Socialists—the Extreme Left of the Radical Extreme Left, and their avowed aim is to overthrow all existing social institutions, and to reorganise them for the sole and express benefit of the lower classes. Both the Bonapartists and Royalists are accused of aiding the movement for their own purposes, and no little colour is given to the accusation by the fact that during the riots a Bonapartist journal, the *Appel au Peuple*, published an article addressed to "Workmen Without Bread," abusing the existing "Orleano-Gambettist" Government, and calling upon the workmen to take matters in their own hands, and elect the head of their State by Universal Suffrage. Moreover, in the Chamber on Saturday, M. Jules Ferry was attacked both by Bonapartist and Royalist speakers, who drew melancholy pictures of workmen without bread; while the Comte de Chambord has issued a manifesto to certain "honest and intelligent" workmen who had sent him an address, and in which Henri V. once more announces that "France is moving with great strides towards new and terrible catastrophes." With regard to the statements that the workmen in Paris are starving, there is certainly a great lack of work at the present time, and this is in no slight degree owing to the high wages demanded by the men. Employers accordingly find it more profitable to get many of their orders executed in the provinces, while it is a significant fact that the French Commission at the Amsterdam Exhibition, who are strictly limited as to funds, have found it more economical to have their work done in Belgium. Again, there has been a good deal of over-building in Paris, and numbers of men have been discharged, owing to the stoppage of building operations, while the employers charge the Municipality with maintaining an undue rate of wages to the men employed by that body, in order to stand well with the masses.

To come to the two Socialist demonstrations, the first took place on Friday week, when a meeting had been announced of cabinet-makers to consider the want from which they were suffering, and the indifference of the rulers of the Republic to the "creator of its wealth, and its firmest supporter, the *ouvrier*." The Government prohibited the meeting, and at the time appointed occupied the square with a strong force of police. No resistance was offered, notwithstanding the exhortations of that feminine firebrand, Louise Michel, but a large body of men by a flank movement managed to cross the Pont des Invalides, and with a cry of "To the Elysée," and to the strains of the "Marseillaise," marched upon the Palais de l'Elysée. They crossed the river without opposition, and finding the Avenue de Marigny securely guarded, they defiled into the Faubourg St. Honoré, and there came into collision with the police and Republican Guards, who ultimately dispersed the crowd, the latter revenging themselves after the good old Parisian fashion by breaking the windows of bakers who declined to give them bread. It is significant that one of these marauders, on being arrested, had sixty francs in his pocket. Numerous arrests were made, and next day the culprits were sentenced to various fines and terms of imprisonment. Another demonstration was announced for Sunday in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, and the Government accordingly took all precautions, police and cavalry being posted before the building. A considerable crowd of sightseers collected, but no disturbance occurred until the afternoon, when a large body of men attempted to force their way into the square; the cavalry charged, and eventually dispersed the crowd with no other casualties than the hustling of a few men and boys in a side street. A large number of arrests were made, and foremost amongst the agitators was a young actress and singer, Mlle. Darlincourt, who has sung "La Marianne" at various Socialistic meetings. One of the most noteworthy incidents of the day was a meeting of working masons, at which an address was given by the well-known Radical, M. Yves Guyot. On the speaker accusing the Bonapartists and Royalists of causing Friday's riot, a gang of men created a tumult, seized M. Guyot, and would probably have killed him, had it not been for the police. Even such ultra journals as the *Intransigent* and the *Lanterne* declare that the disorders are being fomented by the Monarchists, and call upon good Radicals to abstain from them—a warning which the more extreme Socialistic organs warmly denounce as reactionary.

One encouraging feature in all this is the manner in which the Republican Deputies rallied round M. Jules Ferry on Saturday, when the diatribes of M. de Cassagnac and the Count de Mun were answered by a vote of 391, practically expressing unqualified approval of the action of the Government, the Bonapartists and Royalists abstaining. At the same time it must be admitted that the situation is fraught with serious danger, particularly as a feeling is growing up that M. Grévy is not equal to his position. He has tried to govern in an unobtrusively Constitutional way through his Ministers, and, as long as M. Gambetta lived, he was looked upon as a desirable counterweight to that fiery, impulsive statesman. His want of energy during the recent Ministerial crisis and throughout the Prince Napoleon affair, however, has created a wide-spread distrust in his powers of coping with any serious danger which might suddenly threaten the State. Rumours of his resignation are abroad, though there is but little truth in them at present. There is no other news of outside interest, save an interesting discussion in the Senate on Tuesday respecting the Tonkin Expedition and the general colonial policy of France; the Comte de Saint Vallier, whose recent Ambassadorial position at Berlin gave additional weight to his arguments, urged an extension of colonial enterprise, and adjured the Government to annex Tonkin. To this M. Challemlacour replied, agreeing with the principles put forward, but stating that France must be cautious. She could not withdraw her troops from Tonkin, nor could she conquer that province, but would adopt a middle course, and would militarily occupy certain points for the protection of French and other European subjects.

From PARIS considerable sensation has been caused by the revolt of the students of the Lycée Louis le Grand. A student had been expelled for taking part in the Socialist disturbances, and his comrades failing to obtain his reinstatement, broke out into open rebellion. Some three hundred were expelled at once, and on Wednesday some forty more.—Mr. Frank Byrne was released last week, as the evidence offered did not warrant his extradition.—There have been two first representations—*Peau Neuve*, a three-act comedy at the Palais Royal, by MM. Gondinet and Debruit—the latter a young beginner—and *Le Roi des Grecs*, a characteristic five-act drama, at the Gaité, by M. Adolphe Belot.

In EGYPT finance is the chief topic this week. To facilitate the proposed sale of the Domain Lands the Egyptian Crédit Foncier has been authorised to act as broker, and in order to strengthen its position has been created a public institution. Accordingly, to make the necessary arrangements Sir Auckland Colvin, on behalf of the Government, M. Bouteron, on behalf of the Domains, and M. Soares, on behalf of the Crédit Foncier, will shortly leave for London. Further British regiments have been ordered to Malta,

thus reducing the Army of Occupation to 6,000 men, but this reduction is exciting serious apprehensions on the part of a large portion of the European population, who prophesy renewed disturbances on the withdrawal of English troops. The organisation of General Baker's gendarmerie force is going on apace. It consists, the *Times* correspondent tells us, of two battalions—one of gendarmerie proper, under General Whinyles, the other of Urban police, under Colonel La Touche. Two superior inspectors have been appointed, Colonels Charles Baker, V.C., and Synge, who are to reside in Cairo. There is good news from the Soudan, where Abd-el-Kadir defeated the Mahdi's troops under Ahmet-el-Makashfy at Mount Sakda on Saturday week, a number of prisoners being made, and a quantity of cattle being captured. General Hicks and his staff have now arrived at Khartoum.

Egyptian affairs have been vigorously discussed this week in ITALY, where the great mistake of Signor Mancini in not accepting England's request for co-operation in putting down Arabi is now universally recognised. The question was brought forward in the Chamber during the debate on the Budget for foreign affairs, in which several Deputies, including Signor Minghetti, severely blamed the Government for not acting with England, and dwelt upon the immense advantages which would have accrued from such a step. To all this Signor Mancini replied by dwelling upon the advantages of Italy's close alliance with Austria and Germany, and declared that the feature of the Italo-Austro-German programme is to abstain not "only from hostilities, but from everything which might engender distrust." He vigorously defended his Egyptian policy, avowed his faith in the disinterestedness of England, announced that her relations with Italy were of the best, and stated that, if Italy had not intervened, it was partly because, had she done so, France would have intervened. Moreover, public opinion in Italy, he declared, was then against intervention.

A great Socialist trial is attracting much attention in AUSTRIA. The prisoners number twenty-nine, including two women, and are charged with taking part in secret societies, disseminating treasonable literature, and the robbery of a large sum of money last July from a Vienna shoemaker, named Merstallinger. Two of the prisoners have pleaded guilty, and have given some curious evidence with regard to the organisation of the clubs, which are conducted on the most approved principles. They are all managed from some mysterious head-quarters, the members of each club do not know the members of any other club, and only two of their own. Each man is identified by a number, and only knows those bearing the number immediately preceding and following his own. As nearer home, the prime organisers of the movement are conspicuous by their absence, and the Austrian No. 1 is being sought for as eagerly and as fruitlessly as his Irish representative.

In SPAIN Socialism is creating great uneasiness, and the number of arrests of persons charged with belonging to the secret societies under the authority of the Black Hand now amounts to 1,200. The majority of them, it is true, are vagrants, ex-smugglers, and peasants, and only about a fourth of the prisoners are to be tried for murder and agrarian outrage. The Black Hand is stated to have 38,000 members on its list in Andalusia alone. The Socialists in Madrid are holding meetings to protest against the arrest of those merely accused of belonging to secret societies. The financial estimates for 1883-4 show a surplus of 6,603,654 pesetas. The King has authorised the Ministry to purchase the Osuna library.

The proposed Native Jurisdiction Bill is still creating the greatest possible excitement throughout INDIA. The Bill was introduced into the Council on the 9th inst. by Mr. Ilbert, who denied that the Government had any intention of pressing forward the Bill, which was not his own but a Government measure, with undue haste, and declared that it embodied conclusions which are founded on opinions received from the Local Governments, and that it had been adopted by Lord Hartington. In the debate which followed, Mr. Quinton argued that the Bill was the natural result of admitting natives into the Civil Service, while a native member, Kristodas Pal, pronounced it to be "the legitimate and logical development of the progressive policy which characterised British rule in India." The Bill was then vigorously attacked by various members, who denounced it in unmeasured terms, Mr. Evans declaring "that the native tribunals were not trusted or respected by the Europeans, and every conviction of a European by such a tribunal must inevitably lead to a fresh outbreak of race feeling and excitement. The Bill was one which in pursuit of an idea exasperated the race feeling to a terrible extent at present. . . . if the Bill passed the feeling would not abate, but go from bad to worse." A native member, Olro Raja Shira Prosad, said "that while his head was for the Bill his heart was against it, because he saw how distasteful it was to Europeans." General Wilson and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal also opposed the measure, which, however, at the close was warmly defended by the Viceroy, who declared that the scope of the Bill was very much less than that of the Bill brought in by Lord Dalhousie. If passed to-day it would confer jurisdiction over Europeans on only two persons in India, and the number who would rise to such a position during the next few years would be four or five. . . . The men to be admitted would be the pick and cream of the Native Civil Service. He regretted the opposition to the Bill and the ill-feeling which had sprung up between the Government and a large portion of the European community. "A further opportunity would be afforded for the expression of opinion on the measure, and the Government would readily listen to fair arguments consistent with the policy of the Crown and Parliament." The feeling against the measure runs as high as ever, and the matter is now being energetically taken up by the native Press, which of course is strongly in favour of it.

Of MISCELLANEOUS items, RUSSIA is still busy with the preparations for the coronation of the Czar. The date will be kept secret until the last moment, and a force of 50,000 troops and 40,000 policemen will occupy Moscow during the ceremony. A painful sensation has been caused by the suicide of an ex-Minister, M. Makow, and the attempted suicide of the Postal Director, M. Persilief. Certain financial defalcations are alleged as the cause of the latter.—In TUNIS another difference has arisen between the French and Italian Consuls owing to the threatened arrest by the former of an Italian who had taken refuge in the precincts of the Italian Consulate.—Affairs in MADAGASCAR are becoming more and more unsatisfactory. Five French war vessels are now in Malagasy waters, and the excitement amongst the natives is intense. The Hovas are vigorously drilling, and elaborate preparations for war are being made. H.M.S. *Dryad* has gone to Madagascar from Zanzibar.—From the UNITED STATES there is nothing noteworthy save that the extradition of Mr. Sheridan and the general Irish Question still remain the foremost topics. Mr. Patrick Egan has now arrived in New York. He declares that there is plenty of evidence to show that Mr. Sheridan was not in Dublin at the time of the Phoenix Park murders; denies that the Land League funds have been misappropriated, states that a balance of 25,000*l.* is still in hand, and declares that he never wrote to Carey expressing sympathy with the Invincibles. The Mississippi river has now fallen; but much distress and disease is rife in the districts recently devastated by the Ohio floods.

THE TASTE FOR FLOWERS in the UNITED STATES seems to increase every year, and while to the rich a conservatory is now as necessary as a stable, the poorest people spend a few pence on their window. The Marguerite has quite gone out of fashion, and the Lily of the valley is the reigning favourite.



THE QUEEN has again paid a short visit to town this week. Her Majesty entertained a number of visitors at Windsor at the close of last week, the new Archbishop of Canterbury being received and doing homage, while Mr. and Mrs. Forster were among the other chief guests. On Saturday the Princess Beatrice came up to town to distribute the prizes to the successful students of the Female School of Art, and after visiting the Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Windsor in time for a small dinner-party given by the Queen, where Prince and Princess Christian and the Hon. and Rev. Canon Courtenay were among the guests. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, Canon Eliot preaching the sermon, and shortly afterwards Admiral Lord Alcester arrived on a visit, and kissed Her Majesty's hands on being created a peer. Lord Alcester and the Marquis of Hertford joined the Royal party at dinner in the evening. The Queen and Princess Beatrice came up to Buckingham Palace on Monday, and immediately after their arrival the Princess went to the National Portrait Gallery, where she was conducted over the building by the Director, Mr. Scharf. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh called on Her Majesty and the Princess, who afterwards went to see the Prince and Princess of Wales, and in the evening the Princess Beatrice joined the Royal party at dinner, while later the Princess Beatrice was present at the Haymarket Theatre. On Tuesday the Queen held her second Drawing-Room, which was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge, the Duchess of Edinburgh being absent, as it was the anniversary of the late Czar's death. Her Majesty wore black satin embroidered with silk and trimmed with chenille fringe, and both the Princesses were in blue, the Princess of Wales's toilette being of turquoise blue satin with a train of pompadour brocade, and ornamented with Brussels lace and bunches of roses, while Princess Beatrice's dress was pale blue Ottoman silk over a blue and white petticoat, trimmed with blue ostrich feathers. In the afternoon the Princess of Waldeck arrived at Buckingham Palace, and went to Westminster Abbey to hear Gounod's "Redemption," and in the evening Princess Beatrice went to the Lyceum Theatre. On Wednesday Her Majesty returned to Windsor. The Princess Beatrice went to Wellington College to the confirmation of Prince Christian Victor, eldest son of the Prince and Princess Christian. They leave next week for Osborne to spend Easter.—The Queen will open the International Fisheries Exhibition on May 12.

The Prince of Wales returned to town on Saturday from the Continent, the Princess and her daughters having come back from Sandringham on the previous day. On his way home the Prince spent two days with the King and Queen of the Belgians at Brussels, where a Court banquet was given in his honour, and he accompanied the Royal party to the Conservatoire de Musique. Saturday being the twentieth anniversary of the Prince and Princess's wedding day, the bells were rung and salutes fired in London and Windsor, and the Guards' band played in St. James' Courtyard, while the Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Albany visited the Prince and Princess. The Prince during the day attended a special meeting of the British Museum Trustees, and another at the United Service Institution to consider the state of the British cemeteries in the Crimea. In the evening he accompanied the Princess to the private view of the Winter Exhibition of pictures at Burlington House. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service. On Monday the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Christian visited the Prince and Princess, who also received Lord Alcester, and later with their daughters went to see the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. In the afternoon the Prince held a *levee* at St. James' Palace. The Prince and Princess attended the Drawing-Room on Tuesday, and in the evening witnessed the amateur theatricals of the Second Battalion Coldstream Guards, at Chelsea Barracks. On Wednesday night the Prince presided at a banquet given by the Marlborough Club in honour of Lord Alcester, and next day the Princess was to distribute at the Albert Hall the prizes of the High School for Girls. To-night (Saturday), the Prince presides at the United Service Club's Banquet to Lord Alcester.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh came home on Monday morning. After leaving Darmstadt they stayed two days in Paris, where the Duke visited President Grévy, and accompanied the Duchess to the Théâtre Français. The Duke and Duchess will open a bazaar in aid of the Children's Convalescent Home, All Saints, Highgate, at Highgate on April 19.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Mentone at the end of last week, having greatly enjoyed their stay, although the weather has been unusually cold for the Riviera, and snow has fallen several times. The Duchess, however, is much better for the change. Travelling as the Earl and Countess of Sussex they spent a night at Genoa, and went on thence to Florence, where they stayed a few days, and subsequently left for Darmstadt on a visit to the Hessian Court. Thence they go to Berlin to visit the Duchess's family.—The Duchess of Albany and her little daughter continue well, and the christening of the baby will shortly take place. The Duke came up to town on Saturday, and attended the meeting of the British Museum Trustees.—The Grand Duke of Hesse and two of his daughters are expected in England early next month, and the Princesses will probably accompany the Queen on her spring visit to Balmoral.



SATURDAY LAST WEEK was the final day on which applications could be received for admission to the Cathedral at the enthronisation of the new Archbishop. 2,050 letters have been received by the Dean, from applicants of every degree, from Members of Parliament to a schoolboy of ten, and 6,500 tickets asked for, of which no more than one-third can possibly be granted. The ceremony will commence at eleven, and will probably last about two hours and a-half. The procession will include about 600 persons, and will move twice around the aisles and the nave. Although the custom of wearing lilies of the valley at the enthronement of a Primate does not date from the days of Thomas à Becket, it is the wish of the Dean that all who attend the ceremony will adorn themselves for the occasion with these emblematic flowers.

CANON WISE, OF LADOCK, has contributed 1,000*l.* towards the Benson Memorial Transept in Truro Cathedral. The sum now promised amounts to nearly 3,000*l.*

DISGRACEFUL DISTURBANCES accompanied the first attempt of the Rev. A. H. Watts, the newly-appointed Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, to conduct the services at the church last Sunday. The morning prayers, previous to which the churchwardens handed to Mr. Watts a written protest against his usurpation, were interrupted

by cries and counter-cries, and uproarious demonstrations on the part of the old choir. No attempt was made to preach a sermon, and, after "reading himself in" with the utmost difficulty, the new Vicar left the church, barely escaping serious ill-treatment by the exertions of a few supporters and the police. In the evening, though the police force was doubled, the disturbances were renewed with greater violence. Free fights and screaming of women, and cries of "Shut up, Traitor!" "Go back to Sunderland," &c., went on without intermission, and at the close the Vicar was literally carried down the churchyard between solid lines of forty or fifty police. The Sunday Schools were closed all day, the former teachers having "struck." Mr. Enraght, the late incumbent, is still in the Vicarage, but took, of course, no part in the demonstration, of which High and Low Churchmen equally disapprove. The Rev. Alan Hunter Watts, who was appointed by the Bishop of Worcester to the living when the benefice was declared void for offences against the Public Worship Act, is one of those who signed the memorial to the late Primate against toleration of the Ritualists.

AT ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, CHESTER, on Sunday last, a young man named Louis Bracchi, who had been educated for the priesthood, formally abjured the errors of the Romish Church, and was received into the Fellowship of the Church of England by the Vicar, the Rev. W. H. Coggeswell. The formula of recantation was drawn up under the direction of the Bishop.

A TWO DAYS' MEETING OF THE CENTRAL COUNCIL OF DIOCESAN CONFERENCES was held on Tuesday and Wednesday in the National Society's Rooms, Westminster. Resolutions were passed denouncing any attempt to relax the law forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister, notwithstanding a very plain-spoken argument from Mr. C. Gordon on the other side, and recommending to the various Conferences, as subjects for discussion, "the strengthening the financial position of voluntary schools under the new Code;" the "co-operation of laity and clergy by means of parochial Councils;" the "Burial Fees and Cemeteries Bills," and the injury which must result therefrom to Church officers and incumbents; and "the extension of Church of England Schools for boys and girls of the middle classes."

THE SALVATION ARMY held on Monday in Exeter Hall "the annual meeting of its French Expedition;" Miss Booth being naturally the prominent figure at the morning, afternoon, and evening proceedings. The "General," in his opening address, pronounced the Army to be more prosperous than ever, raising money at the rate of 120,000*l.* a year, as against 80,000*l.* at Christmas, and Miss Booth then described at length her battles in Switzerland against organised gangs of "roughs," and her treatment by the Cantonal authorities. Converts were made notwithstanding, among them the leader of one of the gangs, who "came with radiant countenance to have his 'S,' and band and shield to tell all Geneva of the change wrought in him." "Fire a volley," shouted the "General," and drums and tambourines were beaten lustily. After this some of the converts were produced, the men wearing the usual blue blouse, the women broad red bands on the left arm, with "Armée du Salut" inscribed thereon. There was now, said Miss Booth, the nucleus of a great army in Geneva, meetings still went on in private houses, and they were confident of ultimate triumph over all obstacles. The subscriptions of the day were for France, the work in which country formed the subject of the evening addresses. At the close the "General" addressed the audience on the subject of "the bonds;" he offered to all a threefold security—first, revenue, then purchased property, and thirdly, charitable emotion. The last would not fail, even if they lost their money.



THE House of Commons has now been more than five weeks in Session. The Easter holidays are at hand, and still the fact remains that nothing of the legislation promised in the Queen's Speech has been advanced. In fact, the only business which usually accounts for time is the introduction of the Army and Navy estimates. The customary first vote has been taken on each, but there still remains all the labour of Committee. Last week, by the help of a Saturday sitting, the Supplementary Estimates were disposed of, having taken three sittings, one lasting till four o'clock in the morning, and another till after ten on the Saturday night. This is not a hopeful outlook, nor is it improved by the general attitude of the Opposition. There are now in the House at least three organised Oppositions, and for the moment the Irish section is the quietest. The other two, which are classed as Conservatives, have now come to open issue. As Sir Andrew Lusk once informed a Committee of the House of Commons, apropos of an increase of 78*l.* in the Stationery Department, "the down-trodden worm will turn at last." Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues on the Front Opposition bench, after standing with marvellous patience the little pleasantries of Lord Randolph Churchill and his party, have now announced that there are limits to their forbearance, and that they still have some power of resistance.

This was brought to light early in the week in connection with the Transvaal debate. It is an essential principle of all well-organised Oppositions that, more particularly on questions affecting Foreign Affairs, no action shall be taken by a private member, except after consultation with the leaders. On Friday night in last week Mr. Gorst outraged this dictum by raising a debate on colonial policy in Jamaica. The position attacked was one which no responsible member of the Conservative party could join in undermining. The question was whether the Government of Jamaica, having been ill advised by its Attorney-General, and having incurred liabilities of nearly 8,000*l.*, should pay the money, or whether the British taxpayer should have the responsibility thrust upon his bowed shoulders. The Government, taking what some would regard as a too-generous view, had agreed to pay half, leaving the other half to Jamaica. Mr. Gorst denounced this as tyrannical and unjust. Had he taken the directly opposite course (which he might, if it had occurred to him), and denounced the Government for adding over 3,000*l.* to the estimates on account of Jamaica, he would have found some support from the late Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues. As it was, they were obliged to sit silent whilst Mr. Gorst assumed the leadership of the party.

This was all, but it was nothing to what happened on Monday when the question of affairs in the Transvaal came up. At the beginning of the Session Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, acting as representative of the Colonial policy of the late Government, had placed on the orders a notice of motion with respect to the Transvaal. It was general in its terms, and no day was fixed for it, it being, in fact, the exercise of the familiar right of an Opposition to place a motion on the paper, in the expectation that something would turn up. If anything turned up in the Transvaal, there was Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's motion. If nothing, no harm was done by its taking its place amongst the miscellaneous "notices of motion for which no day has been fixed." Mr. Gorst, with somewhat scant courtesy to a brother member, not to mention the loyalty due to a party chief, took all the wind out of Sir Michael's sails by giving notice of a definite motion on the same subject, and fixing it for Tuesday. Finding this on the paper, Sir Michael publicly gave notice of another more definite motion, amounting to a vote of censure on

the Transvaal policy of two years ago, and asked Mr. Gladstone to give him a day for discussing it. The Premier, however, declined to interfere to arrange the quarrel on the benches opposite. He could only wait to see what would come of Mr. Gorst's motion. Having heard this announcement, Mr. Gorst adopted the safely conciliatory course of stating that he would withdraw his motion if Mr. Gladstone would give Sir Michael a day—that is, if the Premier would take a course exactly contrary to that he had just announced. This well-meant endeavour did not, however, mollify the Conservatives who sit behind the Front Opposition bench, between whom and the Fourth Party there is an ever-widening gulf. At first they threatened to withdraw altogether from the discussion and division if Mr. Gorst proceeded. The leaders set their face against this extreme course. But as far as Mr. Gorst was concerned, it was actually pursued, since the Conservative benches were conspicuously empty whilst the hon. and learned gentleman was addressing the House.

The debate in the Commons on Tuesday was not at any point lifted above the level of Mr. Gorst's speech. It did not commence till after nine o'clock, and by eleven it became clear that it was impossible to close it at the sitting. It was, accordingly, adjourned to morning sitting yesterday (Friday), when the principal speaking took place. But except for the oratorical display, the interest in the debate had been forestalled by the conversation which took place in the House of Lords at an earlier hour on Tuesday. The sole point of interest at any time lay in the question as to what the Government were going to do in view of the misrule on the Western frontier of the Transvaal. Lord Derby answered this question with delightful simplicity. The Government would do nothing beyond remonstrance, holding that they were under no engagement to any one who would draw this country into another of the costly and calamitous wars in South Africa that have marked the past half-dozen years. Noble Lords sneered at this, and in the Commons, where the same thing was put with equal simplicity, but with more awkwardness, by Mr. Evelyn Ashley, gentlemen opposite laughed outright. But it was noticeable that whatever less responsible Members of the party might say the Marquis of Salisbury was careful not to declare for war. It was not his duty, he said, to suggest a course for the Government to adopt. It was theirs to decide upon measures, and then submit them to Parliament. This debate in the Lords showed once more the vast superiority in business capacity when speech-making is concerned that the Upper House possesses over the Lower. The subject was opened a little before five o'clock by Lord Cranbrook, and at ten minutes to seven the Lords were up. Within those two hours the situation was plainly and even exhaustively discussed. Lord Derby's statement is a model of dispassionate summing-up of the situation. Lord Cairns took a strictly legal view of the Convention. Lord Kimberley was a little superfluous. Lord Salisbury dexterously attacked the Government without committing himself to a policy; whilst Earl Granville in a few sweetly-spoken words pointed out that if retrospect of affairs in the Transvaal was to be indulged in, it could not stop precisely at two years, but must take into account the acts of the previous Administration responsible for this disastrous annexation of the Transvaal, the actual forerunner of all consequences. In the Commons these things were said over again through two sittings, and not nearly so effectively.

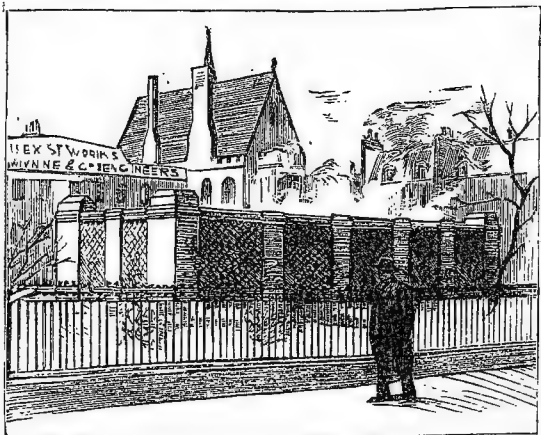
On Wednesday an important debate sprang up in the Commons on the ever fresh Irish Land Question. Mr. Parnell now came forward as the parent of a new Bill designed further to extend the Irish Land Act to the advantage of the tenants. The Bill had the support of the Ulster members, and of other members of the Irish Party who do not usually vote with Mr. Parnell. There was also a small body of English Radicals who are always ready for a new Land Bill. These considerations, together with some expressions let fall by Mr. Gladstone on former occasions, caused the occasion to be looked forward to with some anxiety. Mr. Gladstone, however, as Mr. Sexton remarked, left no doubt as to his meaning. In emphatic language he declined to reopen the Irish Land Question, and the Bill was thrown out by 250 votes against 63.

### THE DISTRICT RAILWAY VENTILATORS

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* thus describes these "blow-holes," which have aroused so much indignation:—"The huge oblong yellow



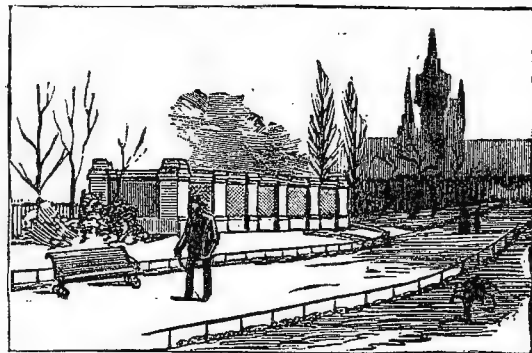
brick boxes which are so soon to poison the atmosphere, and destroy the verdure, of the Embankment Gardens, are already exposed to view, spick-and-span, solidly built, with an air of square



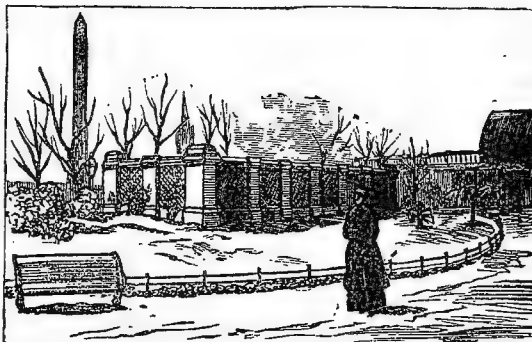
defiance of the public anger and disgust. The earth has been nicely smoothed all round them. There is no mess, such as usually marks the seams of our street 'improvements.' The company have even

displayed a certain grim humour in covering their sides with a few straggling plants of unhappy ivy."

The subject has also been discussed in the House of Lords, but it appears, on the unimpeachable authority of Lord Redesdale, that the railway company have power to do what they have done. The company allege that their object is to ventilate the line for the benefit of the passengers and their own *employés*, but the *Engineer* declares that the blow-holes are rather intended to get rid of the steam, which is often so dense that the engine-drivers cannot see the signals till they are within a couple of yards of them. The same



journal says that this exhaust steam might be easily condensed if the company were to provide a sufficient supply of water in their engine-tanks. We should be sorry to interfere in a dispute between experts; still, we venture to think that the company would never have gone to the expense of putting up these erections only to get rid of the steam if they could accomplish that so easily. Altogether, we think an unnecessary fuss has been made, and we incline to agree with Lord Redesdale's closing words, "It is a strong consolation if the



travellers by the railway are benefited, and the passengers under the Embankment are far more in number than those who use the surface." The air in the tunnel must be foul indeed, if, after escaping through these blow-holes, and becoming mixed with the outer air, it is still capable of poisoning the grass and trees. The fact is, presuming that the boxes themselves are not an eyesore—and they might be easily made ornamental—this is a much more sensible way of ventilating than the open gratings in the Euston Road, where horses are often frightened by the sudden puffs of steam which come up under their feet.

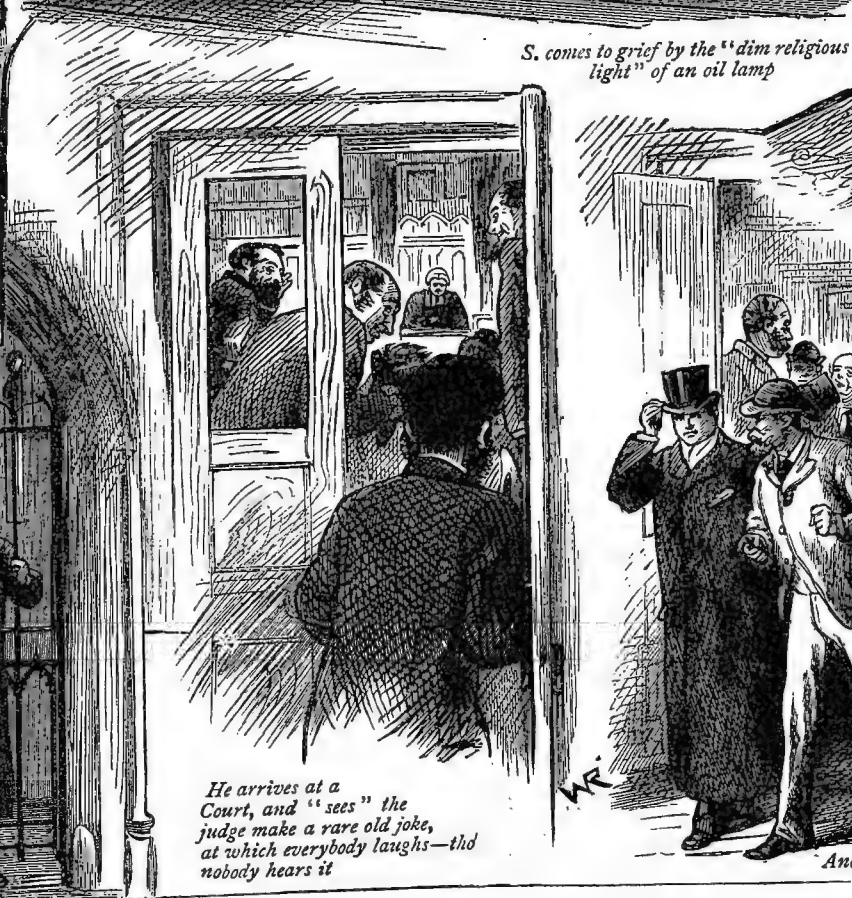
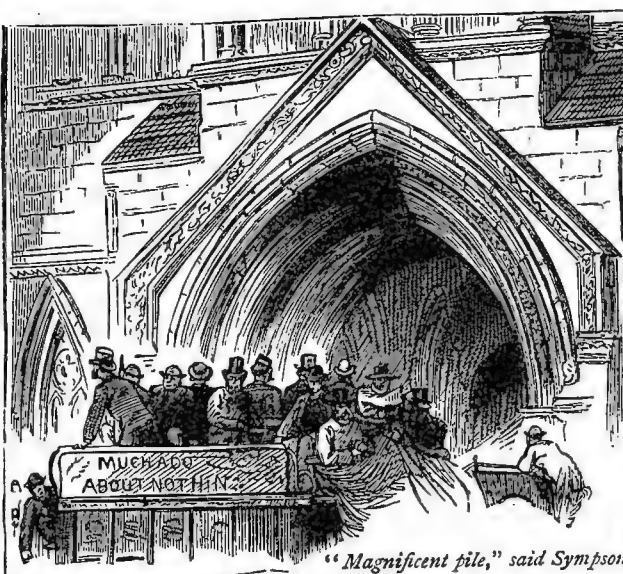


THE TURF.—Contrary to general expectation, "The Soldiers" brought off their Grand Military and Household Brigade Meeting at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday last. It would really seem that owing to the sandy nature of the soil neither rain nor frost can spoil the going. The Grand Military Hurdle Race was won by the Brown Bread colt; the Grand Military Gold Cup by Colonel Murray's Beaufort, ridden by Mr. Lee-Barber; and the Household Brigade Cup by Mr. H. St. John Mildmay's The Pearl, ridden by himself. Of course the attendance of ladies was very limited, and the public did not show in force. It must have been terribly cold work for the band on the lawn.—Racing this week has been unimportant, and every one seems anxious for the opening of the legitimate season the week after next at Lincoln; but the hindrance of training operations through the frost will upset many calculations.—For the Lincolnshire Handicap Lowland Chief and Scobell divide the favouritship at about 10 to 1 each; Eau de Vie is still at the top of the Liverpool list at 6 to 1, and Mohican has displaced Zitella and Tame Fox. Montauban, who will be Mr. Wilson's mount, is also much fancied, as it is known he can negotiate the course.—The Duchess of Montrose, who retains her interest in the late Mr. Crawford's horses, has arranged with Sir John Astley to take the management of them.—Reputation, the well-known six-year-old, has been sold for 2,000 guineas, and gone to Matthew Dawson's at Newmarket.—Baldoye, in Ireland, has had a very good meeting, as times go; and, appropriately enough, Little Boy won the Lilliputian Plate, for which a baker's dozen started.—At Haydock Park Mr. R. F. Anson is laying out a steeple-chase course, for use next month.

COURSING.—At the Plumpton Meeting, which was somewhat interfered with by the weather, the Southdown Stakes were won by Mr. Clift's Countess Dagmar; and at Four Oaks the County Cup was divided between Mr. Hinck's Wishful and Mr. Laurence's Agnes, the former taking the Cup.—This week the Gosforth Gold Cup, for 128 dogs of all ages, is in course of decision.—Match Girl, who was a strong favourite for the Waterloo Cup till she went wrong, has just fetched 360 guineas at public auction, and Rosewater 140 guineas; so there seems to be every encouragement to breed "long-tails."

FOOTBALL.—After a splendid game, and amid great excitement, Scotland has beaten England in an Association match at Sheffield by three goals to two.—Also in an Association game Scotland has been victorious over Wales at Wrexham by three goals to nothing.—The penultimate matches in the Association Challenge Cup contest will be played on Saturday next, that between Old Etonians and Notts County at the Oval, and that between Old Carthusians and Blackburn Olympic at Whalley Range, Manchester.

AQUATICS.—Unfortunately the Inter-University Boat Race will not have been rowed till after we have gone to press. It is interesting to note that the same change in favouritism has come about as did four or five years ago, when Oxford was backed at 2 to 1 before the crews came to London, but before the start the exact odds veered round on Cambridge. It seems that within the last few hours 3 and 4 to 1 have been laid on the Light Blues; and when such odds as these are laid on a "fair and square" boat-race it is seldom they are upset.





JAMES CAREY  
Member of the "Invincible Brotherhood," Dublin Town-  
Councillor, and Approver

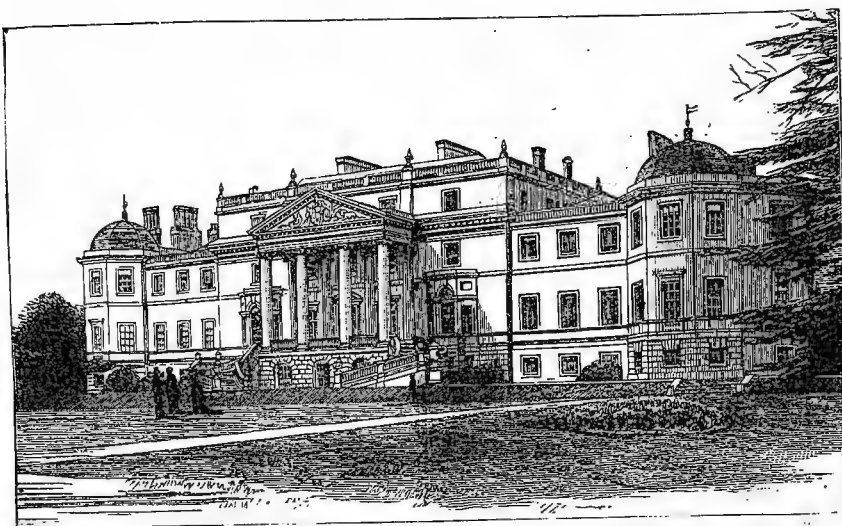


"CAPTAIN" JOHN MCCAFFERTY  
Sentenced to Death for the Chester Castle Affair, 1867;  
Mentioned by James Carey in His Evidence at Kilmainham

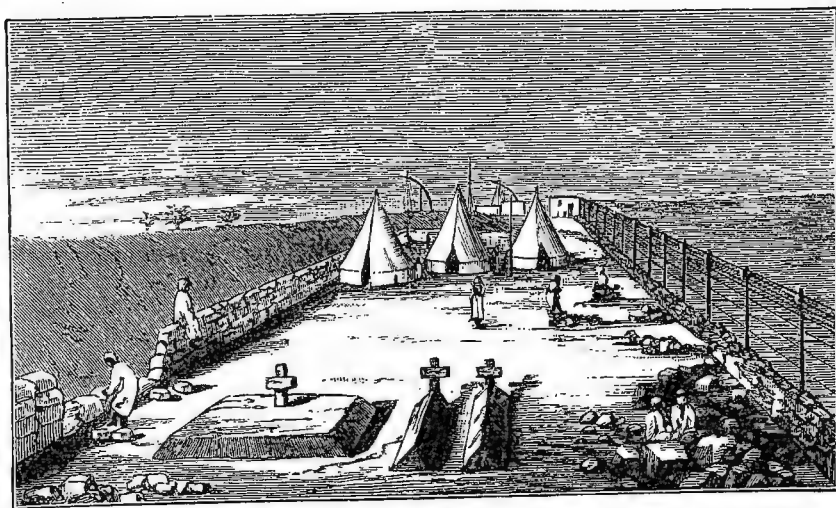


P. J. SHERIDAN  
Land League Organiser, Whose Extradition has been Demanded  
from the United States

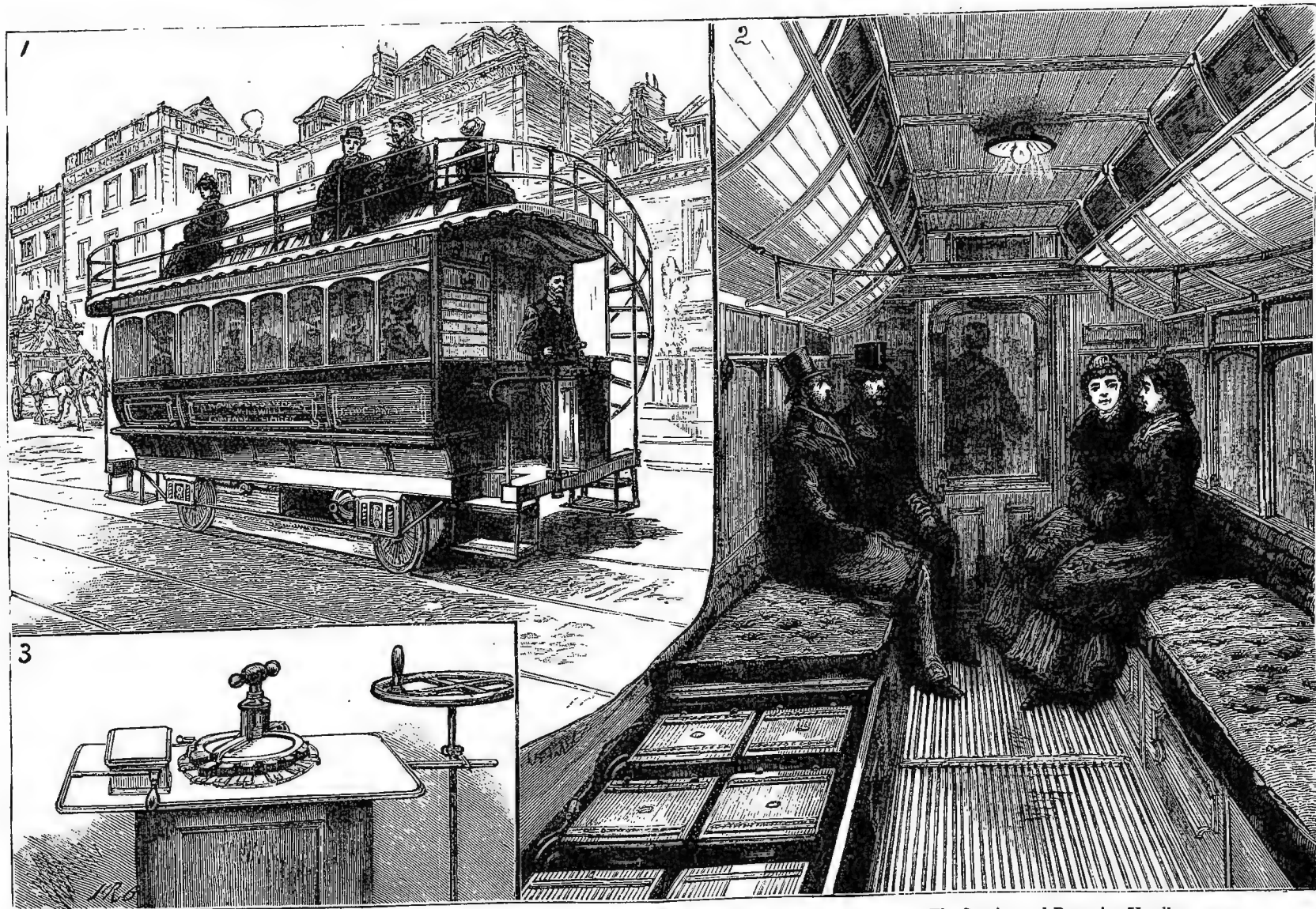
THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN



WROTHAM HOUSE, BARNET, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF STRAFFORD, RECENTLY  
DESTROYED BY FIRE



THE RECENT WAR IN EGYPT—CEMETERY COMMENCED AT TEL-EL-KEBIR FOR  
BURYING THE SOLDIERS WHO FELL AT KASSASSIN AND TEL-EL-KEBIR



1. The Car.—2. The Interior of the Car, With One of the Cushions Removed to Show the Accumulators.—3. The Starting and Reversing Handles.

THE NEW ELECTRIC TRAMCAR AT KEW BRIDGE

**RACQUETS.**—The Inter-University racquet matches will be played at Prince's on the 20th and 21st inst. Each University has now won thirteen of the double matches, but Oxford has scored fifteen out of the twenty-five single ones.

**BILLIARDS.**—The Inter-University contest in this pastime has been held at Beechey's Rooms, Oxford, when Cambridge won the four-handed game, running out at 500 to the 488 of their opponents. Douglas Lane, however, won the single-handed game for Oxford with his opponent 300 behind.

**ATHLETICS.**—The Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Tournament comes off as usual at Lillie Bridge, on Friday, the 16th. Judging from the recent performances of the representatives at the Universities it is likely to be a very close contest, and probably the "odd" event will decide it.—At Eton, the School Steeplechase has been won by Nickalls, and the Junior by Barnett Minor.

**CRICKET.**—Further accounts of the third and conquering match played by the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team against Murdoch's (English) Eleven. On the first innings the Englishmen were 29 runs ahead. They then scored 123 in their second, of which C. T. Studd is credited with 25, and Barlow with 24. Eventually the Australians were defeated by 69 runs.—Mr. M. C. Kemp, of Hertford College, has been elected Captain of the Oxford Eleven. —Among extraordinary scores from time to time recorded, that of Private Davis, of the old 51st Regiment, in a match at Moradabad, is worthy of notice. He made 50 runs in eight hits—one hit for 8, one for 7, five for 6 each, and one for 5.



THEATRES

MR. BURNAND'S new burlesque at the GAIETY Theatre is a sort of sequel and travesty of the old legend of *Blue Beard*. According to Mr. Burnand, the title of "Bluebeard" became a family name, just as the descendants of the original Brown (so called on account of his peculiar tint) were all Browns; with the exception that, in the case of the descendants of the Oriental domestic tyrant, it was, it seems, incumbent on any claimant to the title to "show a stain of blue in his hair," which was deemed sufficient proof of descent until such time as the growth of his beard should put all doubt out of the question. Mr. Burnand's hero, represented with unbounded vivacity by Miss E. Farren, is the Baron Abomelique de Barbe Bleue, presumed to be the seventh representative in a direct line of the great Blue Beard family; and it is his business to furnish further evidence of the genuineness of his claims by his strong tendency to emulate the nefarious deeds of his wicked progenitor. In the end, however, it proves that the Baron is an impostor, and that his intense anxiety—ludicrously emphasised by Miss Farren—to prevent investigation of the contents of his celebrated closet, arises only from the fact that it is there that he stores hair dyes and other means of supporting his fraudulent pretensions. Pieces of this kind, though it is the fashion to divide them into three acts, and endow them with the name of "burlesque dramas," must not be judged too seriously. Apemantus might frown at Mr. Burnand's puns, but Mr. Burnand's audience are of more congenial temper. When the rage of the modern "Masher" to appear upon the stage suggests that "Masher for Masher" might perhaps deserve their attention there is much laughter; as again, when the gay Baron de Barbe Bleue exclaims, "Anne's sister shall be mine!" and is reminded (we leave our readers to discover the pun without typographical aid) that "Anne's sister brought his ancestor to ruin." Still more do they laugh when Miss Farren parodies Salvini's famous assault upon Iago, and when Miss Kate Vaughan, who makes a charming representative of the Provençal peasant girl who is supposed to be the latest victim of the sham tyrant, gives us a clever imitation of Sarah Bernhardt. Nor must we forget Mr. Henley's mimicry of Mr. Irving's manner and movements, which afforded no common delight to the audience. Mr. E. Terry's part of Petipois, the humorously disreputable father of the heroine, is not so rich in opportunities for parody as was his Rob Roy; but it is nevertheless highly amusing. Altogether Mr. Burnand's piece is a welcome change from the class of burlesques that burlesque nothing. Brimfull of clever songs, supported by the full strength of Mr. Hollingshead's company, including besides those already named Miss Gilchrist, Miss Phillis Broughton, Mr. Ward, Mr. Monkhouse, Mr. Wyatt, furnished with brilliant scenery and costumes, and enlivened with tuneful music selected and composed by Herr Lutz, it promises to be one of the most successful of recent productions of its class.

Morning performances do not, as a rule, bring forth anything more important than a new actor or actress of more or less promise or lack of promise; but occasionally they introduce us to a new play. Last week a drama from the French, by Mr. Walter Frith, son of the Royal Academician, saw the light in this way at the GAIETY Theatre; while another new piece, by Mr. Calmoun, was brought out at a *matinée* at the VAUDEVILLE. Mr. Frith's piece, which he has called *Ensnared*, is a version of Adolphe Belot's *Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix*, a somewhat gloomy melodrama, which, albeit subjected to considerable modifications, has lost nothing of its gloom

under Mr. Frith's manipulation. On the whole, Mr. Frith's adaptation is no great improvement upon the late Mr. Oxenford's version of the same piece, in which Miss Neilson and Mr. Alfred Wigan performed the leading parts at the same theatre some years ago. The attention which it received from a crowded house must, in great part, be attributed to the curiosity of the public regarding the alleged resemblance of the play to M. Sardou's *Fédora*.

Mr. Calmoun's play, which bears the title of *Wives*, proved to be a rather clumsy setting forth of a commonplace plot, and is altogether a crude production, though indicating here and there some talent for dramatic writing. Its reception at the hands of a friendly audience was not unfavourable; but it is hardly likely to secure a permanent place in the programme of any important London theatre.

The annual performances on behalf of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, given at DRURY LANE Theatre on Tuesday morning, were of the usual extensive and varied character, engaging the volunteered services of numerous distinguished performers, including Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, who played a scene from Mr. Wills's *Charles I.*, and Mr. Toole, who in *Guffin's Elopement*, received from the vast audience assembled a wildly enthusiastic reception. It is gratifying to learn that the net profits of this single performance reached the handsome sum of 400l.

The kindness shown of late by the theatrical managers to the poor children of London has a pleasing tendency to repeat itself in various forms. The wholesale invitation to DRURY LANE pantomime was followed, it will be remembered, by an equally liberal step on the part of the management of HER MAJESTY'S. On Saturday a sort of return invitation was given to the numerous children engaged in the Drury Lane pantomime, who were entertained at a tea in the saloon of the theatre, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Lindsay, Rector of St. Clement Danes. The little folk all wore their respective pantomime costumes. From Mr. Lindsay's address it appears that it had been proposed to present Mr. Augustus Harris with a testimonial in token of gratitude, and that it was on Mr. Harris's suggestion the testimonial took the form of this entertainment.

A new *debutante*, Miss Vibart, made her appearance at the VAUDEVILLE on Tuesday in the character of Julia in *The Hunchback*. The young lady has had the advantage of a training by Mr. John Ryder, and is lacking neither in confidence nor in energy. She has not, however, as yet, the art of giving the impression of genuine vivacity to her lighter utterances; and altogether her attempt to walk in the footsteps of the fascinating Mrs. Nisbett must be pronounced to have been of a too ambitious character.

Mr. Hare is to play his old part of Sam Gerridge in *Caste* at the last performance of that piece at the HAYMARKET, which will take place early in April. A few farewell performances of *School* will then be given, after which Mr. Herman Merivale's version of *Fédora* is to be produced.

We must defer till next week our notice of Mr. Robert Buchanan's new drama, *Storm Beaten*, produced at the ADELPHI last Wednesday.



LEGAL

THE HEALTH OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS has so far improved, that it is now considered unnecessary for him to take any other holiday than the usual Easter Vacation, which he will probably spend in the South of France.

TELLING OF FORTUNES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, if we may judge from the case of Delia Young, convicted the other day at the Bradford Police Court, must be so profitable a trade, that it pays well to run a little risk. Miss Young, a gipsy girl, had been telling fortunes for some weeks at the neighbouring village of Wyke. Her fees used to range from one shilling to five, and her daily trade returns were estimated by the police at several guineas. It is needless to say that the fine of 5l., or an alternative of two months' imprisonment, was paid by the prophetic at once. Her odd defence was that members of her family had told fortunes at Blackpool during the season for over twenty years.

THE LONG-LOOKED-FOR BREACH OF PROMISE CASE, *HYLAND v. BIGGAR*, was heard and decided last week in favour of the Plaintiff, and damages awarded to the amount of 400l. The evidence offered was mainly that of the two principals—Mr. Pat Egan, the "mutual friend," who had introduced Mr. Biggar to the lady, being absent for personal reasons—and the corroborative testimony of Miss Hyland's sister being considered apparently superfluous. It was evident that the member for Cavan—a gay Lothario by his own confession, who should have been too wise to trifle with the heart of an Irish maiden of a certain age, whose mother kept a *pension* in Paris—had gone decidedly too far, for all his caution, in making presents, talking about marriage, and kissing with the sanction of the lady's "spiritual adviser;" and the jury did not hesitate long in delivering an adverse verdict. An attempt to obtain a rule nisi for a new trial from the Divisional Court, and a similar application to the Court of Appeal have both been refused, the judges seeing no reason to disturb a verdict honestly given according to the evidence. The insufficiency of the accommodation (four seats only)

provided in the New Courts for the reporters was the subject of considerable complaint from the sufferers.

THE long-pending suit of "*Robarts v. the Mayor and Corporation of London*" was decided last week in favour of the latter, the office of City Remembrancer being clearly shown to be not a freehold by usage, but held on conditions of annual re-election. Mr. Robarts has vindicated his character (which was never we fancy in question, but only his *savoir faire*), and has the satisfaction of being able to set a favourable opinion as to his moral right from Sir G. Jessel against the adverse judgment of Mr. Justice Kay at the previous trial. The Corporation, it is understood, insist upon their costs, as might have been expected from the *animus* imported into the case, and the determination with which it has been fought out.

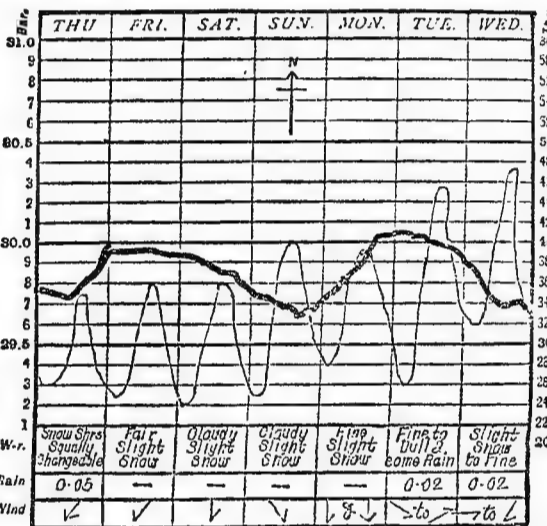
DAMAGES to the amount of 10,000l. were claimed from the South-Eastern Railway Company by Miss Mary Bullock, daughter of a late dramatic critic, and conductor, with her mother and sisters, of an entertainment known as Bullock's Royal Marionettes, for injuries in alighting from a train at Dover which had drawn up beyond the platform. The whole case turned upon the hurt sustained and the expenses necessarily incurred, and some comment was made by the Chief Justice on the employment of an eminent surgeon from London twice a week, at an enormous cost, while the plaintiff was lying ill at Dover. In the end a verdict was given for 1,344l.

Sir R. PHILLIMORE has sent in his resignation to the Lord Chancellor to take effect at the end of the present sittings. He was born November 5th, 1810, and appointed Judge of the Admiralty Court in 1867, and has therefore more than completed the fifteen years' service entitling him to a pension.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BAKER STANGER, is still the subject of police investigation, and very suspicious circumstances have oozed out. A charwoman close by has shown two wooden chairs which Mrs. Stanger told her to take away and get mended, having been broken, so she said, in a row the night before. The workman, Zeutler, too, declares that he saw nothing of his master on the Sunday or Monday after his disappearance, but on Tuesday, having overslept himself, came down and found the bakehouse oven red-hot, and in it a heap of ashes resembling bones, which Stumm told him were the remains of a spoilt batch of bread. A shin-bone of beef has since been placed as an experiment in the oven, and was calcined in thirty-five minutes without even causing any perceptible smell.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM MARCH 8 TO MARCH 14 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been fair on the whole, but very cold, with light showers and northerly winds. On Thursday (8th inst.), with a slowly rising barometer, snow showers fell, and the wind was strong in force from the north-north-east. The following day the mercurial column stood very steady, more snow fell, and some improvement took place in the weather. Saturday (10th inst.) found pressure slowly giving way, and dull skies, with northerly winds and some snow again occurred. The conditions on the following day were very similar to those of Saturday (10th inst.), and although the barometer rose briskly on Monday (12th inst.), with finer weather, still the wind remained in the north, and snow fell. Tuesday (13th inst.) broke fine, bright, and cold, but as the day advanced the mercury began to fall, and the sky became cloudy; wind blew first from the north-west, and afterwards from the south-west. The last day of the period found the barometer still giving way, and the weather was fine at first, but later on clouds worked up. Temperature for the week is many degrees below the average. The barometer was highest (30.04 inches) on Tuesday (13th inst.); lowest (29.65 inches) on Wednesday (14th inst.); range, 0.39 inches. Temperature was highest (47°) on Wednesday (14th inst.); lowest (24°) on Saturday (10th inst.); range, 23°. Rain (snow) fell on three days. Total amount, 0.09 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.05 inches on Thursday (8th inst.).

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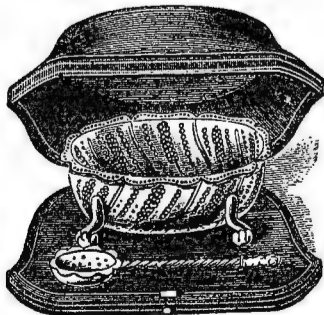
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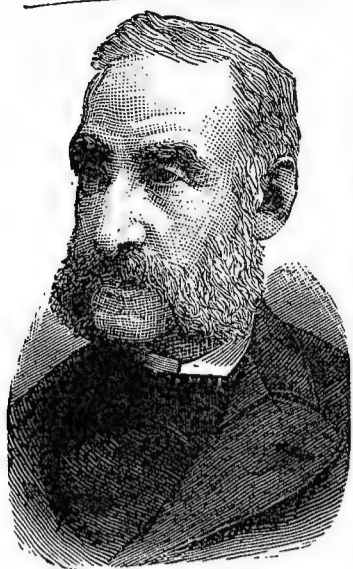


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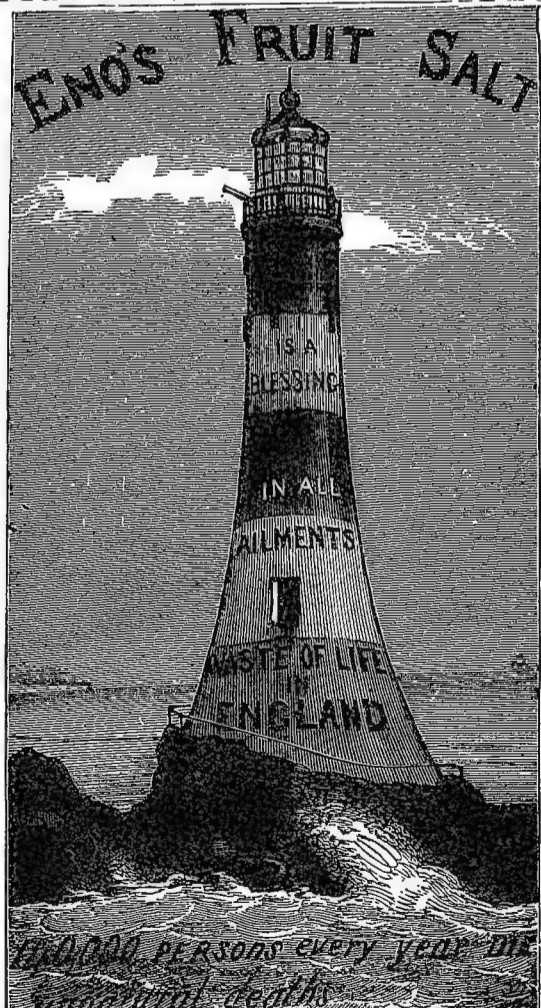
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## CHAPTER XXI.

THE *Tribune of the People* uplifted its voice, metaphorically speaking, for a very ungrateful client. The People cared nothing about it, very seldom read it, and, when they did read it, were bored by it. They preferred the *Star of Progress*, which, equally democratic, was much more amusing and popular. The public has a quick, suspicious sense of any attempt to disguise moral, philosophical, or political teaching in what is supposed to be an alluring form adapted to its rudimentary capacities. It resents all such attempts with a sense of injury, as a child resents bitter powders lurking insidiously in jam. The result is generally to spoil the jam without mitigating the powder.

Some such suspicion attended the perusal of the *Tribune of the People*. It was not only instructive and *doctrinaire*, but it attempted to assume a playful manner of being so. Its liveliest sallies were mistrusted as a siren song, in the style of

Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly,  
Co—ome and be killed!

and were not found to be seductive. Readers looked for a lurking

moral in its lightest paragraphs, and fancied they found one whether it were there or not. The *Tribune of the People* did not gravely enunciate commonplaces easily grasped by the average mind as if they were profound reflections addressed only to select intellects, whereby the reader is naturally pleased on finding that he comprehends them with facility. Neither did it print wordy columns of social philosophy which were not comprehensible at all, but the like of which are often loudly eulogised, on a principle similar to that which made the courtiers in the story-book so fervently admire the embroidered robe of the King standing before them *in puris naturalibus*. Neither did it deal in scandalous stories, nor scatter broadcast shameful imputations with a light *insouciance* which suggested that the writers held their own reputation by an easy tenure, and were fearless of reprisals which could scarcely give them a worse character than they already possessed. It was not dogmatic, nor hazy, nor slanderous. It condescendingly offered its powders in spoonfuls of jam; and, although avowedly a political paper, it did not hold through thick and thin with any political party.

Moreover, there was about the whole tone of the journal something indefinably *dilettante*. It displayed that ineradicable defect

common to the amateur in every department of human effort, namely, a sanguine expectation of achieving results without previous preparation, which recalls the modest gentleman who said that he did not know whether he could or could not play upon the fiddle, because he had never tried. And so long as the amateur appeals to society as an amateur, he may confidently reckon on success. We are most of us acquainted in private life with vocalists whose performances are preferred by their friends to those of Madame Patti; violinists quite equal to Herr Joachim; painters before whom Mr. Millais must pale his ineffectual palette; and poets who would make the topmost reputation in contemporary literature totter on its throne, if they ever should appear in print. But happily for Art and artists, these same individuals when addressed collectively as the Great Public have a very different standard; and, ceasing to be surprised that the animal can stand on its hind legs at all, imperatively require that he should stand well.

Mario Masi had a quick intelligence, a fairly good command of his own language, and a considerable gift of raillery. But these are but a slender stock-in-trade for editing a newspaper. That enterprise, indeed, has been known to be successfully conducted by

individuals possessing not one of the three. But then they had other more essential qualifications which Masi lacked: experience, an apprenticeship to journalism, a sure perception of what will "do" and what will not, arrived at by long habit, and by the slow but sure method of trying and failing and trying again. Now Mario was ready to try; perfectly ready. But he was by no means ready not to succeed. And when, after the first intoxicating joys of seeing his own lucubrations in print and hearing the *Tribune of the People* bawled about the streets by the itinerant vendors, he was brought face to face with sundry troubles and annoyances inseparable from his calling, he jibbed, and became angry and discouraged. And the most unpromising feature in the case was that he was not chiefly troubled by what reasonably might have troubled him: the fewness of his subscribers, and the gradual dropping off of chance sales; but by the onslaughts of his brother journalists (which Guarini assured him were excellent advertisements), and by any casual expression of unfavourable opinion which happened to come to his ears.

In Italy the journalist has not always the refuge of muffling himself in that Cloak of Darkness, the anonymous and irresponsible "we." It is not obligatory on him to sign his contributions, but neither is it considered a breach of professional etiquette to name the writer of an article when he is widely known. And let any of our public instructors consider within himself whether it would not make a considerable difference to his comfort if, instead of being discussed under the form of an impersonal abstraction, such as the morning *Aurora* or the evening *Hesperus*, he were liable to be publicly contradicted and pooh-poohed as the "chronically ill-informed Mr. John Smith," the "pretentiously ignorant Mr. Thomas Jones," or the "spitefully disingenuous Mr. William Brown." Mario Masi would have fought half-a-dozen duels within as many days in the beginning of his editorship, if Gino Peretti had not kept watch and ward over him, and flattered, and coaxed, and told him a variety of sugary falsehoods. Peretti was strongly interested in starting the *Tribune of the People* with an effective burst; and that had been achieved. For Peretti in this matter all would be well that began well. He had never looked forward to a prolonged existence for the paper; and if it powerfully directed public attention to the Pontine Marshes Drainage and Amelioration Company, it would have done all he demanded of it.

Nina Guarini's negotiations with Prince Massimo Nasoni had resulted in the sale to the company (on advantageous terms for the latter) of the Prince's property at Mattoccia. In accordance with her husband's advice, she had demanded a price for her services. And casting about for a way to make the transaction useful to Masi and Violet (for whose sake, in fact, she had undertaken it), she resolved to stipulate with Peretti that a certain number of shares should be handed over to Masi as an acknowledgment of what he had done for the cause in his capacity of editor of the *Tribune of the People*. After some deliberation, she made up her mind to tell Peretti the truth: that she was interested in the lady Masi was going to marry, that she wished to help them, that Masi's pride would never allow him to accept the shares as a gift from her hands, and that, therefore, she took this method of transferring them to him. "My name had better not be mentioned in the transaction," she had said to Peretti. "You can make over the shares as if from yourself."

This Peretti agreed to readily enough, being willing to take credit to himself even "for the sunshine in July," as the Italian proverb pithily puts it. As to the Signora Nina's motives, however, for this bit of generosity, he did not altogether believe her statement. But, true or untrue, it was no business of his. He said a word or two to sound Beppe Guarini on the subject, but Beppe declined to enter into it.

"I gave my wife *carte blanche* to do as she pleased," said he. "She has managed the affair for you with her usual tact and success, and I only hope she drove a hard bargain with the company. If she chooses to spend part of her gains in making presents instead of buying earrings for herself, I have nothing to say against it."

Gino Peretti was a little disappointed to find that Guarini knew all about the matter. He would have liked to take down Nina somewhat in her husband's estimation. However, he could but smile in a superior way, and murmur something about women having their foolish caprices sometimes. And he forthwith wrote to announce to Masi that fifty shares in the Pontine Marshes Company had been made over to him. And in the fervour of composition he made so great a flourish about his own liberality as would make it difficult to confess afterwards that he had only been acting as the almoner of some one else.

But the fact of the sale of Prince Nasoni's land was kept strictly secret for the present among the small knot of persons interested. Peretti was in no hurry to announce it, since he could vaunt the exceptional advantages connected with the draining of Mattoccia without appearing to cry up his own property. Prince Nasoni was in no hurry, for sundry good reasons, one of them being a dislike to his creditors' knowing that he had come into possession of a sum of ready money, and another—and by no means the least—a dread of his mother's reproaches when she should hear that he had surreptitiously parted with another fragment of the rapidly-dwindling family estates.

As to his son, the Duke of Pontalto, the Prince troubled himself not a jot. When he did think of him, it was generally with a pleasant anticipation of the young man's discomfiture when the truth should break upon him. And so Don Ciccio remained ignorant of the transaction, which ignorance led him into a disagreeable position.

His late spiritual director, Don Silvestro, a clerical gentleman of considerable ability, who was now a main prop of the reactionary journal, the *Messenger of Peace*, in Naples, continued to follow up his first article on the subject of the Pontine Marshes scheme by a series of papers strongly recommending it, if it could be put into the right hands, and pointing out how necessary to its accomplishment would be the possession of a certain portion of land in the midst of a most fever-stricken district. The *Messenger of Peace* never mentioned Mattoccia. It mentioned a variety of other places in the neighbourhood, but never said one syllable of Mattoccia. But it circumscribed the possibilities of making a wrong guess as to the whereabouts of the bit of land in question by giving accurate topographical details of its position. "And," said the *Messenger of Peace*, "were the company once in possession of this special bit of land, the success of their operations would be as good as assured. But could the company get possession of it?" That was what the *Messenger of Peace* strongly doubted, indeed the company could be composed of elements more trustworthy than at present appeared, or unless, at all events, its list of directors could be leavened with the names of one or two pious, honourable, and noble Romans—men who, disdaining to come to a transaction with the revolution, had ever maintained, &c., &c., &c.

These articles made some sensation in "Black" circles. Several distinguished members of that society hankered after fuller information on the subject of the Pontine Marshes scheme; and more than one, when the shares were announced for sale, boldly invested money in the affair, encouraged by the recommendation of so trustworthy an authority as the *Messenger of Peace*. It was hinted even that the Carlovings—perhaps the leading family of their party in Rome, claiming a direct descent from King Pepin, and having a less apocryphal hold on the consideration of mankind by the possession of an enormous fortune, inherited from one of the successors of the poor Fisherman—even the Carlovings were said, figuratively, to have dipped rather deeply into the Pontine Marshes; and this rumour put the shares up with a rush. The infection

extended to other social spheres. Fashionable gentlemen of Liberal politics, and fashionable ladies of no politics at all, talked of the scheme at the clubs, and in boudoirs, and salons, and opera boxes, and showed themselves no less greedy of gain than their fellow-creatures of the opposite party. Whether there was on any side much serious expectation that the peasant of those pestilential districts would be benefited by the scheme, or that any good whatever would accrue from it to any human being but the shareholders, may be doubted. But there was this difference observable: that whilst the "Blacks" expatiated on the impossibility of any good being done to the peasant, save by themselves; and whilst the "Reds" violently insisted on the indifference towards the peasant of everybody but themselves; the purely fashionable portion of society appeared to overlook the necessity of doing him any good at all, and dismissed unpleasant considerations connected with disease, and hunger, and ignorance, as being distinctly not their business, and requiring to be got rid of and smothered under the disinfecting influences of the newest perfume and the latest French operetta.

Thus, however, through one channel and another, from one motive and another, under one aspect and another, the Pontine Marshes Drainage and Amelioration Company was in the mouths of a great many persons in Rome in those days, and excited a great deal of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. There were polemics about it in the newspapers (a boon to editors hard up for "copy" in that slack season!), and the wildest and most inconsistent stories respecting its origin, aims, and promoters, were rife everywhere. Mario Masi upheld the cause of the Company, in perfect good faith, and when the popular interest in the matter was at its height Nina Guarini earnestly advised him to sell his shares. "I told you," she said, "that it would be fatal to hold after the good moment had come. It has come, but it will not last."

This was in the evening of the day when she had seen Violet, and Mario had called at the Guarinis to get his lady-love's address. It had been agreed that he should do so. Kitty Low had returned in the course of the day with a message from the Signora, importing that Miss Baines had found her old lodging unoccupied, and had taken it; and Mario was now on his way thither. But he did not show that eager haste which might have been expected under the circumstances. He lingered, talking, and discussing various matters with Nina, and combating her view as to the desirability of immediately getting rid of the shares.

"They will go higher yet, Signora Nina," said he. "I am a little behind the scenes in these affairs now, my friend; I have to be, you know. And I can assure you that they will go up."

It was piteous to her to see him thus elated by the importance of his editorial position, and pluming himself on his intimate knowledge of matters about which he was so inexperienced as to be absolutely at the mercy of a man like Peretti. But she saw that it was necessary to be cautious.

"His vanity," thought she, "will take alarm if he thinks I am assuming more knowledge of these matters than he has. Heaven help us, what a knowledge to be proud of! And how gladly I would relinquish mine, if I could get back the price I paid for it!" Then she sighed out half aloud, "Ah, poor thing; poor thing!" And it need scarcely be said that this ejaculation did not apply to Mario Masi.

He, meanwhile, reached Miss Baines's old quarters, and was admitted by Mariuccia in her wide-latticed staid bodice and short skirt, who addressed him with a loud and hoarse salutation like a boatswain's hail, and seemed in her hospitable welcome and display of good fellowship to be very near slapping him on the back.

Violet was in the little sitting-room when he entered it. At the sound of the opening door she turned round, sprang up with a little cry, and ran into his arms. There was something so innocent, confiding, and loving in the action, and in her little fluttering cry, "Oh Mario, oh Mario!"—something so expressive of her faith in him and her devotion to him, that he was moved more deeply than was his wont, and pressed his lips on her bright hair as her head rested for a moment against his breast, not only tenderly but reverently. The next moment his glance alighted on Kitty Low, who had risen from her chair, and stood, with some needlework in her hand, attentively regarding him.

Mario released Violet from his embrace, and whispered to her hurriedly in Italian, "Who is she? What is she doing here?"

Violet raised her blushing face on which some happy tears were shining, and answered him in English, "This is Kitty Low, my aunt's maid. I have mentioned her in my letters, you know. I had forgotten you were there, Kitty, for the moment. I am engaged to marry Captain Masi. I was engaged to him before I went home. But it is a secret for the present from every one. I know you will keep it faithfully."

"I'm not much given to talking anyway, Miss Violet; and when you trust me with a secret you can depend on me," answered Kitty quietly. But she was not unmoved; and she looked again at Masi's face with a keener attention than before.

For his part he was not well pleased at having this stranger forced into his confidence. In the first place, he had very little faith in her silence. In the next place, he objected to feel that he was in her power. She might choose to betray him to Violet's uncle. However, there was no help for it now. And he could not reproach Violet in the first moments of their reunion for heedlessly betraying their secret, especially since that betrayal had arisen from an impulse of her strong affection for him.

Kitty discreetly withdrew, saying that she would go and see if Miss Baines wanted her; and the lovers were left alone.

"Why do you have such an ugly woman for your maid?" was Masi's first question when that staid spinster had departed.

"How strange that you should think her so ugly," cried Violet. "To me her face is very pleasant. But she thinks herself plain."

"Diavolo! What else can she think?"

"But she is such a good creature, Mario; and so sensible, and—"

"Very likely; but I can't waste the short time I have to stay with you in talking of her."

"Must it be so short, Mario?" asked Violet wistfully. "I hoped that you would be able to stay this evening."

"And what would become of to-morrow's paper?"

As a matter of fact, to-morrow's paper was prepared, so far as he had anything to do with preparing it. But there were the evening's lounging and smoking and gossip to be accomplished; seasoned with the delightful sense that they were "business" done in the interests of the journal, and necessary to keep its editor well up to the course of public opinion.

"I hope you are not working too hard, Mario," said Violet innocently. "You look thinner than when we parted."

It was true. He was thinner, and looked older, and had a more sharp and irritable manner. So little gentle, indeed, was his manner, that Violet felt timid of urging on him her desire to tell her uncle of their engagement. But the desire was strong, and those reasons she had to give for it seemed to her so unanswerable, that she nerved herself to speak. She pointed out that to keep the secret now, when they were all likely to meet frequently, would be impossible without active duplicity, and that both he and she would have to play a part, and to act lies, even if they spoke none. But these representations failed to affect Mario as she had expected. He appeared to look upon them as childish and overstrained, and he said: "Do not, my dear Violetta, give way to what you English call humbug."

Nina Guarini's words recurred to the girl's mind—"Your standard of life is different from his. You would expect what he

could not give you, and what he would think you childish for expecting. Your views of many things would be incomprehensible to him, as his would be incomprehensible to you." Violet tried to put these words aside, but they persistently forced themselves on her memory, and she felt unreasonably angry with Nina for having said them, and unreasonably angry with herself for recalling them just then, and altogether confusedly dispirited.

Mario was too much absorbed in his own reflections to pay much heed to her tell-tale face. After a little pause, he asked her if she knew the extent of her uncle's wealth, and whether he were avaricious, like most rich men. And when she told him of the wedding gift of fifty pounds which she had received, besides her travelling expenses, Mario opened his eyes and ears, and exclaimed, "Fifty pounds? That is more than twelve hundred francs! But he must be a millionaire, your uncle!"

And then Miss Baines came in; and they agreed that she should introduce Masi to Mr. Higgins as a friend of hers, and they appointed a day for that purpose. And by this time Masi declared that his engagements made it imperatively necessary for him to tear himself away.

## CHAPTER XXII.

IN due course Nina Guarini made her visit to Mrs. Higgins, and in her quiet way she soon formed a pretty correct judgment of that lady. But Nina found her knowledge of English people and English ways by no means sufficient to enable her to interpret Joshua Higgins as glibly as she interpreted his wife.

"You know Rome already, Madame Higgins?" said Nina after the first greetings had been exchanged.

"Oh dear yes!" answered Mrs. Higgins, in a tone expressive of the most profound and intimate acquaintance with the Eternal City. (She had been in Rome once for eight days, including an excursion to Naples, with a flock of tourists driven through Europe by contract.)

"And I suppose you will be able to play *cicerone* to your husband?"

"No, ma'am, no," interposed Mr. Higgins, with dignity. "My wife don't play anything; and if she did, I've something else to do than to listen to her. In my country, ma'am, we're busy—occupied. It is different in Italy, I am led to understand. More play than work here, ma'am."

"I hope you don't dislike the Italians, Mr. Higgins," said Nina, with her pretty, subtle smile.

"I can't say I do, ma'am, having seen so very little of them," answered Mr. Higgins, naively.

"Ah, that is very just! You shall give me your opinion by-and-by, will you not?"

Mr. Higgins took this demand quite literally, and made answer that he should be happy to impart his opinion to Madame Guarini as soon as he had formed it; and that in point of fact, he had made that long journey partly to gratify his wife's desire to have his opinion of Rome.

"Ah!" exclaimed Nina in a tone of considerable surprise. Then with a sudden light of comprehension in her face, she said, "I see. You are, then, a student of Roman archaeology."

"Not at all, ma'am," answered Uncle Joshua, as contemptuously as though she had accused him of devoting his time to Berlin wool work. "Not at all. But Rome is a place that there has been a good deal of talk about, one way or another. It is what may be called a celebrated place, ma'am. Many persons have cried it up in my presence. But you will understand that that kind of thing doesn't make much impression on a man of my time of life, and with my experience of the world. My wife, for instance, was quite carried away in her descriptions of Rome. The female mind is naturally more easily carried away than ours, owing to a want of ballast, or—since I am talking to a foreigner—I may put it more plainly as brains."

"And you might add, Mr. Higgins, by being more sensitive and delicate," put in his wife.

"Very true, Jane Higgins. Sensitiveness and delicacy are appropriate to the female character."

"Our dear Violet, your niece, is very fond of Rome," said Nina.

"And Rome is very fond of her,—at least that little bit of Rome which knows her. She is sweet and charming."

"She is, ma'am," assented Uncle Joshua graciously.

"Such a clear, candid nature."

"That, ma'am, runs in my family. The Higginses always hated a lie."

This statement, so far as it concerned himself, was true. Joshua Higgins would have unhesitatingly rejected the most flattering praises if he had thought them to be lies, and would have despised the flatterer. And he would equally have admitted any verdict adverse to his own consummate wisdom, could he have believed it. But then, knowing himself to be so extremely sagacious, such an excellent man of business, so fair a dealer, so steady a church-goer, so liberal a master, so hospitable a host, so generally judicious, experienced, respectable, and respected, it would have seemed to him mere wrong-headed perversity to doubt the sincerity of persons who affirmed those facts, or to credit with veracity those who denied them.

"And what chiefly interests you in Rome, madame?" asked Nina, mindful of her resolution to ingratiate herself if possible with Violet's new aunt. "Are you most fond of antiquities or pictures, or churches, or scenery? The English are admirers of scenery."

"Oh, I adore scenery, and pictures, and churches, and catacombs, and I am particularly fond of those coloured worsted-work aprons, something like crewel samplers in the days of my—such as I have seen worked by my mamma, sold by these women in peasant costumes. And statues," added Mrs. Higgins, with a sudden reminiscence of the table of contents in her guide-book.

"Ah, you have a truly catholic taste, madame!"

"Well now, ma'am," broke in Mr. Higgins, "since you have mentioned the word yourself, I will take the opportunity of informing you that I don't approve of the Catholic religion, or rather of the Popish religion, for we believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and there it stands in plain English in our Church Service. I don't wish to make you uncomfortable as a member of the Popish religion, which may be suited to foreigners; although," with a burst of conscientiousness as of one unwilling to lead his hearer astray by a weak indulgence, "I can't say that I've noticed it make 'em clean and comfortable in their ways so far as I've gone yet. But I'm bound to tell you that my principles are Church of England staunch to the backbone, and Jane Higgins's are the same."

As to this latter point, by the way, he had never made the slightest inquiry, but had assumed it as confidently as that she washed her face and combed her hair.

"I shall not seek to convert you, Mr. Higgins," said Nina, with a smile. Then, to change the subject, she inquired which of the sights of Rome they had been looking at that day.

"Oh, we have revisited some of my favourite haunts," said Mrs. Higgins. "Entwined with poetic memories, where I was wont to wander in days of yore." Mrs. Higgins, when she bore the name of Lucas, had been "personally conducted" through several of the more famous ruins at a smart pace, and conveyed from point to point, together with eleven others of the flock, in a vehicle of the kind familiar to English eyes in connection with school feasts, temperance celebrations, drunken returns from the Derby, and other festive occasions.

"The fact is," said Mr. Higgins, reducing his wife's poetic style to the level of prose, "we have been inspecting the Forum,

the Coliseum, and the Baths of Carrycallo." And here Mr. Higgins shook his head.

"Were you not pleased?" asked Nina.

"I will not deceive you, ma'am, I wasn't. Not to any such an extent as I'd been led to believe."

"Oh, but then the associations, Mr. Higgins!" exclaimed his wife. "The poetic memories entwined, you know, Mr. Higgins! Look at Byron, for instance! What poetical opinions he expressed about—a variety of things in Rome!"

"Allow me, if you please, Jane Higgins. Madame Gwarinny was not requiring to hear Lord Byron's opinions,—which so far as I am aware were not of a nature to improve the female mind,—but my opinions.—Well now, ma'am, take the Roman Forum. There's something about it very uncomfortable to an English eye. A want of mellowness, a dustiness, a dryness, a general look of bleached bones and a higgledy-pigglediness about the way the remaining fragments of building stand, which no amount of plans and maps in your guide book can reconcile the English eye to. Nor yet the English intellect."

"The Coliseum?" suggested Nina.

Mr. Higgins again shook his head, but this time rather in sorrow than in anger. "The Coliseum, ma'am," said he, "has been a handsome pile of building in its time. But in its present condition it reminds me of a mouldy old Stilton with three parts of the inside scooped out and a bit of the rind cut away."

"I believe that St. Peter's will please you better, Mr. Higgins," said Nina.

"I hope it may, ma'am; I hope it may," he replied. But he evidently was not sanguine on the subject.

Before the Signora Guarini went away, she engaged the Higgins's to come and spend an evening at her house. "It is quite without ceremony, you know, Madame Higgins," she said. "You must not expect a grand soirée."

"Oh, don't mention it, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Higgins, graciously. "I know that you have very interesting persons at your house. Literary persons. I adore literary persons."

"Humph! I'm afraid a good many of 'em are not very correct in their conduct when you get to know 'em," said Mr. Higgins. "It's an idle kind of life, you see; and 'Satan finds some mischief still,'—as you are no doubt aware, ma'am."

"Idle!" echoed Nina. "My dear sir, I assure you that a literary life is anything but idle for those who live by literature. I have known a good many writers, and most of them worked very hard."

"Ay, ay, they tell you so, ma'am, being a lady; and the female mind being easy of belief—not that I altogether object to that, when confined to the female mind. But you may depend on it, ma'am, that there're mostly a set of idle vagabonds. Writing a book, now!—why, what is it? You just take a quire of paper, a blotting pad, pen, and ink; you set yourself down at your table, and you—and you write your book! Whereas, the seed and corn dealing business, for instance, requires a grasp of mind, a constant attention to the state of the crops and the markets, a knowledge of book-keeping, and a general diligence and activity, that you probably have no idea of. Writing! I'd write half a dozen books easier than I could get through my half-year's business. You just take your quire of paper, your blotting pad, your pen, and your ink; you set yourself down at your table, and—and you write your book."

On the whole, the Signora Guarini had impressed Mr. Higgins favourably. He pronounced her to be unassuming in her manners, and—so far as he could tell from his brief observation of her—pretty fairly intelligent. Mrs. Joshua Higgins, for her part, had bestowed minute attention on their visitor's attire; and resolved to imitate in her very next new gown the cut of a certain tight-fitting jacket which Nina wore, and which was very becoming to her slender figure.

(To be continued)



"MY CHIEF," a little book which we reviewed some two years ago, gave the feelings of one whom Colonel A. W. Durnford had trained up, and who loved him with a loving reverence such as few fathers get because so few deserve it. "A Soldier's Life and Work in South Africa" (S. Low and Co.) is a longer record, put together by his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Durnford, and dedicated to the mother to whom so many of the letters it contains are addressed. It is very sad that because Sir Bartle Frere had Anglo-Indian notions and Sir Theophilus Shepstone was pleased to be the arbiter of peace and war, and also because (when the campaign was begun) "somebody blundered," that so many brave lives, none braver than Colonel Durnford, should have been sacrificed at Isandhwa. About Colonel Durnford's relations with Langalibalele and the Putini tribe, and his share in the stampede of the Giant's Castle Pass, all so bitterly debated at the time, there is now not the shadow of suspicion. He was right, just as he was at Isandhwa. In these days of military toadyism, the life of one who well deserves Bayard's motto has a special value.

Of very different calibre is "With a Show Through Southern Africa" (Tinsley). Mr. Charles Du Val's adventures have nothing heroic about them, unless his passage of the Modder river, in a slung box, on a wire rope, the motive power being Kaffirs pulling at the hauling gear, is held to rise to that dignity. But they are amusingly told, and throw much light on society in the Transvaal and its neighbourhood. He has a good opinion of the Boers (how many different opinions there are of that interestingly perplexing people!); it seems based on the fact that they have been much put upon by disreputable English on their way to and from the diamond-fields, and also on the circumstance that our author got a rebate of 30. per cent. off the price of a horse after treating its owner to a Dutch version of "The Little Wee Dog." He was disappointed in Bishop Colenso; expecting an apostle of the sledge-hammer school, he found a preacher "elegant, poetical, refined, but—with a delivery weak and suggestive of weariness." President Brand he prefers to very many English officials with whom he has come in contact. On the much-veiled native question he says, fairly enough: "The colonial anti-Kaffir does as much harm by his ill-treatment of the native races as the Exeter Hall sympathiser does by his petting." The Boer War was hardly the time for a show; but Mr. Du Val made the best of it, and his two volumes are lively and readable from beginning to end.

M. Charnes was in Egypt before Tel-el-Kebir; but no doubt he still believes that "the conquest of Egypt by the French is one of the most marvellous military epochs of history." His book is heavily handicapped. French travels with their enforced jauntiness, their affectation of omniscience, their teaching by innuendo, are just bearable in the original; but, when we come on phrases like "Mahometan uncompromising, Amru replied to him: 'We will convert you, or, &c.' we feel that even the very spirited account of the Dosseh and the Hassan and Hussein anniversary can hardly stand against such a translation. The really valuable part in "Five Months in Egypt" (Bentley) is the author's testimony to the working of the Capitulations. The young Frank scoundrel who, under the nose of the police, was throwing stones at the Esbekieh lake swans, and the Frenchman who, wanting a hen-house, established a right

to a bit of ground in the street by laying on it a heap of building-materials, the authorities complacently pulling down a native house across the way that traffic might not be impeded, reminds us of About's "Ahmed le Fellah." M. Charnes (who, by the way, threatens another volume) has a few hits at England. We hope we have not, "with the pretext of stopping the slave-trade," monopolised the sale of ivory in the Soudan.

That Mr. Skelton's "Defence of Mary Stuart" went out of print a few weeks after it was written shows the interest still taken in the guilt or innocence of Mr. Froude's "beautiful panther." The preface to the "Essays in History and Biography" (Blackwood), among which this "defence" is republished, contains two brief notes from Mr. Froude, in which, while still holding to the "Casket Letters," he acknowledges how skilfully Mr. Skelton has dealt with other matters. The guilt or innocence will always be matter of opinion. It's all very well to say that Walsingham had plenty more evidence in the background. Evidence was easily made to order in those days. The rest of Mr. Skelton's Essays are well worth reading. He holds the balance true as to Dryden and the dedication system. Dedications, about which Macaulay is so needlessly bitter, were only a *tour de force*. He is right in the very high estimate he takes of Walpole; as well as in saying of the *Noctes Ambrosianae* that, if Shakespeare had had to write of Falstaff every month for twenty years, even he would have found it hard to keep up the fun. Few of us know that Marshal Keith's statue, presented to Peterhead by the King of Prussia, was a compliment to Carlyle; and perhaps it is news to some (though we remember a like remark in Alison's "Autobiography") that the Queen believes in Mary Stuart, and was glad to have her convictions strengthened by Mr. Skelton's volume.

Of all the strange ways of explaining the first chapter of Genesis, we never met a stranger than Major Sedgwick's in "Light, the Dominant Force of the Universe" (Sampson Low). The author must be a Manichee, compulsive force or light being his good, repulsive his evil agency. He is not rhetorical, but strictly argumentative; and the dabbler in unsound theology who seeks support from him will soon find himself dazed in a vortex of epiblast and cellulose, and heptoxide and cyanogen. We recommend readers to begin with Chapter VI., which contains a very sober and careful description of the mode in which life, vegetable and animal, is formed. Those who are fond of speculating will be pleased to learn that out of the cell Major Sedgwick gets the fallen angels, the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice, and a heaven where there shall be no more sea. The introduction ought to be re-written. Like Ulysses, as he is described in Homer, Major Sedgwick hesitates at the outset; and his opening sentences are so involved that some might be tempted to throw the book aside altogether.

Every woman has her pet parson, and few men will agree as to who ought and who ought not to form part of a gallery of "Our Bishops and Clergy" (*Home Words* Office). We are glad to find the late Mr. Serjeant, of St. Mary's, Fulham; but we are puzzled at the absence of the new Archbishop and of the Bishop-designate of Turin. Surely each of these, before his advancement, had proved himself at least as notable a man as many of those here figured.

Blackwood's "Philosophical Classics" series continues to maintain its high character. "Hamilton," by Dr. Veitch, Logic and Rhetoric Professor at Glasgow, does not fall short of any of the other volumes. Sir William's early life, so full of interest, is wisely treated of at considerable length; but his transcendental method, his relations to Kant and Berkeley and Schelling, receive due attention. Of course Mill, Hamilton's great opponent, comes well to the front; but we think more should have been said of Dr. Mansel when "The Unconditioned" was under discussion.

Few books have ever left on our mind a greater sense of the writer's fairness than Mr. Allanson Picton's "Oliver Cromwell" (Cassell). Carlyle's book, like his "French Revolution," presupposes some acquaintance with the subject; and a better introduction to Carlyle than Mr. Picton we think it would be hard to imagine. A thorough Liberal, Mr. Picton points out where, for better or worse, modern Liberalism departs from Cromwellian ideas. As to Ireland especially the difference is great. Mr. Picton holds that "Cromwell's cruel violence there is the darkest blot on his fame as a soldier;" and this is the more remarkable as he believes the wild tales with which the Londoners' imagination was fed about the "Rebellion of 1641." The major-generals he calls "a kind of home rule of the despotic sort." He fully agrees with "John Inglesant" that they were unbearable; and one wonders whether the Restoration was more due to "inveterate love of that God-forsaken family the Stuarts," or to hatred of their meddling tyranny. Cromwell prevented the Parliamentary party from becoming a fierce rabble like that of Münster; and his work as statesman as well as general is carefully as well as impartially estimated in these pages. Of course Mr. Picton goes to John Forster for facts not known to Carlyle; but he rejects the "Squire Papers"—he cannot satisfy himself of their genuineness.

All Irishmen who love their country, and all candid Englishmen, ought to welcome Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's little volume—"An Outline of Irish History" (Chatto and Windus). Those who want to know how it has come about that, as John Stuart Mill long ago pointed out, all cries for the remedy of specific Irish grievances are now merged in the dangerous demand for nationality, will do well to read Mr. McCarthy's little book. It is a shameful story for Englishmen to dwell upon; and though only too familiar to all who have paid more than a superficial attention to the Irish question, it is well that the tale should thus be briefly retold for those large masses who have but the dimmest idea of the long chain of events which has led to the present condition of things in Ireland. Mr. McCarthy's book is eloquently written, and carries us from the earliest legends (recounted in an introductory chapter full of colour and movement) to the autumn of 1882. The charm of the style and the impetuosity in the flow of the narrative are refreshing and stimulating, and, as regards historic impartiality, Mr. McCarthy is far more just than is Mr. Froude in his bulky volumes of special pleading which pass muster as a history of the English in Ireland.

There is genuine power of the stormy kind in "My Heart and I," by Elinor Hume (Richard Bentley and Son). It is a tale of strong passions—love, jealousy, remorse—told passionately by one of the chief characters; and he would be indeed an experienced novel-reader who could foresee the turnings of the plot, and a *blase* one who, having begun the book, could lay it aside unfinished. Miss Hume wins her triumph simply by her power of character-drawing, which is considerable, and well within her control. Lovers of emotional fiction will enjoy the book thoroughly.

"Batting and Bowling, with Hints on Fielding and Wicket-Keeping," by R. Gordon Barlow (G. G. Bussey and Co., Peckham), is a modest and thoroughly trustworthy little book by a good player. Young cricketers may learn much from it.—In "The Russian Railway to Herat and India" (W. H. Allen and Co.) Mr. Charles Marvin once more urges his well-known views on the Central Asian question. This pamphlet is merely a reprint of an article in the *Morning Post*. The importance of the article, however, well excuses its republication. Mr. Marvin prints also an interesting letter from M. Vambéry, and a sketch-map makes clear the arguments urged in the text.—A very compact and readable account of "Our New Colony, Fiji" (Mortgage and Agency Company of Australasia), is given by Mr. H. Stonehewer Cooper. Mr. Cooper knows the colony well, and he has the art of putting his matter into a very small space.—Among the books before us are:—"A Crown of Flowers," being poems and pictures collected

from the *Girls' Own Paper* (Religious Tract Society), a suitable present for young children; a fifth edition of Mr. Isaac Pitman's admirable "Phonetic Dictionary of the English Language" (F. Pitman); and yet another of those social plagues, the birthday-book. This is the "Illustrated Shakespeare Birthday-Book" (George Routledge and Sons).

"The Record of the University Boat Race, 1829—1880, and of the Commemoration Dinner, 1881," compiled by Messrs. G. G. T. Treherne and J. H. D. Goldie (Bickers and Son) is a solid and interesting work. The compilers have been at great pains to make their record accurate and complete, and the result is a history of the famous boat race from its small beginnings. Messrs. Treherne and Goldie's book will be warmly received by all old boating men of both universities, and it cannot fail to be appreciated by that large public which interests itself in aquatic sport. The volume is handsomely bound and well printed, and it is enriched with several interesting engravings.

In view of the forthcoming holidays, Messrs. Sparagnapane and Co., of 49, Milton Street, E.C., have laid some Easter Eggs of an extremely tasteful character.



## II.

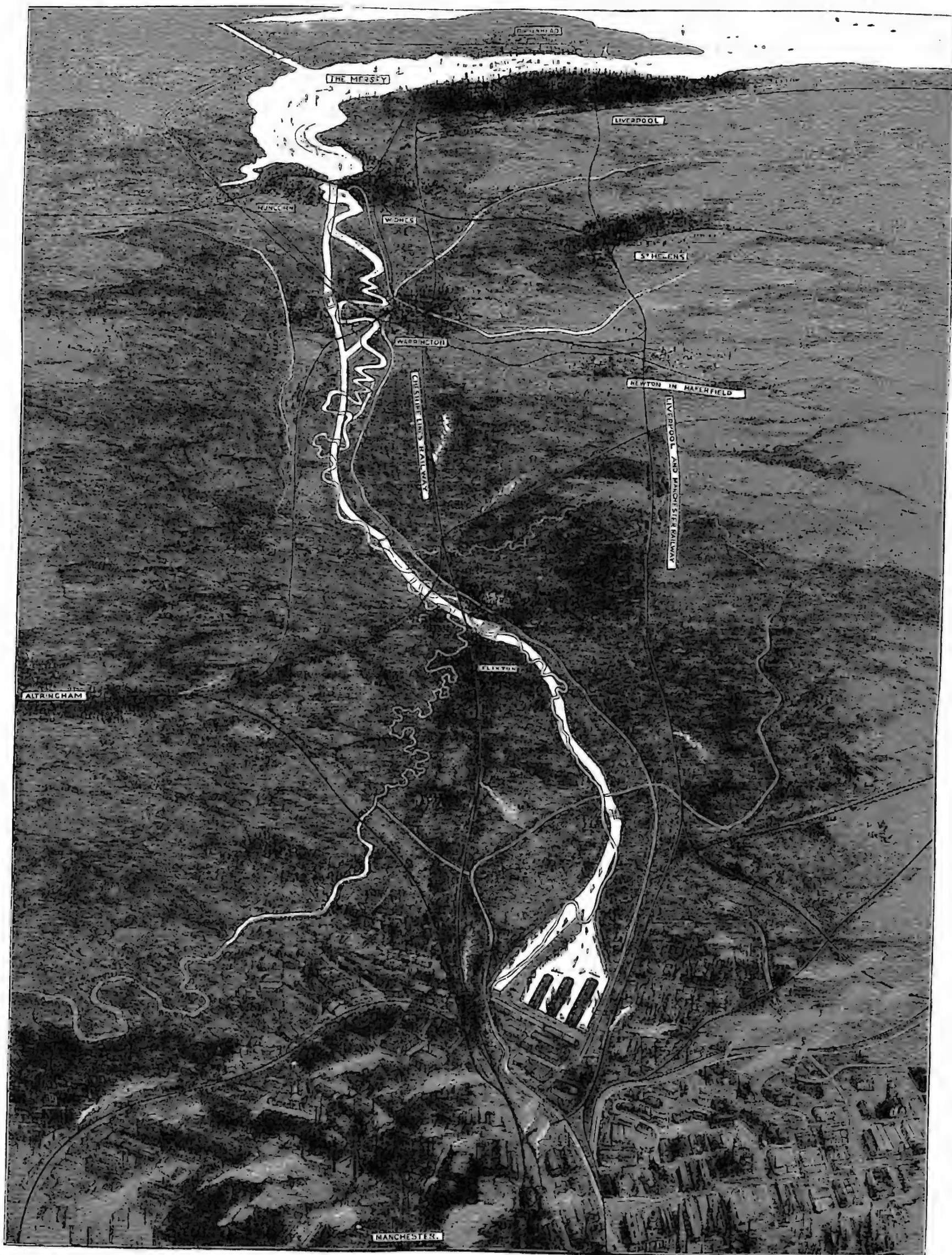
Two striking articles in the *North American*, Mr. Henry George's "Influence of Money at Elections," and Mr. Julian's "Railway Influence at the Land-Office," throw a strong, though possibly exaggerated, light on the dangerous power which capitalists can exercise over political action in the United States. No candidate, according to Mr. George, can hope nowadays to succeed unless he is prepared to spend large sums, or "mortgage his official acts." The party wire-pullers will none of him, nor the electors either; and this universal tendency is more strongly marked in districts where the electors are "native Americans,"—in Columbia for instance, or in Long Island, where nine-tenths of the voters are of the old colonial stock—than in the cosmopolitan Far West, or among the masses of New York City. "How many voters are there?" asked a candidate in one of these pure-blooded Yankee townships. "Four hundred." "And how many 'floaters'?" i.e., purchasable. "Four hundred." In one election the winner, a Democrat, spent 150,000 dollars; the loser, a Republican, half that sum. Fortunately for the latter, his party was in power, and he was recouped for his losses by a Commissionership, while his brother got "a contract for soldiers' tomb-stones." "No one thought of sending either candidate to the Penitentiary;" though one at least must have perjured himself when taking the oaths. Legislative enactments would probably do away with the printing of tickets, the hired halls, the banners, and the "treating," which prevent poor men from coming forward, though "no improvement of political machinery will suffice of itself to give a pure Government." But it is high time, if Mr. George be right, for Americans to bestir themselves. "That we are driving towards oligarchy and Caesarism in a new form may be seen by whoever will look." Mr. Julian shows in detail how railway companies have gradually abused the privilege of State grants until, *per fas et nefas*, they have acquired over "200 million acres of the people's patrimony;" in some cases without fulfilling the conditions of constructing any new line at all. "The commercial greed of these great corporations, reinforced by great landed estates, threatens the subjugation of the people." The feudal landlord of the Old World is being replaced by the associated capitalists of the New.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is a very strong number. Longfellow's posthumous tragedy of "Michael Angelo" reaches, in its third act, a higher degree of elevation than in either of the former two. The weary Titan is now alone with his great work; his native Florence has become hateful to him; his dearest friends, Vittoria Colonna, Fra Bastian, the good Valori, Philippo Strozzi, are dead or murdered; life has become to him "an empty theatre," and the dome of the Basilica "is my own tomb that I am building."—In a warmly eulogistic critique of "Tommaso Salvini," as the greatest living interpreter of Shakespeare (read by the light of "an Italian imagination") Mr. Henry James takes pleasure in contrasting the conditions under which Salvini performed at Boston—without scenery or "support," like Garrick playing to country audiences by the light of a few tallow candles—with a Shakespearean comedy now upon the London boards, "which is the last word of picture-making on the London stage."

In the *Gentleman's*, Mr. R. A. Proctor endeavours to connect the "Great Sun-Spot" of last November with the disturbance of the solar atmosphere caused by the approach of the comet. Sir John Herschel long ago was inclined to attribute the accelerated rotation of the sun's equatorial regions to the impact of meteoric matter on its surface; and, though this opinion seems hardly supported by sufficient evidence, there is room to think that comets themselves, and the meteors in their train, must exercise some influence on the solar photosphere. The comet of 1843, which, like last year's, almost grazed the sun, was similarly followed by the appearance of an enormous sun-spot.

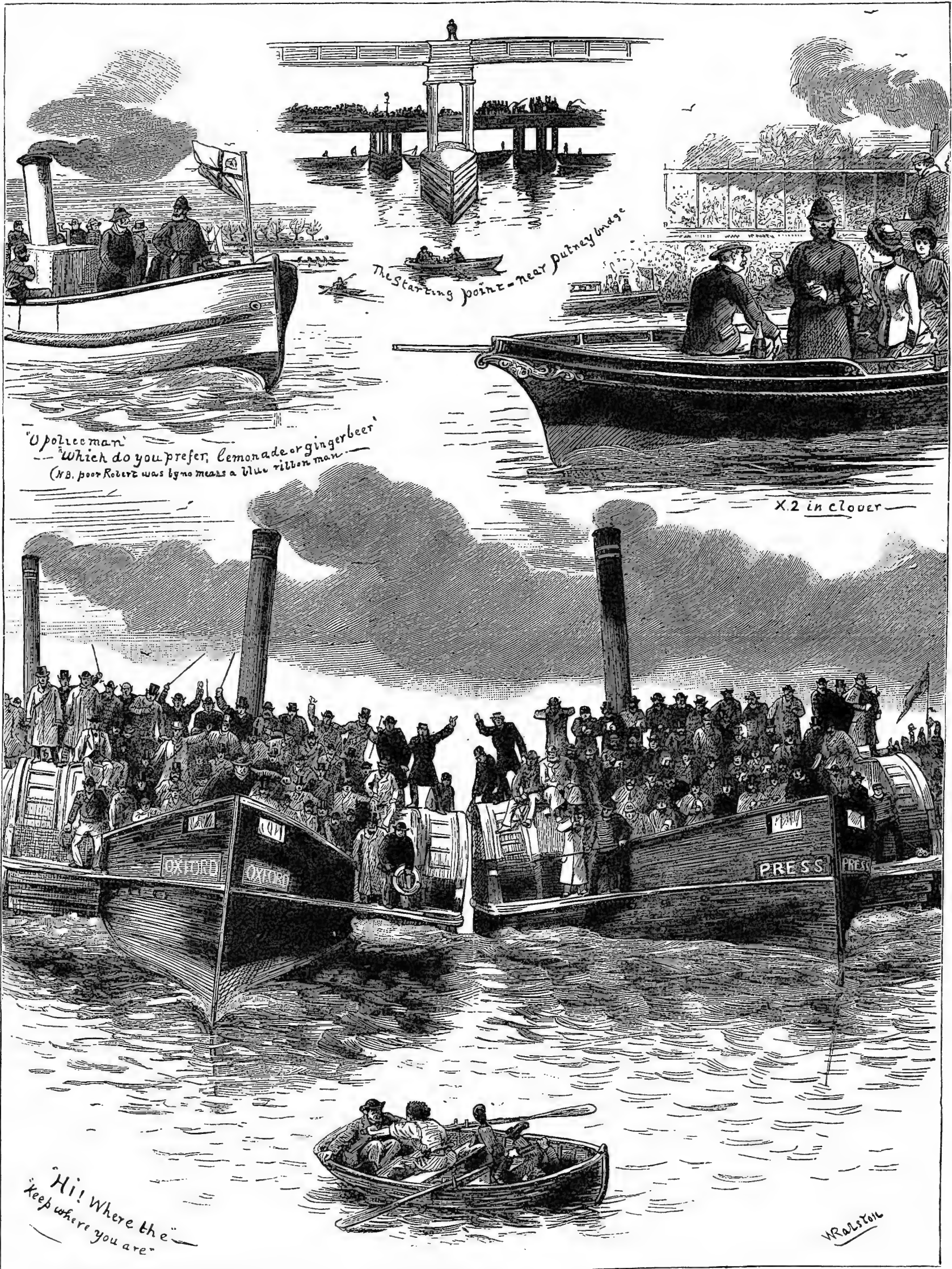
In *London Society* and in *Belgravia* fiction reigns supreme, though relieved in the former by the ever-fresh "Anecdote Corner" and a readable article on "French Cookery."—In the *Argosy* are some pretty sketches of Santiago de Compostella, the chief show-place in the neighbourhood of Arosa Bay, the terminus last year of the "Cruise of the Reserve Squadron."—In *Colburn*, another chapter from the not unamusing "Historic Records of the Household Cavalry."—In *Modern Thought*, a paper by Dr. Carter Blake on "Professor Owen," and his attitude towards the advocates of evolution by Selection.—In the *Irish Monthly*, a curious report of an "Irish Session, A.D. 1763," and in the *Sunday at Home*, an interesting paper on mission work among "the Fishermen of the North Sea."—We have also to acknowledge Hardwick's *Science Gossip* and *Le Follet*.

*Le Livre*, a monthly magazine devoted to European literature, and published in Paris, is well worth the attention of *littérateurs* who are sufficiently cognisant of French to read its pages. It is particularly noteworthy this month for an admirable article on that curious old work of the fifteenth century so eagerly sought after by all bibliophiles, the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili." A concise sketch of Francesco Colonna's "Curious Dream" is given, together with some reproductions of the original sketches. A new French translation of the book, it should be mentioned, by M. Claude Popelin, is in the press. Other articles treat of the eccentric poet Gerard de Nerval, and of the well-known publisher, M. Alfred Mame, while there are no end to the reviews of French and foreign works—amongst which, by the way, is an interesting monthly survey of English literature by Mr. Joseph Knight. Of minor articles, we should mention an account of the municipal libraries of Paris—one to each of the twenty arrondissements—at which a workman, by simply giving his name and address, can obtain any book in the library, and, what is more, take it home with him. It is gratifying to hear that this privilege is never abused. Advocates of the much-opposed Free Libraries should take heart by this. Moreover, there are also seventeen "mutual benefit" libraries for technical study, at which, by subscribing six francs per annum, a man can obtain the loan of expensive technical works beyond the reach of most purses.



THE PROPOSED MANCHESTER SHIP-CANAL

The Manchester Ship-Canal is estimated to cost between 5,000,000*l.* and 6,000,000*l.* It will be fifty miles long from the sea to the Manchester Docks, and the engineers believe that the work could be finished in four years. The rivers Irwell and Mersey would be partly utilised for the New Canal, which will join the estuary of the Mersey at Runcorn. From that place a low-water channel must be dredged for ten miles in the quicksands of the estuary of the Mersey to connect the inland canal with the sea. The promoters of the scheme claim that it will enormously stimulate the trade, not only of Manchester and Salford, with their population of 400,000, but of the whole of Lancashire. On the other hand, the Canal will be strongly opposed by several railway companies, whose levels will have to be altered if the Canal is to be made.



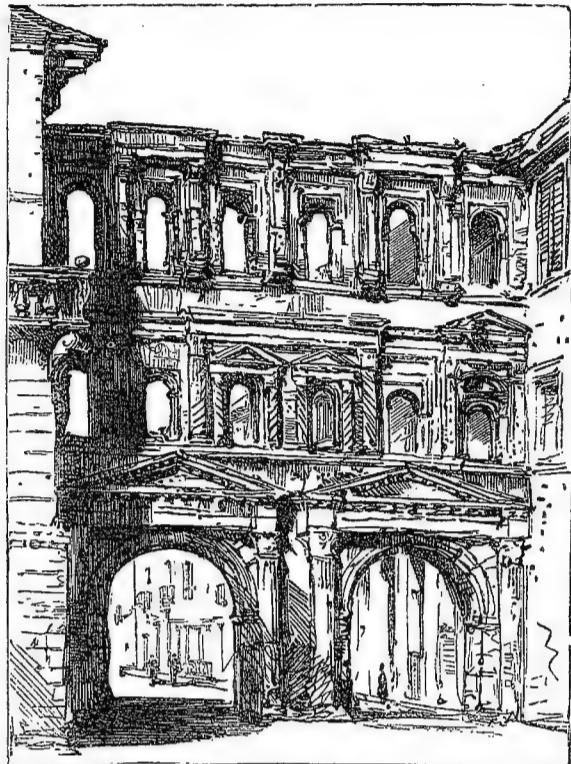
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE

## IN THE CITY OF VERONA

Come, go with me,  
—trudge about  
Through fair Verona.—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Few people can read or witness the play of *Romeo and Juliet* without feeling a keen interest in "fair Verona," where the hero and heroine were born and died, where their story is familiar to high and low, and their tragic fate is still sung in soft flowing Italian verse, and wept over by modern Romeos and Juliets, whose loves, it is to be hoped, will have a happier ending than theirs.

Verona is one of the most picturesque of the beautiful old cities of Italy. It has wide handsome streets, where breadths of sunshine lie, and deep shadows lurk, quite irregular in plan, turning and twisting, ending always in one of two centres. The chief of these is the "Piazza Brà," where is the "Arena," the outer wall of which was never completed. The inside has been so repeatedly chipped and restored that it has quite a new appearance, rendering it much



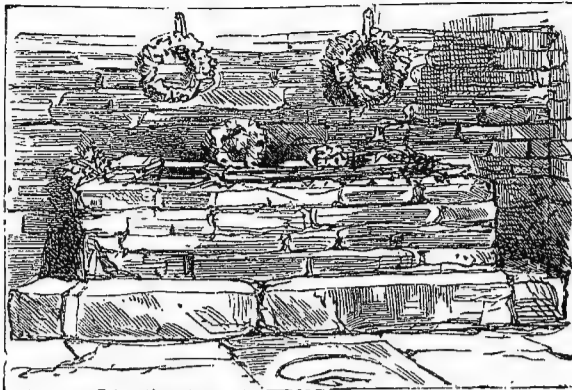
Roman Gate—Porta Bosari

less imposing than the Coliseum at Rome, or the remains of other amphitheatres elsewhere. The centre of the Arena generally has a theatre erected in it, for modern plays and various entertainments. In this Piazza is also the "Porta Brà," with a pentagonal tower of defence. The other centre is the roomy "Piazza delle Erbe," where the daily market is held. Here the vendors sit under the shade of colossal white umbrellas, and may be taken at first sight for a small army of gregarious artists. Uniformity has not been observed in this old town in the architecture of the houses, no two are alike in height or style; one palace advances several feet on the pavement, another recedes as much, whilst sudden bits of arcaded streets, at unexpected places, come in with fine effect. The deep red Verona marble prevails everywhere, and gives a rich tone of colour to the buildings. Unfortunately a municipal decree has gone forth for a general plastering, painting, and whitewashing, whereby many precious frescoes that decorated the outside of buildings are covered over, if not entirely destroyed.

In the general renovation and putting new faces on old houses, two have been passed over, the one once owned by the Capulets, and that of Romeo's family. These are left much in their original state. A deep archway leads from the street into the courtyard of the house where Juliet lived, which is now used as public stables for horses that bring the market carts to town. Round the court decrepit wooden balconies rise one above the other, and small windows open on to them from the densely-populated rooms, where voices of women and children, by no means dulcet, mingle with the rougher tones of the ostlers below. The smell and dirt can be realised only by one who knows anything of stable management in Italy. The old coat of arms, of the hat, over the archway, leaves no doubt that this was, indeed, the Palace of the Capulets. A tablet, inserted on the outside of it, is inscribed, "Queste furono le case dei Capuleti, donde uscì la Giulietta per cui tanto piansero i cuori gentile e i poeti cantarono. —Secoli 13 e 14 e v." ("This was the house of the Capulets, from whence came Juliet, for whom mourned gentle hearts, and of whom the poets sang.") By a curious coincidence a "Cappellaio," or hatter, has a shop directly opposite. A sweeter and more peaceful spot is the garden, through which we go to the burial-place of the Capulets, outside the walls. It is the season when the vines are setting their fruit, and scent the air with their fragrance, and we pass the whole length of the garden under a "pergola" over which they are festooned. The sarcophagus, said to have once contained the body of the dead Juliet, has been removed from the vaults, and placed in a small chapel, where it is shown to strangers, many of whom have left remembrances of *immortelles* and bouquets of flowers.

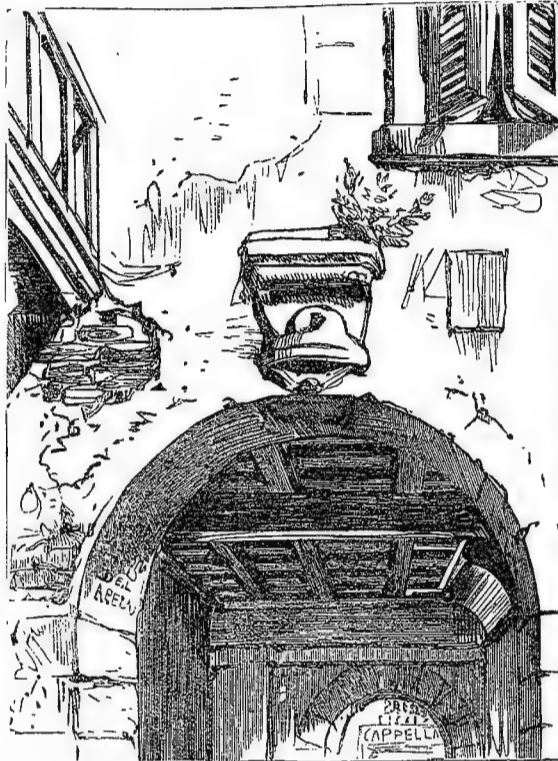
The house of Romeo is about ten minutes' walk from his lover's. The courtyard of it is also used for stables, and an imposing red marble staircase leads from the lovely old gates to the upper storeys, now let out in poor tenements. It would be no stretch of imagination to attribute the date of the enormous cobwebs, hanging from rafters ceiling, doors, and walls in the court, to the time when Romeo trod these very marbles to go to the palace of his traditional enemy and visit fair Juliet. Some of the windows look into the enclosure, railed in with rare old beaten iron-work, containing the tombs of that powerful family, Della Scala, or Scaligeri, who were Lords of Verona from 1262 to 1389. The most distinguished of this family, Can Grande I.—whose effigy on horseback is placed on his tomb, no bad model for the present days of degenerate design for like statues—gave shelter and protection at his Court to

Dante and others of the Ghibelline faction when exiled from Florence. The statue in white marble of the immortal poet was



Juliet's Tomb

placed (1865) in the handsome old square, formerly called "La Piazza dei Signori," now "Dante." Here the Scaligeri had their palaces, and, in a narrow street leading from it, is an old well, with two antique marble columns at each side. They belonged, it is thought, to a pagan temple that once existed near here. A dark archway to the left of the well is surmounted with the ominous



Juliet's House

inscription, "Mastino della Scala, eletto Podesta nel 1260, Capitano del Popolo nel 1261, cude ucciso a tradimento per odio privato li Ottobre 1277, presso questo volto, da ciò detto Barbaro." "Mastino della Scala, elected Mayor 1260, and Captain of the People 1261, fell treacherously murdered for private revenge October, 1277, near this arch, afterwards called 'Barbarous.'" Scaramello Scaramelli

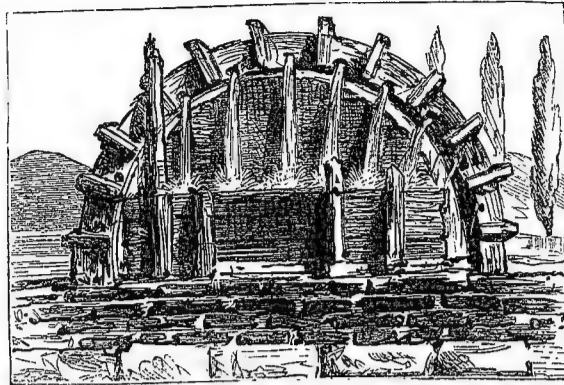


Courtyard, Romeo's House

was the assassin, whose motive was to vindicate the honour of his niece, who was insulted by Mastino.

The power that the Scaligeri once held in Verona is evident at every turn. The "Castel Vecchio" (now used as barracks) was erected by Can Grande II., who also spanned the rapid Adige with the noble bridge for a means of communication from the Castle to the opposite banks. They are both of red brick, and the bridge has withstood the destructive floods that often sweep down with disastrous effect on less well built structures. Picturesque mills are moored all the length of the river, where the motive power of the rapid current is utilised for turning the machinery to grind flour, sumach, &c.

There are numerous great wooden wheels slowly turning round and round, raising the water, used for various purposes, at each revolution by an old and simple method. An inscription on the "Porta Bosari" proves that this fine entrance was already old when the



A Water Wheel

walls of Gallieumane were built at each side of it, A.D. 265. These walls have long ago disappeared, together with the inner portion of the gateway. The double tiers of windows are uncommon, and were possibly designed to make the defence easier.

The Duomo, erected in the eighth century, has from time to time been altered. An "Assumption," by Titian, in one of the side chapels, is painted in his best manner, and well preserved. Elaborate sculptures of historical and symbolical subjects decorate the west entrance. Two huge griffins of Verona marble support some elegant twisted columns, and a warrior in relief at either side of the door represent the two Paladins, "Roland and Oliver." In the church of St. Anastasia—a fine Gothic building of the thirteenth century—are two curious supports for each "Pila," or holy

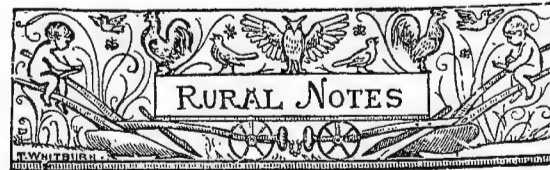


Gobbo at St. Anastasia's Church

water basins, at either side of the nave. They go by the name of the "Gobbi," or hunchbacks, and their resemblance to human beings is a little startling on first entering the dimly lighted church from the bright sunshine without. Their clothing is grey, the hands, feet, and faces white marble. The "Gobbo" with date, A.D. MDXCI., is the work of Battista Rossi, who was a painter as well as a sculptor, but the other is the more interesting because the work of Gabriel Calari, the father of Paolo Veronese. Several chapels in the transepts have fine examples of scroll work in marble, very fanciful in design and free in treatment. The shield with ladders is found on each side of the lofty choir. It is the coat of arms of the Scaligers, who contributed largely to the building of the church. A singular proof of the vicissitudes of great families is afforded in the fact that the last of this House died in May, 1882, in extreme poverty. Guiseppe Mastino, Marquis and Count della Scala, followed the humble calling of a cobbler in an obscure street in the city adorned with palaces and monuments of his rich ancestors. The last of this famous race was buried in a pauper's grave, thus, the ladder—their emblem—is made to be ascended, but once attain the highest step the descent is inevitable, in some cases rapid, in others slow.

The most interesting and beautiful church in Verona is undoubtedly the Basilica of St. Zeno, with its marble *basso-relievi* of sacred and profane story sculptured on façade and portal. The date of its erection is uncertain; but the Campanile was commenced 1045. The ponderous wood doors are covered with plates of beaten bronze in *alto-relievo* of earlier date than those of Monreale or Pisa, but more roughly executed than either. They are attributed to Flemish artists. The *comp d'ail* on entering the interior is most charming in the soft colouring and noble proportions of the building. The walls, at one time covered with frescoes, have still remains of them, the earliest dating from the eleventh century. Steps lead from the door to the nave, where, at the end, more steps descend into the crypt. The roof of this is above the level of the pavement of the church, and a further ascent ends in the spacious choir, raised several feet from the nave, directly over the crypt. The capitals of the pillars are each different. A huge basin, one entire piece of porphyry, formerly stood outside the church, used, it is said, for the ablutions of the faithful before entering the sacred building. It now stands inside, near to the graceful "Pila" of the eighteenth century. St. Zeno has recently been restored, but with care to preserve the original details as far as possible. The beautiful old ceiling in wood, in the sacristy, is untouched, and in fair condition. Another good specimen of a wood ceiling will be found in the church of St. Fermò Maggiore; but the rest of that church has been renovated in most questionable taste, the introduction of classic decoration completely spoiling the original Gothic.

M. JOHNSTON



THE ENGLISH CART-HORSE SOCIETY have been discussing an union with Scotch breeders, but Mr. Nedene Street seemed to have the meeting with him when he said that it would be a sign of weakness to invite such an union. The members of the English Cart-Horse Society believed they had got the best animal in the world, and, that being so, they ought to stick to it. He was quite willing to acknowledge that there were good qualities in the Scotch horse; they had taught the English breeders a lesson—good feet, legs, and pasterns; but then, weight, substance, strength, and character they had derived from the English horse, which remained the finest stock. Mr. Pole Gell, in advocating amalgamation, said that it would be a great advantage to have one Stud Book for the whole of Great Britain, as we could then beat the whole world. If we had a joint Stud Book the Scotch would have to prove the purity of their Clydesdales' blood. No vote was taken upon the matter at issue.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have been discussing foot-and-mouth disease, and Sir Matthew White Ridley has collected statistics showing that there are nearly twelve thousand animals affected in the various English counties. In the case of pleuro-

pneumonia, he said he believed it to be very nearly possible to prevent the importation of that disease by slaughtering at the port of debarkation; but it was different with foot-and-mouth-disease, which was so very contagious and so easily spread that very little good came of slaughtering at the port. After explaining further the seriousness of the crisis, both as regards the public supply of meat and as regards the agriculturist, he moved that the Prime Minister be asked to receive a deputation from the Society. The motion was seconded and unanimously adopted, though what special good is to come of this action Sir M. W. Ridley failed to state. The disease is now in the country, and the Privy Council is doing its best to put it down.

**COLLEGES OF AGRICULTURE.**—"In Germany there are more Colleges of Agriculture than there are students in England." So we are told by a daily journal and by a member of Parliament, but neither of these authorities will find it easy to get over the fact that England is better farmed than Germany, and yields more per acre of almost every crop grown. With forestry a more serious case is made out, for while we have Downton and Cirencester for agriculture, we have no college or school of forestry whatsoever. Englishmen appointed to superintend forests in India and the Colonies have to go to France or Germany to obtain necessary instruction. This branch of technical education has certainly suffered an extraordinary neglect. The Institute of Agriculture recently established is a movement in the right direction, but a Ministry of Agriculture is needed for the proper organisation of agricultural and forestal colleges.

**FURZE FOR BEDDING**—for quadrupeds, of course—is strongly recommended by Mr. Crawford, the English Consul for Northern Portugal. Furze cut for litter in its third year, when about three feet high, is used on most of the Portuguese farms. The prickly character of furze would appear to be a slight objection, but the thorns seem soon to be worn off by the hoofs of the treading cattle. The semiligneous structure of the furze plant causes it to absorb liquids more quickly and thoroughly than the hard cane-like stalks of straw. This, together with a certain antiseptic quality which is claimed for the furze plant, results in a furze-littered stall presenting no noticeable escape of ammoniacal gases. In fact Portuguese stables have little of the ordinary English cow-house smell.

**THE IMPERIAL ACREAGES** of wheat, oats, and barley are now made up from the returns of 187 market towns instead of 150 as heretofore. Several markets have been dismarketed as far as Government requirements go, but their attractions to farmers and millers will certainly not be diminished by reason of the withdrawal of that inquisition which farmers selling at the Government markets are subject to under very heavy penalties. The county in which most new markets are scheduled is York, that in which most places have been dismarketed is Cornwall. In the Eastern Counties some very arbitrary changes have been made, Aylsham and Thetford, for instance, escaping the schedule, while Eye and Halesworth are newly placed thereon. In Berkshire two important markets hitherto unscheduled have now returns required of them.

**THE CENTAL.**—The advocates of uniformity in weights and measures are again stirring, and they are pressing forward a Bill in Parliament making compulsory the standard of 100lb., known as the cental. Uniformity is theoretically desirable perhaps, but the local standards known as bushels, coombs, stones, quarters, bolls, and so forth, are well understood in the districts using them, and inflict no injury or even trouble except upon outsiders to the locality who, coming in as purchasers, can generally manage to do business in a denomination which they understand. Nor does the present variety inflict injury on the larger firms, who consult one of the handy tables sold in the trade, and see at a glance how much 20s. a coomb means in quarters or bushels or centals or bolls.

**APPROACHING SHOWS.**—Implement entries for the Royal Show at York close on the 2nd of April, and for the great Show to be held at Bridgewater, on the 18th April. A fine show of short-horns is expected at Birmingham on the 4th, 5th, and 6th April. Entries for the Shropshire Flock Book close on the 24th of March. The great Horse Show at the Islington Agricultural Hall has been fixed for the 26th of May and five following days, and an important Horse Show will immediately precede this, at the Alexandra Palace, on 18th May and three following days. We understand a short-horn sale is likely to take place in Dorsetshire a week before the Royal Show.

**ENSILAGE IN SCOTLAND.**—The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland having appointed a committee to carry out ensilage experiments with a view of ascertaining the suitability of the soil and climate of Scotland for this system of preserving fodder, a large silo is to be constructed on the estate of Mr. Colin J. Mackenzie, of Portmac, Peebleshire.

**PINK-EYE**, the disease among horses, concerning which we gave some particulars last week, has been very successfully treated by giving a stimulating drink in a pint of strong ale night and morning. Warm clothing should be provided, when the good ventilation, greatly needed, can be allowed in the stable without danger. This, combined with care and good nursing, should bring the horse well through the malady. And the blue ribbon movement not having spread to the equine world, we see no reason why horse owners who have not yet done so should not give the experiment a trial.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—The butchers of Worcester have intimated their intention of offering 10s. as a first prize for the offspring of the best cows, the property of any resident in Worcestershire, and 5s. for the best pen of fat yearling wethers, on the occasion of the Worcestershire Agricultural Society holding its annual Show at Worcester this year. The Local Committee offer 25s. in prizes. It has been decided that no beast shall take a prize in the same class in which it has won the first prize two years in succession.

**SOMERSET.**—Lambing in this county is about half through with the majority of flocks; and, although there are losses and bad luck occurring therein, as is always the case more or less, the reports are pretty favourable, on the whole, when we take into account the extremely wet weather since Michaelmas. During the past six months the rainfall in this county has about equalled the mean average of a year on tables of the past decade.

**THE ISLE OF SKYE** appears to be still the scene of much distress. The people in more than one parish are all but starving. Both oats and potatoes have proved failures as crops in this storm and wind-beaten island, although last year Scotland, as a whole, had good crops of oats and a fair yield of potatoes. The fishing is the third and last hope of Skye, and the results of this of late have been extremely meagre. Hence hundreds of the people have been living upon oatmeal procured on credit at a ruinous price. They are deeply in debt, and have no potatoes or oats to plant for the coming season. The situation is undoubtedly a sad one, and it is to be hoped that aid will be forthcoming both in money and in gifts of seed and potatoes.

**NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.**—A specimen of the common bunting has been shot near Hitchin, in Hertfordshire.—A 20lb. pike has been caught in Welham Water, near Malton, in Yorkshire.—On the 1st of March, when the sun was shining brightly and the air was quite warm, a swarm of bees left the hive, and were duly lived by their owner, Colonel Dickens, of Wolverhampton.—The annual banquet of the Piscatorial Society was a great success, 160 guests assembling. The Chairman stated that the quantity of fish weighed in last year was 1,952 lb., against 1,102 lb. in 1881. This is a most satisfactory advance.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—It must be deemed a bad sign that the

Hamilton Grass Parks at their recent reletting have fallen from a rental of 2,610s. for 1882 to 2,313s. for the present year.—The *Times*, in its agricultural statistics of the United States, published the other day, had a ridiculous mistake with reference to the wheat yield, which was overstated by no less than 50,000,000 qrs. We have waited in vain for the *Times* to correct its own error, and now that several other journals, including the *North British Agriculturist*, have copied it uncorrected, we have to point out that the American Government return for 1882 is—for wheat—502,000,000 bushels, or 62,750,000 qrs. These figures are generally accepted in the corn trade both of England and America.—We take pleasure in announcing that the leading firms for the sale of agricultural machinery in England appear to have agreed upon a simultaneous reduction of from ten to fifteen per cent. in their prices. This should be a substantial aid to the farmer.

### RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT

THE administrative ability required for the management of one of those large restaurants, of which there are now so many in London, is scarcely less than that which must be possessed by the chief of a State department. Few among the public have any conception of the manifold agencies that combine to produce such a simple thing as a luncheon well served. The casual frequenter of restaurants generally knows no more than this—that there are houses which he likes, and others which he avoids after having given them one or two trials. There is the house where it is pleasant to eat; and the house where—possibly in spite of great pretensions to luxury—little faults or omissions shock the man who cares much for comfort. Permanent renown is not easily won by an eating house, but when acquired, it will be found to have proceeded—not from one or two great merits, such as first-rate cooking or a capital cellar—but from the sum of all those qualities which are understood by the words—good management. The good manager is one who acts up to the principle that the public is the most sharp-sighted and exacting of masters. Little *laches* may escape detection in a palace, or if perceived may be overlooked; but the public neither fails to see nor forgives. It was the proprietor of the first Parisian eating-house that took the name of restaurant (from a *potage* thus called), who invented the saying, *Personne n'a de l'esprit comme tout le monde*. Another owner of a famous Parisian house of entertainment, hearing that a waiter had spoken rudely to a customer with a shabby coat, dismissed him with this indignant address: "There are here no shabby coats—there are only stomachs to be gratified, eyes to be made content, and tongues to be coaxed. The customer whom you have annoyed may be a journalist who will splash his ink upon us for years!"

The best-conducted restaurants are those where the manager is at least a part owner; but where a salaried manager is employed, it is indispensable that he should be well paid, and that he should have absolute authority over the cook. This official, however great he may be as a culinary artist, requires supervision as much as the smallest knife-boy; for it is a proved fact that to live in the heated unhealthy atmosphere of a kitchen conduces to great irritability and moroseness. Curb the cook as you may, he will still be difficult to control; but he will be utterly ungovernable if he is allowed to regard himself as the equal of the manager, and to resent any interference with his department as an affront. The kitchen question is a very serious one, and a cause of constant trouble in restaurants where the manager is not a man of firmness and tact; it may be said, indeed, that the manager has to maintain his supremacy in the kitchen by daily and hourly vigilance. Head cooks are generally Frenchmen or Italians, and they almost always try to introduce fellow countrymen, recommended by themselves, to the command of the three chief sections in their department—the roasting, the pastry, and the sauces. They also stipulate, and sometimes make it a *sine quâ non*, that they shall do every item of the marketing. These pretensions have to be resisted. Roasting to suit English tastes is best done by an Englishman; pastry, and especially sweet dishes prepared with ices, are safest under the care of an Italian; while the master-sauceman (*maitre saucier*) ought to be a Parisian. The other kitchen officials are the fishman and the greenman, who looks after the vegetables; but these rank below those above-named. The table of precedence in the kitchen may be established by the scale of wages. In a very large hotel or restaurant the head cook receives from 400s. to 800s. a year; the pastrycook about 300s.; the roaster rather less; the sauceman from 12s. to 15s. a month; the fishman and the greenman from 50s. to 80s. a year. The grill-room, an annex peculiar to English restaurants, is generally managed by a master-broiler, who draws 2s. a week, and a couple of assistants at 1s. a week each. The grill is a separate department from the kitchen, but under the superintendence of the head cook. It will be seen from all this that if the cook disposed of the patronage of the kitchen, a family "ring" might be established, and abuses would spring up detrimental to good service. When, on the contrary, the manager appoints to all the minor offices in the kitchen, making it his care, however, that the cook should always have a staff of efficient and obedient subordinates, everything may be expected to work well. It was Soyer who said "A cook should enter his kitchen of a morning as an opera singer walks on to the stage: with the scenes ready set, and the orchestra at their posts. To ask him to look after the saucepans, or to drill the scullions, would be like making a first tenor tune the musical instruments that are to accompany him, and train the chorus."

The work of a good manager begins even before the kitchen fires are lighted in the morning. Special contracts are generally passed with butchers for the supply of meat, and the restaurant has its poulterer, who brings so much game and fowls daily by general orders issued once a week, unless an occasion should arise for their being sent oftener; but fish, fruit, and vegetables have to be purchased every morning at Billingsgate and Covent Garden. A steward and assistant discharge this duty, and regulate their purchases according to the abundance of the market; it is advisable, however, that the manager should often go with them in order to maintain his control over every branch of the spending department, and also to keep himself conversant with the fluctuations in prices. It is a common delusion that the finest fish and the most luscious produce of the kitchen-garden find their way to the tables of the great; they go more frequently to hotels and restaurants. The public are better served than monarchs or lords; even the stewards of the best clubs dare not compete in outlay with the caterers for certain popular eating-houses. Ude, while cook to the Reform, once poured out his complaint in the ear of the late Lord Sefton; in dishing up red mullet for a noble diner, he had prepared a nice little sauce, for which he charged sixpence extra; but this item was objected to. Diners in clubs are not afraid to scrutinise their bills closely; but who will have the face to grumble at a bill when dining with ladies in a restaurant? A manager knows the sort of people who like to feed ostentatiously, and it is for these that are bought the colossal lobsters, the giant strawberries, peaches, and asparagus. Such things also do to exhibit as advertisements in the window of the restaurant. There are houses behind whose plate-glass fronts you may see monsters of the animal and vegetable kingdoms displayed all the year round, till at Christmas time the show of Norfolk turkeys makes you think of plucked ostriches.

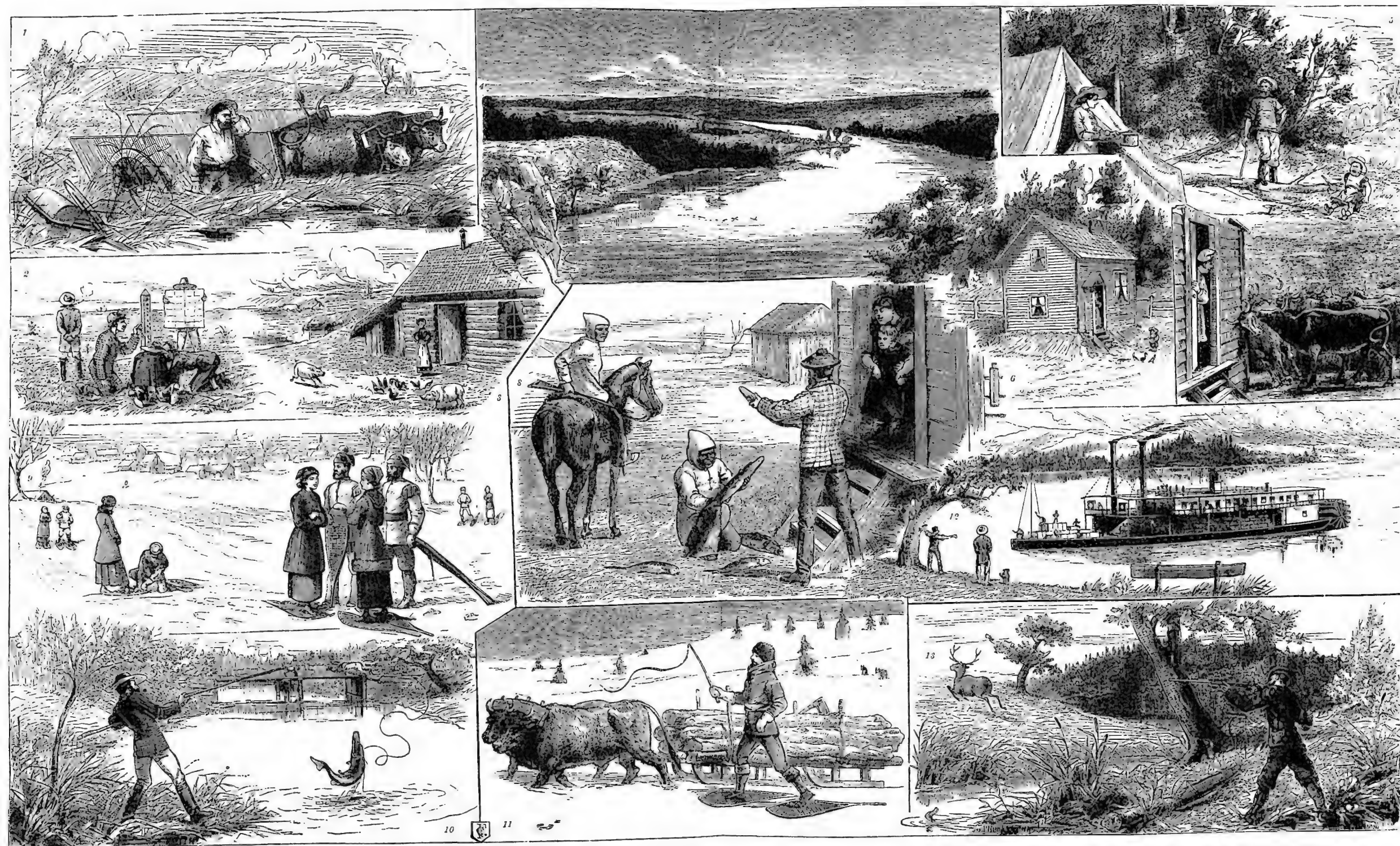
When the manager has seen to his marketing, and inspected every joint of meat sent in by the butcher, every bird purveyed by the poulterer (a task which should never be delegated) he has to assure himself that the dining-rooms have been properly cleaned, and that the tables are well set. In one of his "Uncommercial Samples" Charles Dickens describes a dinner which he had at a Brighton hotel

with his "friend Bullfinch" (Mr. John Forster), and he repeatedly notes with displeasure the untidy condition of the cruet-stand. He was not singular in his observations on this point, for nine diners out of ten will draw inferences as to the management of a house from the state in which its receptacles for oil, vinegar, and pepper, and its salt-cellars are kept. A cruet in which there is a sediment of oil, a cellar in which the salt has been allowed to harden into a lump, a plated fork where the silvering has begun to wear away from the tips of the prongs so as to show the brass, a cracked glass, or a napkin with a hole in it—all tell their tales of defective overseeing. It is easy for a manager to watch that everything is kept in trim order, but to do this he must accustom every one of his subordinates to feel their responsibility towards him. There is a knifeman with boys to assist, who has the cutlery under his charge; a bottle-washer and assistants who look after all the glasses; and a linen-room woman who has hundreds of tablecloths and thousands of napkins in her presses. It is obvious that a manager cannot overhaul the fifty dozen *serviettes* that may be issued every morning, or pass his thumb over the edges of ten gross of knives; but he can take up a knife or two at hazard from a heap, and rebuke the linen-woman if he finds a napkin torn or damp. The mere fact of its being known that he considers no trifle beneath his notice will be enough to make his *employés* zealous in their respective duties.

This brings one to the waiters. It is usual to appoint one waiter to the attendance of a certain table, or of several tables, according to their size; and in some places there is a head-waiter who acts as captain to the whole staff. But the head-waiter as an institution is on his last legs. It has been found that the control exercised by a manager, assisted in large houses by two or three deputies, who are young men of some education and of social standing superior to waiters, is far more effective than that of the portly, pompous personage apostrophised in "Will Waterproof's Monologue." Indeed, there can be no really good attendance in houses where the bills are presented by a head-waiter, who pockets the gratuities which other waiters have earned. Although waiters may have accepted their situations well knowing that they are to expect nothing beyond their wages, they must be very Stoics if they can refrain from murmuring when they find the cool attentive eye of the head servant fixed upon them to see that they do not get recompensed for their civility or smartness. Good-natured customers may imagine that if they have given a fee to the waiter who presents the bill, they may hand another to the usual man who has attended upon them; but head-waiters are alive to the perils of this practice, which they call *potching* (probably from poaching), and dismissal will be the punishment of the waiter who is caught taking vails on the sly. As to these "tips," whether they are bestowed upon one man or another, it is improbable that any system of good management will do away with them. Albert Smith showed less than his usual knowledge of human nature when he proposed that attendance should be charged for in the bill, in order that the public might not have black mail levied upon them by waiters; landlords of hotels and taverns adopted the suggestion with alacrity, but waiters have not renounced their private claims for all that. Horace Mayhew once joined a league for the suppression of "tips" to waiters. Lunching at his favourite chop-house, he began to feel nervous as the time for paying the bill arrived, but at last he mustered courage to say: "William, I am sorry for you, but I've joined the No-Tippers." "Well, Mr. Mayhew," answered William, mildly, "as you are an old customer, I don't mind telling you that I have joined a rum lot too. We've bound ourselves to upset hot dishes *by accident* over the legs of stingy customers." Such anecdotes ought not to lead one into the libel of stigmatising the whole class of waiters as inordinately rapacious, for everybody can bear witness that there are waiters who, without much hope of gratuities, but out of mere self-respect, are attentive and obliging. Germans admittedly make the best waiters—because they are quick to pick up languages, obey without grumbling, are seldom of quarrelsome mood, and very rarely addict themselves to drinking. The Italians are the worst—being dirty, lazy, and, when provoked, violent and vindictive. Frenchmen are delightful for good-humoured alacrity, but they can only be managed by countrymen of their own, who understand them, and will take care never to say anything that may wound their very tender self-love. A good many French waiters were to be seen in London after the war and the Commune of 1870—1; but most of them soon disappeared, as they could not accommodate themselves to our rather rough and blunt insular manners. At a West End Restaurant, on the night of a University Boat Race, a French waiter got a couple of cuffs on the ears from an undergraduate who was tipsy. Pale with fury, he ran down to the accountant's table, where the bill for the dinner had been made out, and, snatching up a pen, wrote:—"Two smacks on my face—2s. 10s. each—makes 5s. 10s."—then, rushing upstairs with the bill, he presented it to the youngster who had struck him. The undergraduate stared, but, with a significant gesture, the Frenchman cried: "Sare, if you find them too dear, I will return them!" Elderly English waiters of long experience are, after all, those who best suit staid English gentlemen. They have not the nimbleness of foreigners, but for quiet respectfulness and thorough comprehension of the comforts which we expect at table they are unmatched. In large houses, where there are waiters from several nations, the English may always be seen attending upon regular customers.

The regular customer is at once the pride and torment of the good manager. All a manager's efforts are directed towards increasing the number of those who return to his establishment day by day, and who recommend it to their friends. There is the ideal *habitué*—generally a mild old gentleman, who never finds fault—who wishes the manager good morning, always tips the waiter suitably, and gives him a sovereign at Christmas! But this one is a pearl all too rare. Regular customers often presume sadly upon the status they obtain to growl without ceasing, and to treat the restaurant as if it were their own dining-room. They almost come to resent the appearance of a new face at a table near their's, as an intrusion, and if they make a habit of always occupying the same seat, they will expect it to be kept for them, even though they should arrive an hour late, and will listen with an ungracious face to the manager's apologies, if their favourite chair should have been usurped. It might be wished that these chronic carpers should now and then get a little lesson read them, as a certain old customer of the "Cock" did about twenty years ago. This gentleman—a jocular, but rather selfish solicitor—used to come every day during term-time for his chop, and the cosiest seat opposite the fire-place was kept for him. One day arriving at his regular hour, he found a stranger ensconced in his place. The waiter apologised, explaining how the mistake had occurred; but the solicitor was determined that such a trespass on his habits should not pass unpunished. Nudging the waiter, he said with an air of disgust, "Do you know who that fellow is in my seat?—It's Calcraft, the hangman. You'll be losing all your customers, if *he* comes often." The waiter gave a start, and reported this saying to the head waiter, who, nervous for the good name of the "Cock," approached the stranger (who was the editor of a well-known medical journal), and whispered—"Mr. Calcraft, sir, I beg your pardon, but the truth is, some of our old customers don't quite like to see you here." "Who told you my name was Calcraft?" asked the editor; then glancing through his spectacles at the jocular solicitor, whom he knew by sight—"Ah! it's that man; I don't wonder that he objects to see me, I hanged two of his brothers." The solicitor when he heard this probably felt that he had got full change for his piece of humour, for it was observed that he grumbled much less from that day.

J. BRINSLEY-RICHARDS



1. A MUSKEY.—2. LAND HUNTING.—3. RURAL FELICITY.—4. A VIEW ON THE ASSINIBOINE RIVER.—5.—ENCAMPED.—6. AT HOME.—7. THE MOSQUITO SEASON: A NIGHT CALL.—8. BARTERING WITH INDIANS.—9. THE SNOW-SHOE CLUB.—10. SPORT IN THE CREEK.—11. WORK IN WINTER.—12. THE CONNECTING LINK WITH CIVILISATION.—13. A SHOT AT A DEER.

LEAVES FROM AN EMIGRANT'S SKETCH-BOOK IN MANITOBA

## THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL

THE present project for the construction of a Ship Canal to Manchester had its origin in an address delivered to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in 1877 by Mr. Hamilton Fulton, who urged the practicability of bringing the tide up the Rivers Mersey and Irwell to Manchester, so as to allow the passage of large sea-going vessels to that city. The project lay in abeyance for five years, waiting until some capitalist should take it in hand. In the spring of last year such a man was found in Mr. Daniel Adamson, who summoned a number of sympathisers to a meeting at his house, at Didsbury, where the nucleus of a provisional committee, with a guarantee fund to cover the expenses of procuring reports by competent engineers, was formed. The proceedings at this meeting were reported in the local papers, and the way for more public meetings was thus prepared. Meanwhile, since Mr. Fulton had first brought forward his scheme, a remarkable impulse to canalisation in all parts of the world had been given. The reduced profits in the Lancashire cotton and other trades, the low rates for carriage in the United States resulting from the railway war, the increasing keenness of foreign competition, the evidence before the Parliamentary Commission on Railway Rates as to the inequalities in the charges by the railways and their monopoly of the canals, the discussion between the Liverpool dock interests and the railway companies running between Manchester and Liverpool (during which each side insinuated that the other exacted exorbitant rates from their customers), and the inconvenience and loss resulting from the formation of cotton "corners" in Liverpool, all combined to make the mind of Manchester ready to entertain with enthusiasm a proposal to dispense alike with Liverpool and the railway companies. Moreover, the River Irwell, as it exists at present, has long been a nuisance to Manchester. The promoters of the Ship Canal scheme adroitly appealed to all these considerations. The Parliamentary representatives of the City and the Manchester City Council were won over, and a majority of the Chamber of Commerce was also commanded. One important influence, not recognised, but powerful from the first, remains to be mentioned. During the inflation of 1872 speculation in land and buildings, largely with the aid of building societies, was carried on to a very great extent in Manchester, and building was overdone. Since the beginning of the trade depression there has been a steady and continuous collapse, and the interests affected are widespread. Hence the special attractiveness of a scheme promising another upward movement in the value of real property.

The scheme, as it at presents stands, may be briefly described. At a very early stage of the agitation, it was found necessary to abandon Mr. Fulton's idea of a tidal canal, which first made the scheme seem simple and attractive. It appeared that such a channel would really terminate in a deep cutting. Not only would this entail an enormous amount of excavation—the bottom of the docks being ninety-two feet below the surrounding land and the present level of the river being lowered seventy-one feet, but the cost of labour in moving cargo up or down the precipices between which the docks would lie would go a long way towards offsetting any possible advantage from the cheapening of carriage. Mr. Fulton did, indeed, bring forward another scheme, according to which the tide would be brought only as far as the village of Barton, four miles from Manchester, where locks would be constructed.

The Provisional Committee, however, preferred to commit themselves to Mr. Leader Williams' scheme, according to which the tide would be brought only to Latchford, a little above Warrington and fifteen miles from Manchester, ships being brought forward through three series of locks, the first at Latchford, the second at Irlam (eight miles further on), and the third at Barton. Docks would be constructed at Manchester, with a total water area of 100 acres, and four miles of quays, and the bottom width of the canal between Manchester and Warrington would be 100 feet. The chief engineering difficulties to be encountered in connection with this section of the Canal are the necessary provisions for the bridges which at present cross the river. It is proposed to raise the four road bridges, or to provide swing bridges. There are, however, also five railway bridges. As regards these, Parliament has enforced the adoption of clauses in the Acts relating to the railways in question, providing that swing bridges shall be substituted if at any time the present Mersey and Irwell navigation is made available for sea-going vessels. The promoters of the Ship Canal, however, evidently doubt whether, in the interest of public safety, and in view of the considerable amount of traffic passing over the lines in question, Parliament will call upon the railway companies to fulfil this condition; and they admit in principle that the Ship Canal Company should contribute towards the cost of raising the height of the present railway bridges or carrying the lines through tunnels below the bed of the Canal. These plans would involve the construction of very long or very steep inclines.

A glance at the map will show that about four miles below Warrington, at Runcorn, the river widens out over a great expanse of shifting sand, where at low water it can almost be forded. Assuming the proposed Canal to have been cut from Manchester to this point, its bed would be forty feet below the level of the sand intervening between it and the navigable portion of the estuary beyond Garston, twelve miles nearer Liverpool. The total distance from Manchester to Garston is thirty-one miles, and from Manchester to the bar at the Mersey mouth beyond Liverpool fifty miles. Along the section of twelve miles from Runcorn to Garston training walls would have to be constructed, and the engineers confess themselves unable to furnish plans of this section until after observations carried on for a year or two more.

From the foregoing sketch our readers will easily grasp the problems which have to be solved. The cost of the work, as far as Runcorn only, has been estimated by the promoters at about 6,000,000*l.* The critics of the scheme contend that, assuming the cost of straightening and deepening the channel between Manchester and Runcorn to be already ascertainable, the amount of the contribution to the railway bridges works, and the cost of the twelve miles between Runcorn and Garston (two-fifths of the entire distance) are utterly unknown quantities. It is admitted that this last-named section cannot cost less than 1,500,000*l.*, as the work would undoubtedly be enormous. Taking, therefore, the minimum cost as 7,500,000*l.*, it is argued that the possibility of neither the promised financial remunerativeness to the shareholders nor the much-talked-of saving of transport charges for the manufacturing community of Lancashire is apparent. There are two items of cost at present to exporters and importers, against which the possible earnings of the Canal would have to be set; the dock and harbour charges at Liverpool and the railway charges between Liverpool and Manchester. As regards the former, the Liverpool Dock and Harbour Board, for a debt of 15,000,000*l.* in round figures, on which only about 4 per cent. is paid out of dues and charges, has thirty-three miles of quays; Manchester, for an outlay of one-half the amount of capital, would have less than one-eighth the quay space. In order to earn even 4 per cent., it would appear, therefore, that the Manchester Canal and Dock charges would have to be higher than the present Liverpool charges, and it is also argued that the cost of working and maintenance would be greater. The saving of railway charges would, it is contended, be swallowed up by the additional Canal charges and by extra charges by the shipowner for coming up to Manchester, by the insurance companies, and so on.

One broad fact may be regarded as established. Manchester, with the contemplated outlay, would be unable to accommodate more than a small portion of the shipping required for any of the leading

branches of her trade. According to the well-known laws of competition, therefore, the transport charges and the prices of produce in Manchester would still be ruled by the rates and prices in the larger port of Liverpool. It is also urged that in dry seasons there would not be a sufficient flow of water to prevent the docks and pounds from becoming pestilential pools, and that in flood seasons the locks would be converted into a series of huge cataracts. The interest of the map we publish to-day, however, does not depend on the scheme now before Parliament. It seems probable that, even should that scheme be abandoned, an improvement of the navigation between Liverpool and Manchester, so as to allow of the passage of steam barges, will nevertheless be undertaken. This would probably afford at a much lower cost as effective a means of competition with the railways as a Canal designed to admit ocean-going steamers; and such a scheme would have the support of Liverpool, instead of its antagonism. A Liverpool and Manchester combination with this object is, we understand, at present being formed.

## INDIAN HOSPITALITY

IN the old accounts of Anglo-Indian life, as described in *Hickey's Gazette*, the *Hurkaru*, and other Indian journals, hospitality plays a distinguished part. We read of the Marquis of Hastings, the Governor-General, sitting down to a *burra-khana*, or banquet of the period, under a flourish of trumpets, and as it was in Government House so it was elsewhere, ostentation at meals reigned supreme. The great point in those days, and long after, was to put as much as possible on the groaning board, so we hear of a *menu* containing turkeys roast, braised, and boiled, sirloins of English roast beef, saddles of mutton, and boiled legs of the same, all steaming under the noses of guests who were doubtless steaming themselves in that frightful climate. Besides the standard English dishes, there were always several kinds of curries and *pilaws*. Thus, there were Bengal curries, Bombay curries, Madras curries, and immense Ceylon curries, each with its appropriate *chutney*, and immense *pilaws* of fowls and meat smothered in rice, raisins, and onions. The more the merrier, and the better for the dignity of the host. Although the guests could probably eat little of this prodigious display, being overcome by the effects of climate and a heavy tiffin together, they were watchful to detect any evidences of economy or parsimony in the banquet before them. And woe to the Anglo-Indian Amphitryon if any such were seen! The Calcutta Mrs. Grundy—*Grunde beebe Sahib*—would have felt insulted, and would have gone out calling next day to inform every one what shabby folks the Smiths were, with their pitiful six courses only for dinner. It certainly seems extraordinary how people could have found any pleasure in sitting two or three hours at a dinner table with apparently no earthly object but to decline the innumerable dishes which troops of servants—for every guest brought his own—thrust under their noses. And yet I can remember the scene myself as late as twenty-five years ago, though at that time the institution of the *burra-khana* was on the decline, and its pristine glories, bewailed by Anglo-Indian *Bahadurs* and their fat native butlers, were almost traditions of the past.

It was the practice at these great feasts for the gentlemen to wear white linen jackets, waistcoats, and trousers; but the ladies, on the contrary, used often to turn out in such heavy stuff as black velvets, with diamonds and lace. True, the sex had the advantage of bare necks and arms in an atmosphere which showed a thermometer over 90°, and it was maliciously said that if they were able to wear silks and velvets it was because they certainly wore nothing under them. But even the coolest clothing could not prevent a *burra-khana* from being a severe trial, especially when the company embraced many "bigwigs," or persons of distinction. On such occasions the rule was to appear as stiff and formal, and to say as little as possible. Every one tried to fashion his demeanour on the pattern of the greatest bigwig present, and as he was probably a man who had many loaves and fishes, military, civil, and legal, in his gift, the guests were perhaps prudent in acting on the maxim of imitation being the sincerest form of flattery. Little was eaten, and all that was required of the guest was to look as if he liked it. Every now and then the dull monotony of declining fish, flesh, and fowl was broken by a solemn invitation of one person to another "to take beer." This was a proceeding of much social importance, and had an unwritten code of etiquette of its own. It would have been thought a serious affront to decline the invitation, even though one might have had beer with half-a-dozen people already. And at some tables it would have been deemed a breach of good manners to allow a servant to pour the beer into the tumblers. The correct thing was for the inviter to send for the invitee's tumbler, and pour out the frothy liquid himself. Then the tumbler was sent back to the lady or gentleman challenged, and the two gravely bowed to each other, and as gravely swallowed the draught. The quantity of beer, otherwise bottled India pale ale, which people drank in those days was something almost incredible. I have known a man to drink his dozen quarts a day, and I have often seen ladies take four tumblers, or two quarts, at dinner alone. To be sure there was this safeguard against intoxication, that the liquid ran out of the pores of their skins almost as fast as they imbibed it. Still, the severe forms of liver complaint, so common a quarter of a century ago, were probably due in a great measure to the immense quantities of ale then consumed in India.

A *burra-khana* of the period would have been counted as nothing if it did not comprise any number of "Europe articles," such as hams, vegetables, salmon, cheese, &c., preserved in tins. These things, in those earlier days of the Overland Route, used to be very costly, three or four times the price they are at home, whence the inquiry of a country-bred young lady of her neighbour at dinner if the Queen always dined on "Europe articles?" And the ignorance displayed by another, on a like occasion, when, seeing asparagus for the first time, she held the soft ends in her fingers and consumed all the hard stalks. But *Grunde beebe Sahib* was always present at the feast to reckon the number of "tins" used, with the probable cost of their contents, and a host was elevated or depressed in the estimation of his guests according to the liberality he evinced in "tins" and viands.

In the ancient days, before many English ladies were found in the land, the gentlemen could hardly wait till dessert for their beloved hookahs. Almost before the cloth was off the table the calls of *Qui hye!* and *hookah too* began. But the natural refinement of the sex couldn't be expected to stand that very long. The ladies very soon put out the gentlemen's pipes, though there was a feud for a time between the old bachelors—the Anglo-Indians of "the good old times"—and their new formidable foes in petticoats. Of course the ladies were victorious, as they always are sooner or later, and their so-called lords and masters had by degrees to content themselves, first with only a cheroot after dinner, and then with no smoke at all. It is easy to imagine Jos Sedley fighting against this innovation at Bogglywallah. Jos, doubtless, had his hookah immediately after the cheese. Then he drank Sneyd's claret and London Particular Madeira steadily until about eleven or twelve o'clock. At midnight he adjourned to whist or billiards, and at four o'clock in the morning the legs of the numerous turkeys which figured at the dinner and the shoulder blades of the mutton were served up as "grilled bones," along with songs, speeches, and sentiments. The English ladies, irreverently called "spins," on their advent put a stop, as I have said, to these orgies. And it must be confessed that the post-prandial entertainment which they substituted for the other,

if highly respectable, was eminently lugubrious. The ladies—it was the period when the gentlemen were still left their cigars—adjourned in the wake of the biggest three-decker present to the drawing-room, where ten to one, they disputed some knotty point about the precedence which regulated the formal entry to the dining-room? Most likely the host had made some mistake in sending Lady B. in before Lady A. In which event Lady A. and her side would make themselves as disagreeable as they could to Lady B. and her following for the remainder of the evening, and this remainder was spent in silently watching for the welcome signal of departure, the rising of the greatest lady present. Nor were the gentlemen with their cigars and wine much more happy than the ladies without them. However it began the conversation would soon be sure to run to "shop." And a mixed company would weary of Mr. Commissioner Mango's ideas on administration; or General Pumulow's rules of warfare; and so on. For the strictness of Indian post-prandial etiquette would have prevented the Commissioner's and the General's inferiors from disputing anything they said. To argue with them would have been reckoned as "cheek," and doubtless it was this immunity from disputation which impelled some Indian "talkers" to draw the long bow so freely; one of them, for instance, boldly stating that he had found a Royal tiger under his breakfast table one fine morning.

The cooking at these *burra-khanas* might have tempted any appetite less sluggish than that of an Anglo-Indian's. Some of the native *chefs*—men who were paid as much as fifty rupees a month—were really artists. And they had excellent material to work upon in the game which abounds in the Indian cold season. The wines, too, of other days were superb, East India Madeira, sherry, and claret being at one time proverbially good. We read in *Hickey's Gazette* how, nearly a century ago, the captains of the East India-men used to bring private consignments of the choicest *crus* of claret to Calcutta, which fact may account perhaps for the hot blood of the gentlemen in pigtails and nankeen small clothes. It was probably after putting many bottles of Chateau Margaux under their belts that these quaint gallants toasted the health of the reigning belle of Calcutta in her shoe, and sallied forth in the small hours to carry her home from some ball in her own palanquin. A good subject for a painter that would be—a fair English girl borne on the shoulders of these staggering and richly-dressed revellers, by torchlight, and through the picturesque streets of an Eastern town! Highly spiced curries and rich wines had doubtless something to say to the fierce duels of those times too, in which even the Governor-General himself and Sir Philip Francis participated. Every large station in those old days had its regular duelling ground where differences at dances and cards overnight were promptly settled in the morning, so that if the ancient hospitality was magnificent, it was not without its penalties. One might pay very dearly for such delicacies as the mango fish from the Hooghly or the oysters brought up from the Sandheads with a sword thrust or a pistol bullet on the Maidan next morning. Little credit indeed seems to have been given for the "open house" hospitality of forty, fifty, or more years ago. People took it as their right. There were few inns in India, and those were of the lowest or "Punch house" class. So the new arrival went, and as a matter of course, to a friend's house, if he had one, or if not to his agents, who were always ready to receive him, or sometimes to the house of a complete stranger, who would invite him for the sake of his society. It is said that many rich merchants, judges, and others at the Presidency towns used to send their carriages down to the beach or *bunder* when an Indian arrived to bring up any of the first-class passengers, male or female, who were disposed to accept their hospitality. The old-fashioned Indian houses had spare rooms for this purpose, and the strangers were always most generously treated, eating and drinking of the best, enjoying dinner parties and dances got up in their honour, and staying as long as they pleased with their hospitable entertainer. Many life-long friendships were formed in this manner, and many a youngster has "got on" in his profession, military, civil, or mercantile, by having the good fortune to make a friend of the old Indian who took him in as a "griffin," or a stranger. And though the expenses of such open-handed hospitality would be in these days enormous, forty years ago they were comparatively trifling. A sheep could have been bought for a shilling then; a fowl perhaps for a penny; a horse would have cost from 20*l.* to 30*l.*, and his keep only thirty shillings a month. Only articles imported from Europe were dear, but then the purchasing power of the rupee was about three times what it is now. And if it had not been for this practice of open house hospitality strangers must have been driven to take shelter in the Punch houses; villainous boozing dens where many a young cadet has been hounded and robbed. Of course, in some cases this hospitality was repaid in kind. It may often have fallen to the lot of the entertainer, say at Madras, to be entertained at Bangalore; still, the cost even in those days of turning one's house into a sort of private hotel must have been considerable. I well remember one generous and hospitable gentleman, who loved to fill his house with cadets and young writers, partly from a kindly desire to keep them out of mischief, partly because he was fond of young people's society. His cognac bill must have been startling, for he had a butler who was famous for the manufacture of *sangaree*—a cunning mixture of brandy, limes, sugar, and ice—a seductive tippie which all these young gentlemen imbibed day and night unknown to their excellent entertainer. The dispensation of food and liquor, however, never entered into the calculations of the Anglo-Indian of the last generation. Even the shopkeepers used to think nothing of giving their customers "pegs," and what not, and I recollect a Parsee storekeeper in Singapore, who had a daily tiffin of hot curries, &c., with champagne and pineapple water ice mixed together *ad libitum*, for any customer who chose to go up stairs to partake of it. Singapore being a free port, champagne was, however, much cheaper than on the peninsula of India.

Another curious custom of Indian hospitality which extended to a late period—not longer than thirty years ago—was that of inviting visitors, or "callers," to take beer at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. This was done everywhere, even at Government House. And it used to be said that some toppers—festive "cusses"—would go out calling all day—or at least during visiting hours, between eleven and two—for the sole purpose of enjoying this sort of peripatetic hospitality. The quantity of bottled ale which a gentleman of the period out "peacocking," as it was called, could put inside him may be calculated when it is said that a visit never extended beyond ten minutes, and he had three hours in which to make the most of his time. To have refused the foaming tumblers of ale which were brought in on a salver would have been considered as bad form as to fail to offer them. And not infrequently the pretty hostess, or lady of the house, would quaff her own tumbler "like a man," partly to encourage her guest, partly to drown the tedious monotony of his conversation. There was one advantage of this old-world practice—that the conversation became very animated as the hours drew on. The visitor, who started on his round of calls as starched and formal as the heat would permit, would become quite free and easy on the strength of all the refreshment received. By the time he got to the last lady on his list his collar and tie were probably awry, and his anecdotes and scandal so lively as to astonish even himself. Now-a-days, no such practice is known in India, and the visitor may cruise about on wheels all the forenoon without getting anything in exchange for his pasteboard—not even a cup of cold water. Beer, at one period of Indian history, was produced on the smallest provocation. It was used at ball suppers instead of champagne, and was preferred to champagne by many—even ladies. It must be remembered that soda water, now so common in

India, was a rare article in years gone by, and that little brandy was drunk; whisky was never seen. Ice, too, was impossible except at the Presidencies, and up in the North West. And the beer was always deliciously cooled with saltpetre, when everything else was lukewarm; a point very much in its favour. But it was extraordinary how people could dance on such heavy, heady stuff, and how they could move at all after the prodigious "sit down" supper of the era. The "sit down" supper, in distinction with the "stand up" supper, was once upon a time a grand Indian institution. It was voted O.K., or all correct, whereas the other was pronounced only a one-horse affair. The great object was to have substantial fare for the company, such as mulligatawny soup, spiced rounds of beef, buffalo humps, and things it might be supposed no votary of Terpsichore would care to look at in such a climate. Nevertheless, this solid fare disappeared, with the beer, like winking. It seemed to have no effect upon the light fantastic toe either, because the fun of the ball never commenced until after supper; or, indeed, the sentiment either. If sentiment adequately describes the desperate proposals of subalterns who had nothing to marry on but their bare—their *indecent*—pay, as one indignant mother called it; the engagements of girls without the consent of their parents, and the elopements of wives with other women's husbands! Surely indigestion, begotten of ale and buffalo humps, must have been at the bottom of much of this folly; nevertheless, if there was one institution which the Anglo-Indian froze to more than another, it was his sit-down supper and its consequences.

A far pleasanter, because more wholesome, species of hospitality of the old time was that of the jungle and the tent. It was once the good old fashion for several friends to join together for a hunting and shooting expedition extending as long as a month. Tents of large size, and in any number, were sent out to localities famous for tiger or pig, and half-a-dozen gentlemen, with perhaps as many ladies, their wives and daughters, followed with rifles, elephants, and horses. It was said that the ladies—if unmarried—did more execution in these trips than the gentlemen. Perhaps they took a hint from all the snoring and stalking and pursuing that went on around. At all events, these *Shikar* parties rarely ended without a human victim offered up in praise of Diana. For the man was cold-hearted, indeed, who could withstand the charms of the sex of an evening, in a pleasant home-like tent, after he had enjoyed a good dinner, and was blissful in the recollections of that first spear he took from Jones, or of that tiger he so cleverly dropped at the very feet of his elephant. Generally, too, the encampment was pitched in beautiful scenery, the season the cold weather, and the ladies had their books and a piano with them. It was a whole-souled time, as the Americans call it, now unknown, because the cost of such trips would be too heavy for the half-filled pockets of the Anglo-Indians of to-day, and because whatever money men can scrape together these times is religiously devoted to furlough in England.

The old type of Indian hospitality is, indeed, now only represented by native entertainments to Europeans. The natives of India are slow to learn our customs and manners, so they imagine that the great feasts which were agreeable to Englishmen in the beginning of the century must be equally agreeable now. The state dinners given by Rajahs, and others of almost equal wealth and magnificence, are on a scale that would do honour to the Nabobs of old. The man who shouted for "more curricles" might have been content with the quality and quantity of one of these princely feasts, where every style of cookery—French, Italian, English, and Hindu—is represented, and the cookery books of nations are ransacked for novelties. But the best part of these entertainments is, perhaps, the hour or so after dinner, when the numerous guests walk about, cigar in mouth, in cool courtyards, under a brilliant moon, and by splashing fountains reflected in mirrors and illuminated by hundreds of coloured lamps. Nautches and fireworks are generally part and parcel of these grand native entertainments, and it is the graceful custom at some Courts for the Maharajah, or Vizier, to present each one of his guests on leaving with one or more quaint little flasks of attar of roses. A feast of the kind is a City banquet Indianised, and, perhaps, costs as much as the famous dinner of the Bellows-menders. But even these banquets are becoming rarer with the extension of railways and the influx of Europeans everywhere.

Once upon a time a native magnate, if he entertained Europeans, was safe to know who his guests were. Nowadays, he may probably entertain bagmen unawares, which is very far from being his ambition. And the natives copy European fashions in these things, and they are quick to perceive that Anglo-Indians for the most part now live as economically as they can, entertaining very little. When, as so often happens, an Anglo-Indian's wife and children are residing in England, it behoves the husband and father to spend no more than he can help, so he perhaps lives at a club as a bachelor; thus hundreds of the old stately mansions of Indian cities are empty. The condition of existence which produced the lavish hospitality of olden times has, in fact, passed away. When it took six months to go from India to England, and when there were few home ties to bind Anglo-Indians to their native land, they made the most of a bad situation, and tried to live down heat and care. They had ties indeed, often enough, but those were ties which bound them to India, not England. They contracted marriages with native women who characteristically led them into every species of extravagance, and they soon got to imitate the native's love of ostentation and display, though they affected to despise it. In these times a severe simplicity of entertainment, as of everything else, is studied, and I have seen a bigwig with 5,000 rupees a month eating his Christmas dinner *solus* at his club, the fare a florikan and a pint of champagne.

The decline of hospitality in India is principally felt by travellers; because *Materfamilias* has perhaps as good a chance of marrying her girls at cheap lawn tennis parties as at costly *burra-khanas*. But it is rough upon travellers to be thrown on the mercies of an Indian inn keeper, or what is even worse, those of the "butler" of a public bungalow. The hospitality of mine host in the East is only too notorious. Nevertheless, the traveller in Hindostan must find his warmest welcome in an inn, and he possibly finds it hot enough before he is done with it. Unless provided with a letter of introduction, he has no chance of being invited to stay with a resident—the old custom has gone out. That the new style of hospitality, which consists chiefly of lawn tennis in a sweltering climate, with whisky and soda water, or tea and cake, for refreshment, is all that can be desired is a question. Some persons profess to like that sort of thing, but it is repugnant to the old school of Anglo-Indians. One advantage it has, indeed, that debt is less common in India now than it was in the period of profuse hospitality. In keeping "open house" for every one, the Anglo-Indian very naturally fell into debt, but debt was as naturally considered no disgrace by the persons who benefited at the debtor's expense. Thus debt came to be a thing lightly regarded, and little felt until a man wished to leave India, when he suddenly found himself bound by chains to the country for life. This was one of the evils of the old system, and is almost absent from the new. Still, it is hard not to feel some affection for the apparent generosity of the old style of Anglo-Indian life, when the mere fact of a man being a stranger was a sufficient passport to every Anglo-Indian's house, when the jolly indigo planters of Bengal not only provided houseroom and a liberal table for all who would stay with them, but even elephants and horses for their sport. The good old times, in truth, may have been morally bad, but there is no disputing the fact that they were exceedingly pleasant.

F. E. W.



THERE is a most grateful freshness of manner, as well as of subject, in Mr. William Black's "Shandon Bells" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.). How far it is a departure from Mr. Black's familiar, perhaps too familiar, field of fiction may easily be judged from the drift of the story. A young Irishman of the very best sort, overflowing with enthusiasm as well as with health and strength, and not without a touch of genius, falls heart and soul in love with a singer who succeeds in fascinating the reader as well as Will Fitzgerald. To win her, and a home for her, he goes to London to take life by storm; and his literary life, its struggles, failures, and successes, make a sufficiently interesting story of themselves, supplying actual humour and suggesting many possible tragedies. However—contrary to the reader's original expectation—it is the hot-hearted and hot-headed young Irishman who remains true, and the girl who disappoints the faith in her to which Mr. Black contrives that we could have sworn. She is not intended for any coquette, but for the portrait of one who, according to the theory held by one of the characters, has so much power of loving in her that no lover should risk the experiment of parting or waiting. Possibly her portrait may be meant as an attempt to account for inconstancy, and therefore to enable us to extend to it the pardon which results from complete comprehension. However, the story does not turn out to be a tragedy, and at the close the bells of Shandon, as touched by Mr. Black, ring not the less happily for having lost their original note of joy. For the third volume contains another heroine, cast of truer metal, and something even beyond the requirements of poetical justice is done. Altogether the interest of "Shandon Bells" is exceedingly human, and is of the more value in that respect as one of the few attempts to do justice to certain underrated capacities for comparative constancy on the part of the masculine nature. Mr. Black is not the first who has suggested that man is the more sentimental, woman the more practical; but, whether it be right or wrong, the view has seldom been more skilfully illustrated. The book is eminently pleasant to read, and there are exceedingly few classes of readers who will not find in the novel something like personal interest to themselves, if only for the sake of its lively social sketches of the hour. Contrasted with these, the poetry of Fitzgerald's nature becomes the more manifest, and, mixed with them, the unseen passions and motives, into which Mr. Black never dives beyond easy reach, appear the more real.

"Matthew Dale, Farmer," by Mrs. Sanders (2 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is a Scotch novel to the backbone—language, characters, feelings, are uncompromisingly Scotch, and upon that character base their claims to interest and amuse. Everything certainly has an extraordinary air of being a record of real experiences—except, indeed, the portrait of Matthew Dale himself, the flawless symmetry of whose virtues renders him a very shadowy sort of personage indeed. But then the story is supposed to be written by a girl who worshipped him from her childhood, and who would therefore naturally idealise her hero, however commonplace he may really have been. The people whom she by no means worships she describes with infinitely more success; and with a shrewd sort of humour of excellent national flavour. From one point of view "Matthew Dale" must be classed as belonging to that very special sort of fiction, the temperance novel. Its purpose is never let go, and the heroine's love-story is kept subordinate to the study of a case of dipsomania. It is, however, likely to produce more effect than most novels written with a purpose, because the story, apart from the purpose, is quite interesting enough to stand alone, and because it is absolutely free from anything in the form of preaching or commonplace reflection. There is nothing in the story that might not have happened, and yet nothing that was not the telling.

"Fettered, yet Free," by Alice King (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is, on the other hand, an uncompromising romance, requiring an unlimited capacity for the acceptance of improbable coincidences. But the story is interesting, and is as far removed from dullness as from probability. This merit is due to the incidents alone, for the characters are entirely subordinate to the story. Even the heroine, though every male character in the novel falls in love with her, is interesting to the reader solely for what happens to her. Captain Millwood, her first husband, has however some claims to dramatic portraiture; but his nobility of nature, and the tendency to violent extremes which spoiled the happiness he deserved, are too clearly the consequences of a pre-arranged plot, and too subordinate to its demands, to have the effect of reality. Still a fault like this is not likely to interfere with a popularity which is so frankly sought on perfectly legitimate if not very artistic grounds.

### THE HALF-CROWN BALL

Now that the dancing season is about to recommence, let us invite our readers to a very good entertainment in its way, the half-crown ball; and by half-a-crown we do not mean precisely two shillings and sixpence, but we use the term as a sort of half-way house or *via media* between the ninepenny reunion of the economical, and the half-guinea or guinea St. James's Hall or Freemasons' Tavern affair of the reckless. The half-crown may be two shillings, or it may be even three-and-sixpence. This is poetic licence, but it is after all only the sort of licence business men take in speaking of one another's concerns as "tuppenny-ha'penny" ones, not intending to be bound down to the exact sum of ten farthings; or which workmen take when asking for "the price of a pint," not meaning you to confine yourself literally to that honorarium.

The genesis of the half-crown ball is in this wise. The leading spirits of an institution, or a vocal society, or a dramatic society, or a debating society, or any society you like, or a house of business, or even a religious congregation, feeling frivolous, form themselves into a ball committee, and furthermore add to their dignity by calling themselves "stewards." By this means they acquire the privilege, not only of guaranteeing expenses, but also of wearing light blue or silver rosettes, which raise them high in the estimation of their fellow men. Chapters might be written on the delights of ball stewardship. The stewards are the arbiters of fortune for the evening. Male fledglings look up to them with undisguised awe, young ladies put on their sweetest smiles in their presence, wall-flowers expand to them as their prototypes do to the sun. The air of tremendous responsibility they throw into all their proceedings is worth the half-crown to see.

The stewards being selected, the arena is chosen. Scattered about London, generally situated in side streets off main thoroughfares, are numerous minor "Halls" and "Rooms," usually of modest external appearance, but strong inside in the gas department, and well provided in the matter of draughts. During the week they are given over to festivities of various kinds, the meetings of singing classes, concerts, "readings" by gentlemen who know how to do almost everything except to read, varied, in times of municipal or political commotion, by large gatherings of excited small tradesmen. This weekly revelry is atoned for on the Sunday by bands of worshippers, more or less unorthodox, generally more. These buildings are to be engaged for a modest sum, and one of them is forthwith chartered by the stewards.

These gentlemen then supply themselves with a number of highly ornamental rose-coloured cards, and embossed circulars, intimating

that a "select assembly" will be held at so-and-so, and adding, in severe-looking type, that all applications for admission must be made to the aforesaid guardians of the proprieties. Then ensues the comic business usual when a man has anything he wants very much to sell, and yet wishes to convey to the purchaser that the obligation is all on the latter's side. For the poor steward is now between Scylla and Charybdis: the rock being the fear of not covering expenses by the disposal of tickets, and the whirlpool the dread of introducing anybody who may turn out not to be "select." For our half-crown ball is nothing if not select. There are grave discussions held over doubtful customers. The dashing Miss Smith, say, sends round for tickets for herself and friends to Mr. Jones the steward, and Jones would very much like to let her have them; but Mrs. Jones has something to say. Miss Smith and her lady friends are "fast things," who ride about in hansoms, and flirted away at the previous ball with no end of gentlemen without being introduced. Mrs. J. remembers, too, that on that same occasion Miss S. danced five consecutive dances with—Jones himself (Jones forgets the circumstance). And then there is the knotty case of young Highflair up again. He sends as usual for tickets for ten, which would be a first-rate help, but the party he brought last time almost turned the place into a bear-garden, attitudinising in the square dances, waving their arms and legs about in the round ones, shouting wild "hurroos" in the Highland schottische, and getting vociferous at the refreshment table: Highflair himself actually kissing a young lady in the passage, and waltzing her right to her cab.

These desperate difficulties of selection are, however, got over, and the appointed evening comes round. The brilliantly-lighted hall throws wide its doors, the smiling stewards are there in shirt-fronts almost equally wide, the harp, 'cello, violin, and piano are ready to attack Waldeufel, Lamothe, and arrangements of the very latest comic operas, cab after cab deposits its burden of lovely damsels and comely matrons, youths smiling from the City, and middle-aged gentlemen radiant from the suburbs, the M.C. sweeps the main-deck with his weather-eye, parades his recruits, and the ball begins.

To paraphrase Colonel Hay, "no ball high-toned can be found" than the half-crown one. Most strictly guarded, and fenced in with the finest propriety, are the ladies. No golden apples in the garden of Hesperides are more secure. Should some impressionable but uncultured youth venture, without a warranty, to ask for a dance from the fair Miss Muffet, that young lady would look over his head at the opposite wall, and simply ejaculate "Engaged," while her fierce brother twirled his moustache, and her stately mamma gathered her skirts up. We suspect that this high tone is deliberately cultivated by the stewards for the gratification of their own vanity. For there is one gate by which you can enter the Garden of Eden, and that gate is the steward's favour. Should you be attracted by an unknown blonde or brunette, the steward who has vouched for you must be consulted on the subject, and he will negotiate with the steward who has vouched for the young lady. There are *four parlors* in the doorway, and protocols in the passage; a disposition to treat is manifested at the refreshment table, and finally a formal presentation takes place in solemn tones. Then a change comes over the scene. Miss Muffet is no longer engaged, the brother does not mind allowing you to be affable, and mamma inquires whether you have done much dancing this season, and whether you are related to the Vere de Grises of Hornsey Rise, or the Vere de Grises of Brixton.

And when you have danced once, or twice, with Miss Muffet, she will tell you confidentially that she has never been to a public ball before: mamma would never allow it, nor would brother Tom hear of it: but as their friends, the Tuffets, were coming, they had ventured. The confidence flatters you, and makes you heap more blessings on the stewards' heads.

Of course young ladies occasionally creep into these balls, like the Miss Smith and her friends whom we have mentioned (with a shudder), who will go the length of accepting any good-looking person whom they have noticed can dance well, without any stewards' intervention; who even maintain that "it's never done them any harm;" but then anything may be expected of damsels who ride abroad in hansoms, and go in couples to the theatre; and the giddy conduct of the few must not be allowed to tarnish the scrupulous demeanour of the many.

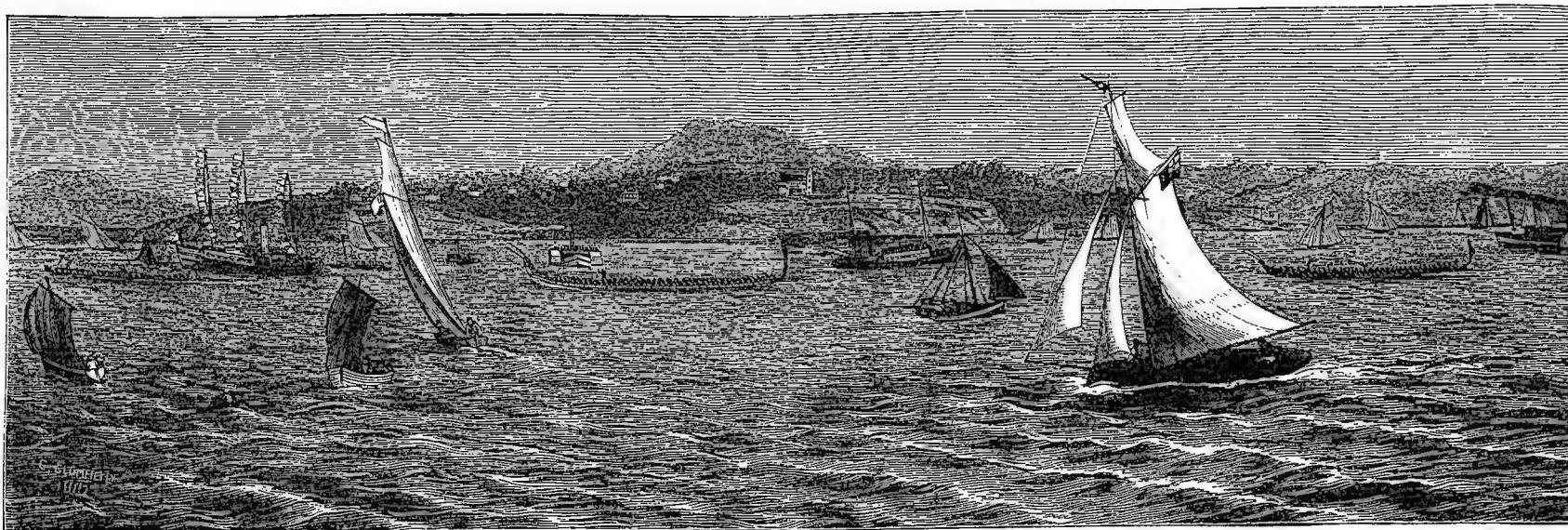
The wallflower grows in perfection at the half-crown ball, and if you are a sensible man you will take a seat near one when you want a rest, and engage her in conversation. If she be a full-blown plant she will not resent this freedom. In five minutes you will have more information about your surroundings than an evening of study by yourself could procure you. After thus amusing and instructing you, the wallflower will, by almost imperceptible stages, fall back upon her personal history. She will explain that she has had much to endure in life, because she is so sensitive; that pa and ma and her younger sisters laugh at her finer feelings; that, in short, she is misunderstood. This will occupy the interval till the next dance, when you will of course give her a turn, and realise all the feelings of the good Samaritan, besides almost certainly getting an excellent partner into the bargain.

There is one important feature of the half-crown ball which must not be neglected, and that is the refreshment table. The half-crown, of course, does not include refreshments, which are provided, at cash prices, for ready money only. This commercial transaction has its advantages and its drawbacks. After an entrancing waltz, it is rather a descent from fairyland to have to fumble about your waistcoat pocket for a coin to pay for your partner's lemonade; to hear the man say, "Fourpence, please," and repeat rather severely, if you are not very quick, "The lemonade's four pence." You would fain conceal the transaction from the lady, who generally very kindly makes a feint of not noticing it. On the other hand, some bold and dashing men make capital out of the reckless way in which they fling down sovereigns in payment, as if money were nothing (furtively counting the change, however): it gives them a lavish and princely air in the eyes of the partners of their choice. We have known mean men at the half-crown ball who would dot down on their programmes the cost of each dance in refreshments; retailing the items subsequently with sarcasm: as if temperance for sherry and lemonade could be placed in the scale with a schottische, or eighteenpence for sandwiches and coffee could weigh against a waltz!

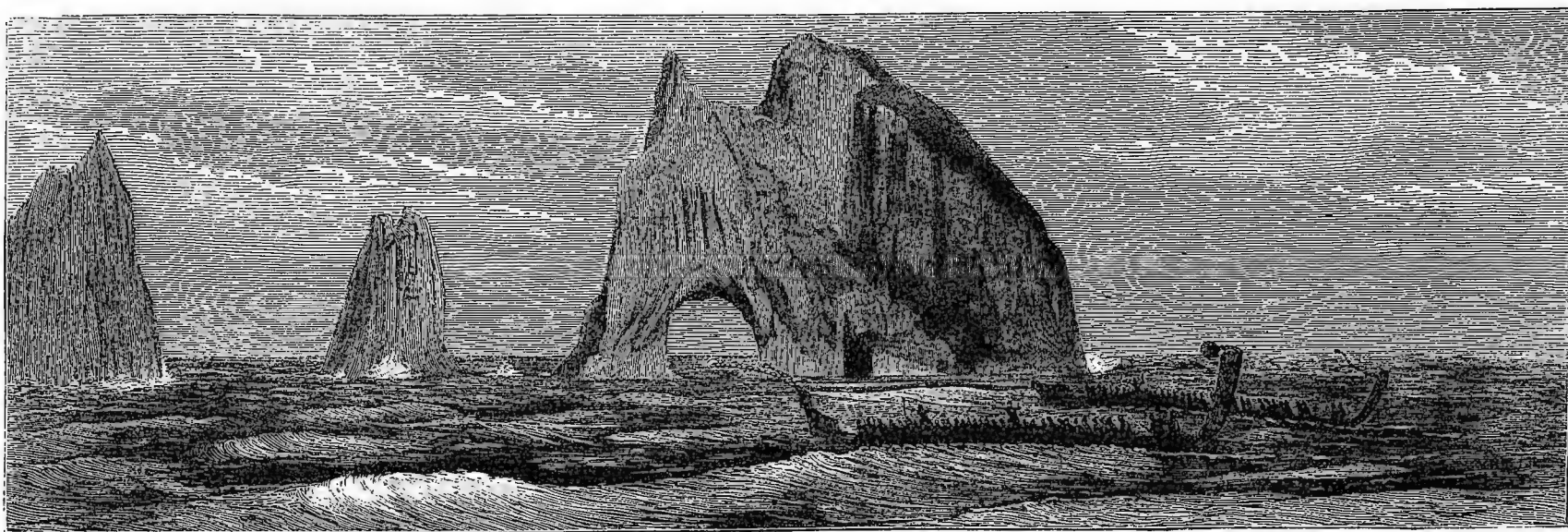
In spite of its high tone, there is always a certain amount of flirtation carried on at the half-crown ball. There are floral decorations which afford screens for tender dialogues, and there are nooks and passages which give sufficient cover for the smitten (or the "mashed," as, alas! the current slang is) to exchange their confidences, as they flatter themselves, unobserved. There is sometimes a dimly-lighted gallery overlooking the dancing floor, whence maidens, once inveigled there, do not return for ever such a long time. We knew a man once who went up into such a gallery and pretended to slumber. He afterwards said that the things he heard there would have frightened the mammals below out of their seven senses. We are happy to be in a position to record that that man died in a Chancery suit.

But, however the evening may be carried on; in steady dancing by the devotee, in flirting by the sentimental, in vigilance by the matrons, in badinage by the giddy, or in reflection by the philosopher: still it must come to an end at last. The linkman hoarsely bawls, the cabs carry away their lovely freights, hands are pressed and yawns suppressed, flowers and compliments exchanged, the stewards adjourn to the M.C.'s house to finish up the accounts, the lights are extinguished, and the half-crown ball is over.

R. T. G.



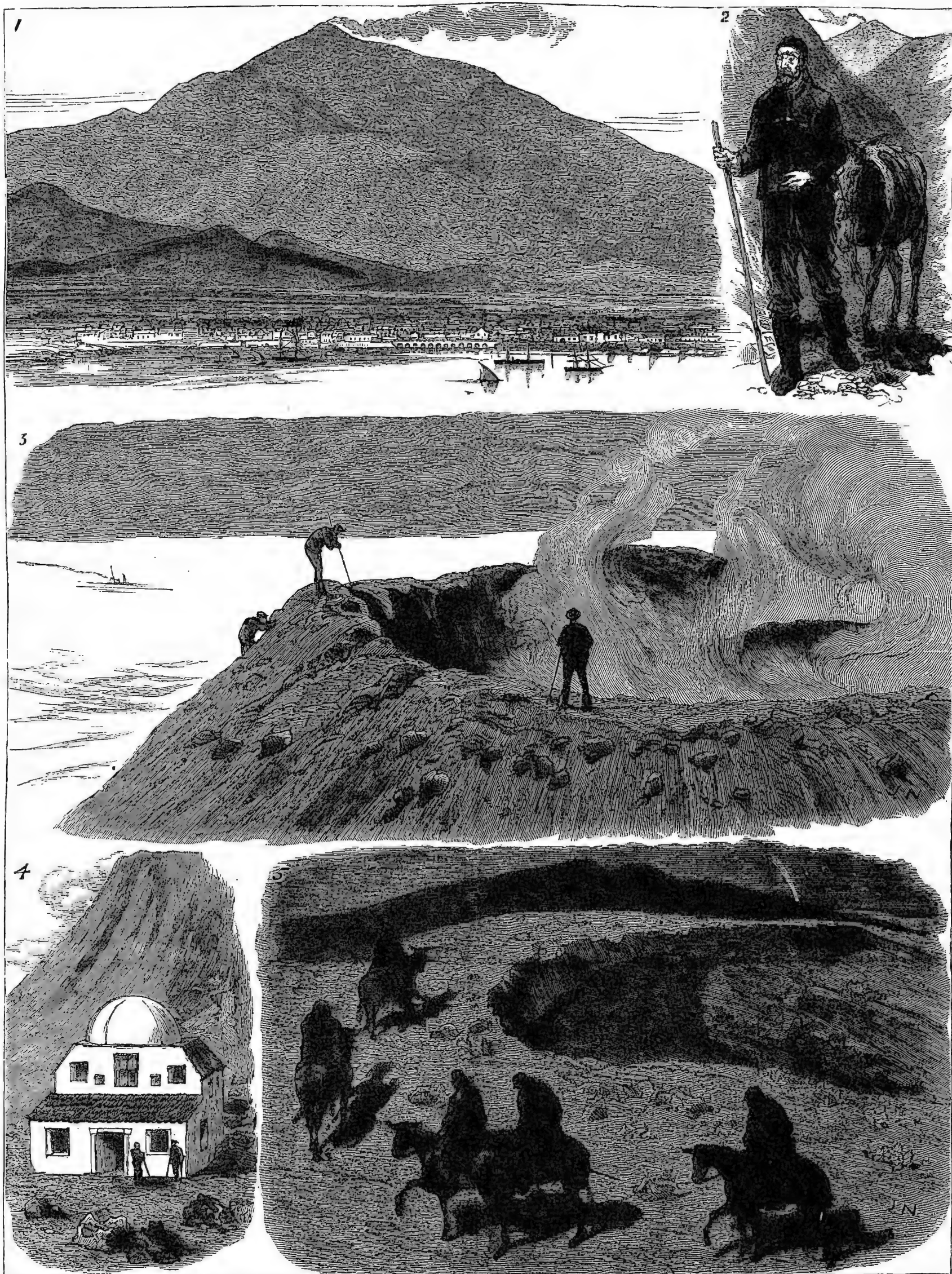
NEW ZEALAND TO-DAY—THE NORTH-SHORE REGATTA, AUCKLAND: A RACE BETWEEN MAORI WAR CANOES



NEW ZEALAND SIXTY YEARS AGO—MAORI WAR CANOES RACING OFF CAPE BRETT, NORTH ISLAND, ON THEIR RETURN FROM A WAR EXPEDITION



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1. Mount Etna from the Sea.—2. A Sicilian Muleteer.—3. On the Edge of the Crater.—4. Casa Inglese, at the Foot of the Cone.—5. Ascending the Mountain by Night  
AN ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA

## A LADY'S ADVENTURES AT THE GREEK HOSPITAL, ALEXANDRIA

ON Sunday, July 16th, five days after the bombardment, I entered on my duties as Superintendent of the new Greek Hospital, Alexandria.

In consequence of the war, the English ladies whom I had engaged as nurses had not arrived. Indeed, three of them declined fulfilling their engagement altogether on the ground that their friends would not allow them to come under existing circumstances. My nursing staff, therefore, consisted of three Greek men and one woman, none of whom were properly trained, and who had most primitive ideas with regard to cleanliness, order, punctuality, and the treatment of sick and wounded. Moreover, neither patients nor attendants could speak a word of English or French—the only two languages I understood. The hospital—only half of which is yet completed—had never been thoroughly cleaned. The kitchens, lavatories, &c., were unfinished. The new furniture had not arrived. The old dirty beds from the tumble-down cottages which had formerly done duty as a Greek Hospital had been hastily prepared at the last moment to receive wounded in case of need. Everywhere fleas, dirt, and disorder reigned supreme. Fortunately the doctors could speak both English and French, or I might as well have been dumb until an interpreter was found for me.

When I arrived the patients were seventeen in number. Of these the majority were Arab soldiers who had been wounded during the bombardment, and who had been left behind when the rest of their unfortunate comrades were taken to Cairo. The remaining patients were of both sexes and various nationalities. Two of the latter were Greeks, who had become insane in consequence of the terror and suffering they had undergone while Arabi's followers were sacking and burning the town. Another was an Arab woman whose legs had been shattered by a shell, rendering double amputation necessary. Another woman, helpless from rheumatism, had been rescued from a burning house, and was much burnt about the face and hands. These two I found the sole occupants of a large ward containing sixteen beds. It was midday when I found them; but the poor creatures had not been washed or their beds made that morning. Their pitiable condition of misery and suffering was painful to witness, and their gratitude upon being made clean and comfortable was in proportion to their need for such services.

Miserable as was the condition of the patients, *we* were not much better off. We certainly had food, and so had they; also clean beds, which they had not. But the furniture of our apartments was of the scantiest and meanest. Imagine, dear friends in peaceful England, "who live at home at ease," a square room with the barest of bare white polished walls, a carpetless stone floor, a narrow deal table, a few chairs; a hideous, dilapidated eight-day clock, of the coffin-on-end pattern, but which was happily silent; a miserable, broken-down, ancient cheffonier, which had formerly served as a receptacle for drugs; and last, not least, the only sign of ease and comfort in the room, the indispensable divan, without which no reception-room in the East is considered habitable. And then the table equipage! Verily one had need of a good appetite to be oblivious of its defects. Instead of snowy damask, an unbleached calico sheet did duty as a table-cloth, serviettes to match, odd tumblers of the commonest glass; forks and spoons of some metal resembling lead, but which was certainly neither silver nor even electro. Surely refugeeing on board the *Condor* or *Tanjore*, with agreeable English society of both sexes, a well-appointed table, and safety, was Paradise in comparison. The idea of retiring to rest in this strange, comfortless, marble palace was not inviting. In the first place, my bedroom was next the principal ward—occupied by groaning, suffering Arabs. Moreover, the doors of my apartment would not lock securely; and the two lunatics before mentioned were very near neighbours. Besides these disquieting circumstances, I was aware that an alarm of Arabi's approach might be expected at any moment. Outside, at intervals, the crash of falling masonry and the dull roar of flames reminded one that the hideous work of destruction was still going on.

Droves of wild Arab dogs howled and barked unceasingly under the windows as though they too shared the general feeling of unrest and insecurity. Ever and anon the sound of a rifle shot or a revolver, sometimes followed by an agonised shriek, might be heard,—a terrible signal that another marauding Arab had been sent to his last account.

The dogs at the sound would pause for a moment to listen, and then break out again more furiously than ever. Sleep was, of course, out of the question. Indeed, had there been every inducement to slumber duty would have obliged me to keep awake, as the attendants on night duty were by no means to be trusted. The following morning the Doctor and I went on an exploring expedition amongst the *debris* and desolation of the unfinished wing of the Hospital.

We found concealed there a party of five or six Arabs of very doubtful appearance. At first they seemed undecided whether to run away or ask permission to remain. They had their little stoves for burning charcoal and their mats and blankets, which often constitute the sum total of an Arab's household effects, and they were evidently quite at home there.

They accounted for their presence by explaining that the "Boab," or door-porter, was their friend, and he had told them they might hide there for a day or two until it was safe to venture back to their homes. Presently we came to a roughly-hewn door, which was securely fastened with a padlock. The Doctor inquired of the Arabs if they knew what was inside. One of the men replied he believed the workmen kept their tools there. The "Boab" was sent for to inquire for the key. At first he pretended he did not know where it was to be found, but upon the Doctor giving orders to break the lock the key was produced.

Upon opening the door a miscellaneous assortment of loot was exposed to view,—carpets, curtains, champagne, cigars, wearing apparel, bed linen, &c. Strange to say, the moment the key of the door was produced, our Arab lodgers decamped silently, but with all speed, bag and baggage. The "Boab" alone remained, and he professed the utmost surprise and indignation at the audacity of thieves hiding their booty there under the very noses of Europeans. Information of our treasure-trove was at once sent to Lord Charles Beresford, our able Director of Police, and steps were taken to discover the thieves, and our ingenious "Boab" was taken up on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery.

For the first fortnight after I came ashore my existence seemed one long nightmare. Except at meals, when I met the doctors and two or three of their friends who had taken refuge with us, I had no one to speak to. How long the existing state of things would continue it was impossible to guess. My uselessness through inability to speak to either patients or servants was at this time my greatest trial. The possibility of obtaining funds to carry on the hospital seemed hopeless for the moment. Water was very scarce, and fears were entertained that the supply would soon cease altogether.

We were not even sure of procuring food much longer. It was quite possible for Arabi to prevent supplies entering the town, if he were not soon repulsed. Every one advised the Doctor to give in, and shut up the hospital for a time, until things were more settled. But he would not hear of it. "Stay a little longer; things are sure to mend in a month or two," he replied whenever I proposed resigning my post and going home. His determination and courage during this trying time, not to mention his generosity *then and since*, in providing the necessary funds from his private means to carry on the work, deserves the highest praise. Slowly

but surely matters began to improve. English troops arrived. How glad we were to see them only those who have passed through a similar experience as ourselves can understand. Then came the weary waiting for something to be done. "What is Sir Garnet Wolseley thinking about?" was the constant reply of the enraged European refugees. Soon one small victory after another appeased the wrath of the exasperated sufferers, till at length, on September 10th, the brilliant success at Tel-el-Kebir once more restored a feeling of peace and security. A poor little slave girl, one of our patients, on hearing of the victory of the English, exclaimed joyfully, "Now the good English have conquered we shall all be set free; there will be no more slaves." Poor child! she was taken back to the harem to which she belonged a few days ago, crying bitterly at leaving the hospital, where she had been a general pet and favourite.

Even during the progress of the war our indefatigable Director, Dr. Zancarol, set to work such artisans as could be found, to make chairs, tables, and other necessary furniture and fittings. The provoking delays from inability to find materials for the carpenters and plumbers were very trying. However, time and patience have worked wonders.

In a month or two a great change was effected. Old beds and bedding, and other ward furniture, were replaced by new.

Fleas, &c., became rare and fleeting visitors. Good wholesome diet for the patients was introduced, and their needs and comfort promptly and punctually attended to. Week by week the number of patients increased.

For some time past we have been often obliged to discharge patients before convalescence was fairly established, to make room for more severe and urgent cases. Funds are much needed to complete the unfinished wing, which is still roofless, and to pay off the debts incurred since the bombardment.

As everybody knows, ready money in Alexandria is deplorably scarce just now. Trade is paralysed for the time. The indemnities are still unpaid, and all classes have suffered so severely from the recent disturbances that they are obliged to think about repairing their own losses before giving money to charities. Any assistance from our English friends in the present crisis would be gratefully acknowledged.

M. N.



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A song which will take foremost rank amongst its fellows is "In the North Country," suggested by an old Lincolnshire refrain, written and composed by Theo Marzials; there is a briskness and merry ring in it which will win sure popularity for it at a musical reading. The song is published in E flat and in F.—By the same composer is "Ask Nothing More," the words, a very tender love poem, are by Algernon C. Swinburne; it can be sung by any male voice, as it is published in three keys.—"Where the Shadows Never Fall," a sacred song, words by the Rev. Godfrey Thring, music by Frank L. Moir, will prove a welcome addition to the home circle on a Sunday.—A love song published in G and B flat, written and composed by E. S. H. Bagnold and J. Blumenthal, is scarcely up to the high standard of this clever composer's reputation. "Thy Hand in Mine;" will not rank amongst the best of his compositions; the words are fairly good.—"I Will Come" is a pathetic poem, by Hugh Conway, set to appropriate music by F. H. Cowen, published in three keys; it is a song which once heard will be asked for again and again.—"Three Merry Men" is a capital song for a musical reading; the laughable words are by A. C. Jewitt and the music by J. L. Molloy.—"The Romany Lass" is a spirited narrative song well worthy of the two popular *collaborateurs*, F. E. Weatherly and Stephen Adams. It is published in three keys.

ALFRED HAYS.—Two songs written and composed by Captain Morris and Fiorenza are—the one, "False Heart, Farewell," the complaint of a deserted maiden, the other, "Somebody," a merry little ditty which will be the greater favourite of the two.—The words by Percy G. Mocatta of "The Song of a Fan" are piquant and telling, they are wedded to a suitable melody by Ciro Pinsuti; the compass is from C below the lines to E on the fourth space.—"Tell Me, Dearest," words by L. B. Courtney and music by Harriet Young, is an unpretending ballad for a voice of medium compass.—Of a more ambitious type is "Sleep On" (an Eastern serenade), words and music by Nellie F. Harrison; there is no lack of originality in this pleasing song for a baritone voice.

MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—From hence comes a budget of high-class pianoforte music. "Twenty Preludes for the Pianoforte," by Stephen Heller, edited and fingered by Charles Hallé, will prove very beneficial to the advanced student; they are published in two books.—Of the same clever and musicianly type are "Two Studies in C major and A minor," by the above composer and editor.—"Grande Valse de Bravura," for the pianoforte, and "Menuetto," for violin and pianoforte, both by Heinrich Müller, are first-rate studies for the advanced student.—"Danse du Passé," a minuet for the pianoforte, by Harvey Löhr, has a quaint originality about it not often to be met with in modern pieces of this school. The same may be said of "Gigue à l'Italienne," by the same composer, who has also composed "Danse des Gavots," which has been arranged for violin and piano by Bernhard Althaus, and for the organ by George Marsden, Mus. Doc., Cantab.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Two pretty ballads are: "My Baby Love," for a tenor of medium compass, words by the Marquis of Queensberry, music by Isidore de Lara, and "The Thread of the Story," written and composed by Louisa Gray, published in C for a mezzo-soprano, and in E for a soprano.—"Fruit and Flowers" is the collective title of a series of moderately easy pianoforte pieces by Adrian de Lorme. The frontispieces are very artistic, and will attract young students. No. 1, "Fleur de Cerisier," is a *valse de salon*; No. 2, "Fleur d'Oranger," a mazurka; No. 3, "Fleur de Pommier," a schottische. The blossom and fruit of each are given.—"Short and Sweet," a galop, by A. Brayham, is adorned with the portrait of an ultra-thoroughbred donkey galloping on the sands with a stride worthy of an Arab steed; the music is worthy of the illustration.

### "PATRICK'S CROSSES"

ALTHOUGH every Irishman wears a bunch of shamrock on the 17th of March, it is a rather singular fact that no Irish peasant woman ever adorns herself with the graceful little trefoil. She leaves it to her husband and children to keep the festival of the great apostle of their faith. All little girls do this by pinning a rosette of many colours, called a Patrick's cross, on their shoulder, which they wear with much pride the whole of the Saint's Day. Thus, while the men, by the symbol of the shamrock, explain the mystery of the Trinity, the children, by their crosses, recall to the minds of all good Catholics St. Patrick's celebrated crossier or staff of Jesus which, according to the legend, was given him by our Saviour.

It has been our custom every year to make these crosses for the children on our estate, and distribute them on the morning of the 17th. Last March formed no exception to our general rule, and on the evening of the 16th we set about our self-appointed task. Our materials were very simple, old ribbons and flowers, laces, gold and silver paper, and feathers being brought into requisition, and hastily tacked together without much regard to colouring. We

had found by experience that it was a waste of time to make these crosses according to our ideas of taste, as those with most violently opposed hues were often thought the prettiest by the girls. When we had made a sufficient number, we arranged them in rows on tables; and rising early the next morning, went down to greet the numerous children who, eager for their crosses, had hurried across the heather and through the pine-woods to the "big house" as soon as day had dawned.

It was really a pretty sight which met our eyes as we entered the room where the light-hearted little creatures were waiting. Each child was dressed in her best, which was generally a white muslin pinafore, neatly edged with lace, over a frock of a blue, or purple, or dark-red colour. We were greeted by a chorus of "Good morning, Miss," while bright expectant eyes were fixed upon our faces, and some sunny-haired, rosy-cheeked girls offered my sister and me bunches of shamrock, which we fastened in our hair and dress. As we returned the children's greetings we noticed two or three tiny boys who had not yet been emancipated from the thralldom of petticoats among the crowd, which, as only girls wear crosses, struck us as rather strange. "Martin would have one, and so would Pat; we could not keep them at home," explained the urchin's sisters, seeing the direction of our eyes. "What, Martin, are you a little girl?" we said. Martin hung his head, and shuffling his feet, which were encased in boots three sizes too large for them, looked sulky, as if he already felt the dignity of manhood, and scorned the society in which he now found himself. Having asked after absent children, and spoken a few words to each girl, we led the way to the room in which the crosses were placed. It was not very easy to preserve order as the crowd surged up to the table, and my sister and I had some work in keeping the smaller children from being suffocated by the others. At one time all that could be seen of two wee girls of three and four were the tops of their yellow-haired heads, like two dandelions, just visible in the packed mass of small humanity. Rescuing these mites, we held them in our arms, and placed ourselves before the table. We then bade the eldest child approach, and choose the cross which she liked best from the brilliant heap. So soon as she had selected one we told a second child to come forward and do the same, and so on till all were supplied with crosses. Some of the girls chose theirs rapidly, just coming to the table and snatching the first rosette they saw; others, again, spent some time in looking from cross to cross unable to come to a decision. None, however, forgot to say, "Thank you, Miss," or "God bless you." Even little Martin, who had got over his shyness, and felt that some allowance must be made for a person still burdened with petticoats, smiled at us from under his shock of sunny hair before he let his big brown eyes rove from one bright rosette to another. Grasping his cap in his dirty little hand, he held it high enough for us to see that he had asserted his right as an embryo man to put a bunch of shamrock in the band, and the dark green leaves drooping over the shabby ribbon only partially hid the large brass pin by which they had been secured to the old worsted Tam o'Shanter. Every one having received a cross, we dismissed the children, and for some time watched them, as laughing and shouting at their loudest, they skirted the woods, and ran through the fields where the lambs were playing, to their homes, there to show their treasures to their parents.

NANUS

### THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA

THE ascent of Mount Etna is a very different affair from that of its Neapolitan neighbour, Mount Vesuvius. The latter is now simply a pleasant picnic outing—a mule jaunt to the Observatory and a railway ride thence to within a few yards of the crater, while the adventurous mountaineer can refresh the inner man after his climb by a good dinner at a first-rate restaurant. To reach the summit of Mount Etna, however, some endurance is required. In the first place, the mountain is much higher, for it is the highest and largest volcano in Europe, its summit is nearly 11,000 feet above sea level, while Vesuvius is only a trifle over 4,000 feet. Moreover, all around for miles is a desert waste, with nought to shelter the tourist but a half-ruined house, the Casa Inglese—a species of mountain shelter maintained by the Government. The ascent is nearly always made from Catania, which may be said to be situated at the base of the mountain. Driving to Nicolosi, a distance of twelve miles, mules are then taken to the Casa Inglese, fifteen miles further, whence the cone—a stiff two-mile ascent—is then climbed on foot. Our engravings are from sketches by Captain G. H. Lane, 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, who writes as follows:—

"My first sketch shows the mountain, with Catania in the foreground. It is taken from the entrance to the harbour. In the fifth sketch mountaineers are depicted ascending the volcano by night—an undertaking in which mules are employed from Nicolosi to the Casa Inglese, a resting-place at the foot of the cone, and two miles from the edge of the crater. In No. 4 is shown the Casa Inglese 8,050 feet high, built originally by Englishmen, hence the name. The present Casa was built by the Italian Government, and is rented to mountaineers at 2½ francs per head per day. The Casa is unoccupied and unfurnished, with the exception of a few wooden bunks arranged against the wall; it is also used as an observatory. The key to the Casa is obtained from a Government *employé* at Nicolosi. The third illustration shows the edge of the crater, 10,980 feet high. This sketch at first may appear exaggerated; but, taking into consideration that the southern slope of the crater towards the summit is at an angle of 75°, it will be seen that the drawing is not inaccurate. From the Casa Inglese to the summit of the cone, a weary climb of two miles, in a rarified atmosphere, ankle deep in sandy lava, has to be undergone. The endurance and labour are, however, well repaid by the magnificent view obtained on reaching the summit. Sketch No. 2 is a sketch of a muleteer descending the mountain. The remaining members of the party might with advantage be put in the picture; but, with my powers of sketching, I am forced to imagine them plodding their way unseen through one of the mountain defiles."

### WHITE ROSES IN THE CITY

In the sound of toil and the city's gloom,  
Where seldom a sunbeam falls,  
White roses are shedding their soft perfume  
Near the dismal alley walls.

Blooming fresh and fair in the wintry noon  
'Mid shadows sombre as night,  
Like visions of April, or leafy June,  
Their glamour enthalls my sight.

Are they solace sweet to care-saddened souls,  
Or tokens of peace and bliss,  
Awakening hope while a life-wave rolls  
To a fairer shore than this?

For answer there bends in a little room  
A beautiful woman's head;  
And this whisper comes through the growing gloom  
While the fog falls damp and dead:—

"There are flowers that assuage the sad heart's pain  
With promise of peace and rest,  
But these frail white roses revive again  
Sweet thoughts of the breezy West!"

M. T.

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(of all sizes) CARPETS.  
(Superior Qualities) CARPETS.

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9ft. by 8ft.	28s. 3d.	10ft. 6in. by 8ft.	33s. od.
12ft. by 9ft.	37s. 6d.	12ft. by 10ft. 6in.	43s. od.
12ft. by 12ft.	50s. od.	15ft. by 12ft.	62s. 6d.

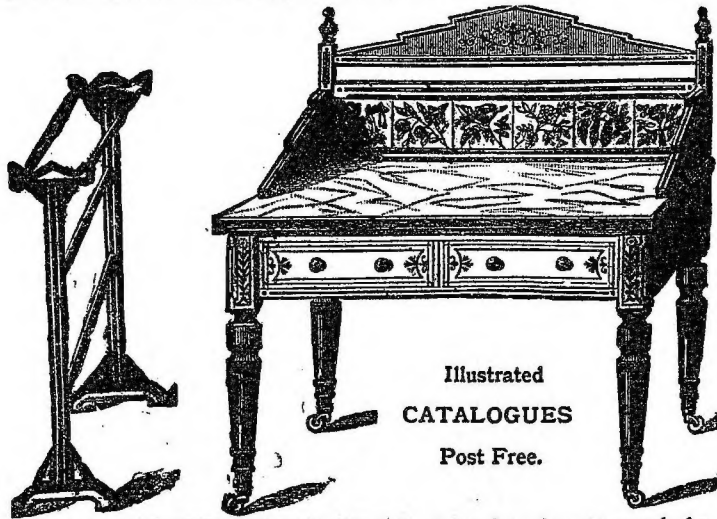
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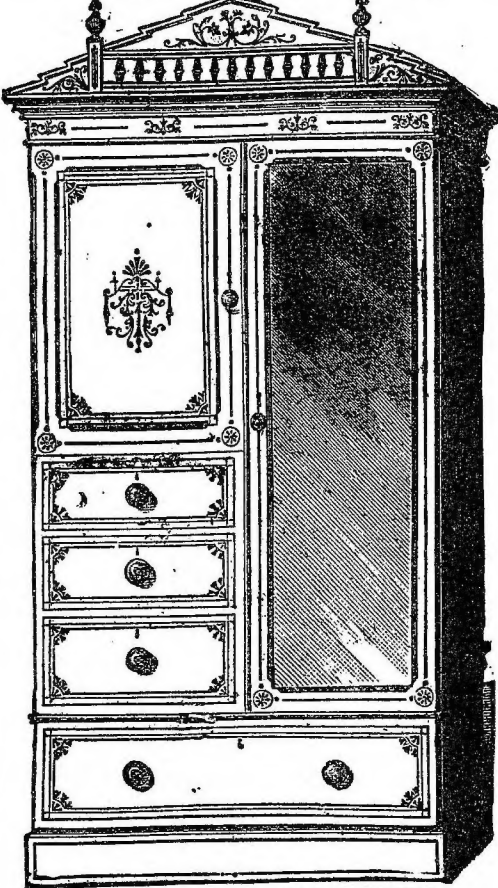
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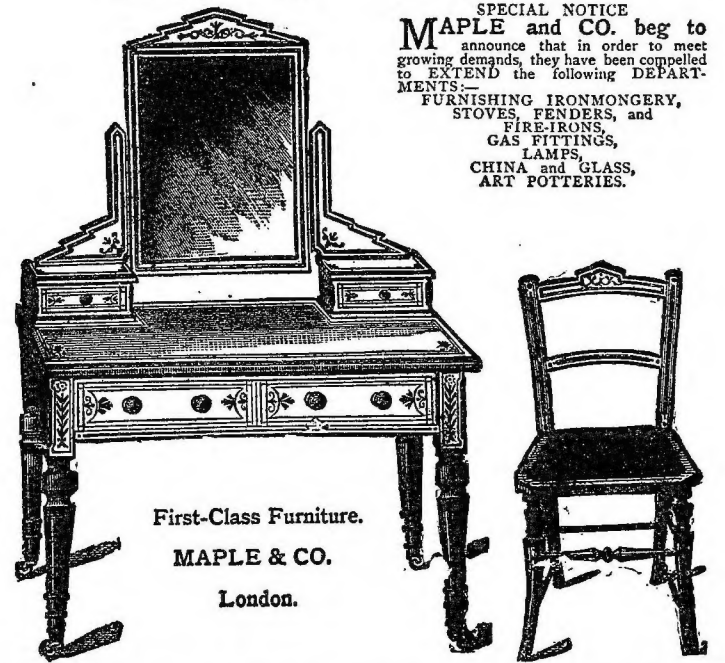
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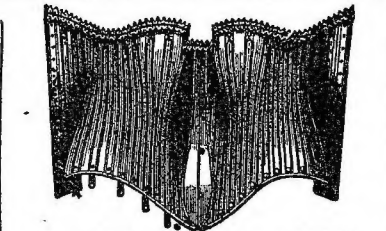


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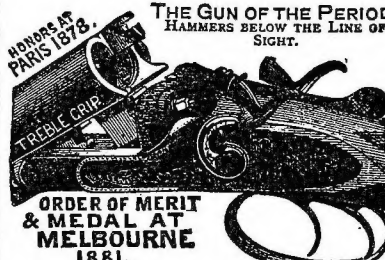
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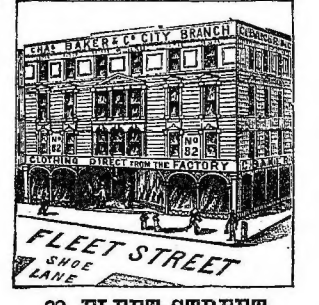
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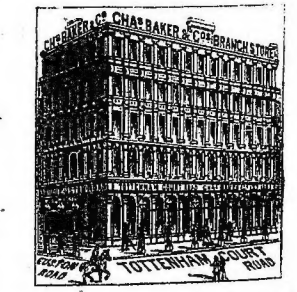
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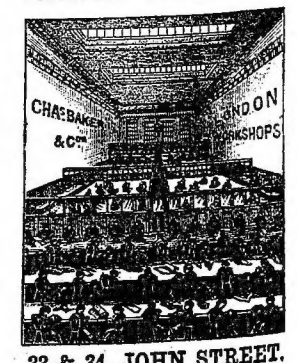
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